THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS—By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

SNIDER'S

Fried Oyster Recipe

1 pint large oysters **½ cup flour**
½ cup milk **½ teaspoon salt**
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup

Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into the mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs, fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

For Soups

Add one and one-half tablespoons Snider's Catsup for each person to be served. Add to soup before removing from stove. Serve hot.

Tomato Sauce Recipe

1 tablespoon butter **1 tablespoon flour**
½ cup Snider's Tomato Catsup
1 cup hot water

Heat the butter thoroughly in a granite pan, stir in the flour until smooth, then add catsup and water. Boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.

For spaghetti and macaroni add some "snappy" grated cheese.

Brown Gravy Recipe

Add one tablespoon Snider's Catsup to all thick gravies for each person to be served.

For 30 years the Leader

Order Today ~just delicious

A crackerjack of a Christmas present

Big Ben

REMEMBER when you were a kid?—the presents that were all *shiny* and bright and that *worked?* weren't *they* the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for your room—something you could *use all year*—something like *big people* had in *their* rooms. Didn't sensible presents appeal to you best when you were a kid? Think back a bit and see.

Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.—Toys, of course, should never be displaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them, but mix in *useful* things—things that develop *pride* and make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to *live up to* and to *live up with.* Don't make the mistake of thinking they don't feel the *compliment.*—Let one of the first things that greets your little boy and girl Christmas morning be that triple nickel-plated, handsome, pleasant looking, serviceable and inspiring clock-alarm—BIG BEN.

Just watch if they don't say, "Isn't that a crackerjack! Why! is that for me to use myself?"—Then see how proudly they carry Big Ben upstairs *"to see how he looks in my room."* Just put yourself in that boy's or girl's place.

Big Ben *is a crackerjack-of-a-Christmas-present* to give to anyone. The fact is, he is two presents in one, a dandy alarm to *wake up with,* a dandy clock to tell time *all day* by. And he's as good to look at as he's pleasing to hear.

He stands *seven inches* tall, slender, handsome, massive, with a big, frank, honest face and big, strong, clean-cut hands you can see at a glance in the *dim morning light* without even having to get out of bed.

He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life, large comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute for ten minutes* unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order mailed to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will send him when and wherever you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

$2.50

Three Dollars in Canada.

ALL of us, grown-ups as well as youngsters, can enjoy the winter thoroughly without having our hands and faces become rough and chapped. The only thing we need do is to use a little care in washing.

Washing with soap containing free alkali and careless drying are the causes of most irritations of the skin during cold weather. Use instead a mild, pure soap, rinse with cold water and make doubly sure that the skin is thoroughly dry. Then the wind can give you nothing worse than glowing cheeks.

There is no soap milder or purer than Ivory—not even pure Castile. It cannot possibly irritate the most delicate skin. Then it rinses so readily that it is very easy to remove the lather and leave the skin in perfect condition for pleasant, thorough drying.

If the skin has become chapped, Ivory Soap—because of this same purity and mildness—is the best soap to use. With it the sensitive face and hands can be cleansed without smarting and the rough skin soon becomes soft and smooth again.

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THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THE pines thinned as she neared Rainbow Rim, the turfy glades grew wider; she had glimpses of open country beyond—until, at last, crossing a little spit of high ground, she came to the fairest spot in all her voyage of exploration and discovery. She sank down on a fallen log with a little sigh of delight.

The steep bank of a little cañon broke away at her feet—a cañon which here marked the frontier of the pines, its farther side overgrown with mahogany bush and chaparral—a cañon that fell in long, sinuous curves from the silent mystery of forest on Rainbow Crest behind her, to widen just below into a rolling land, parked with green-black powderpuffs of juniper and cedar; and so passed on to mystery again, twisting away through the folds of the low and bare gray hills to the westward, ere the last stupendous plunge over the Rim to the low desert—a mile toward the level of the waiting sea.

Facing the explorer, across the little cañon, a clear spring bubbled from the hillside and fell with pleasant murmur and tinkle to a pool below, fringed with lush emerald—a spring massed about with wild grapevine, shining reeds of arrow-weed; a tangle of grateful greenery, jostling eagerly for the life-giving water. Draped in clinging vines, slim acacias struggled up through the jungle; the exquisite fragrance of their purple bells gave a final charm to the fairy chasm.

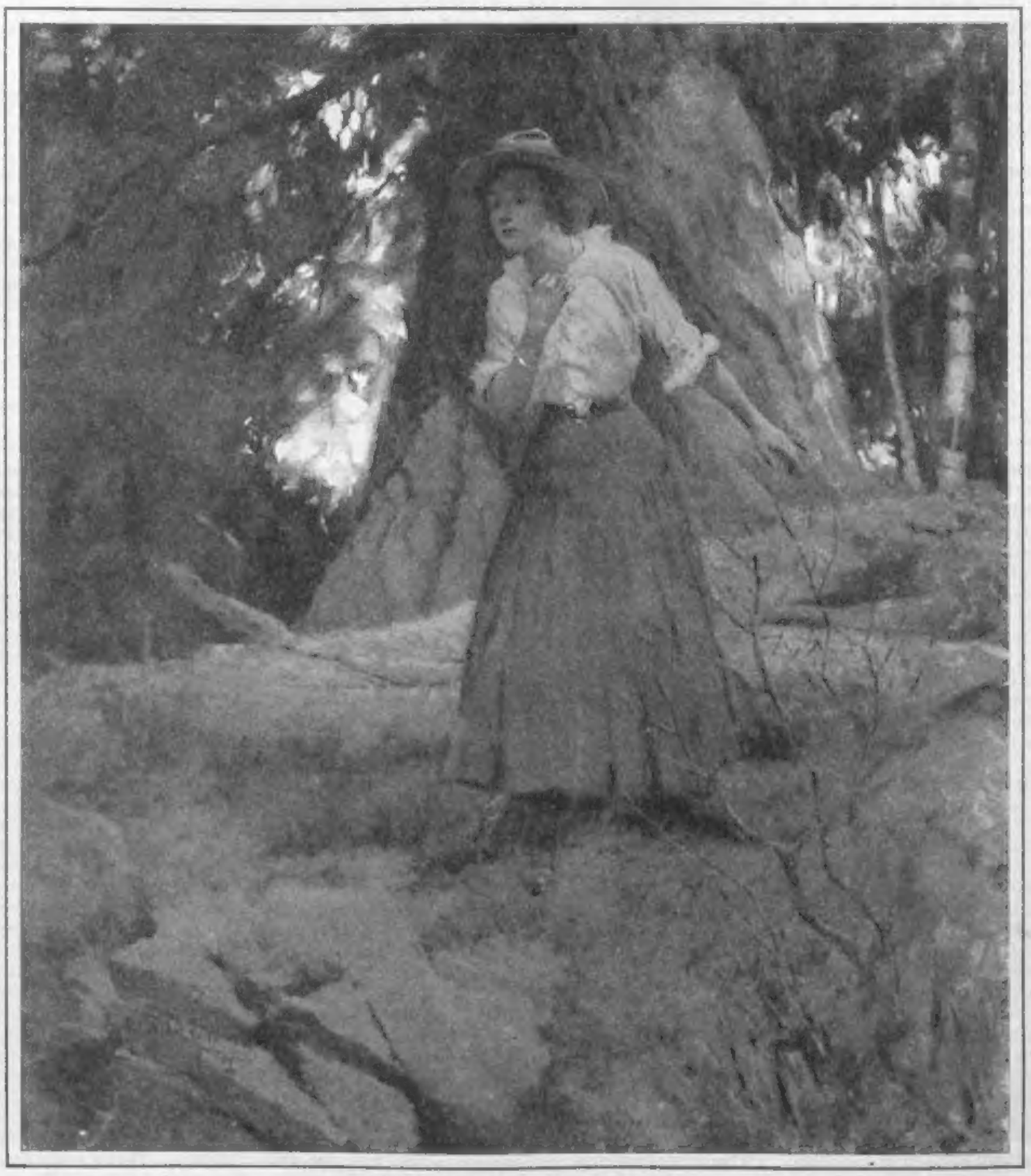
But the larger vision! The nearer elfin beauty dwindled, was lost, forgotten. Afar, through a narrow cleft in the gray westward hills, the explorer's eye leaped out over a bottomless gulf to a glimpse of shining leagues midway of the desert greatness—an ever-widening triangle that rose against the peaceful west to long foothill reaches, to a misty mountain parapet, far-beckoning, whispering of secrets, things dreamed of, unseen, beyond the framed and slender arc of vision; as sometimes the teeming, struggling vast of life—the life without the narrow bounds of individual experience—beats faintly in upon us and, for a moment, we thrill with prescience of heights and depths beyond.

The explorer? It may be mentioned in passing that any other would have found that fairest prospect even more wonderful than did the explorer, Miss Ellinor Hoffman. I shall attempt no clear description of Miss Ellinor Hoffman. Dusky-beautiful she was; crisp, fresh and sparkling; tall, vigorous, active, strong. Yet she was more than merely beautiful—warm and frank and young; brave and kind and true. Perhaps, even more than soft curves, lips, glory of hair or bewildering eyes, or all together, her chiefest charm was her manner, her frank friendliness. Earth was sweet to her, sweeter for her.

This by way of aside and all to no manner of good. You have no picture of her in your mind. Remember only that she was young—"The stars to drink from and the sky to dance on"—young and happy, and therefore beautiful; that the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, the south wind sweet and fresh, buds in the willow.

. . . . . .

The peace was rent and shivered by strange sounds, as of a giant falling downstairs. There was a crash of breaking boughs beyond the cañon, a glint of color, a swift black body hurtling madly through the shrubbery. The girl shrank back. There was no time for thought, hardly for alarm. On the farther verge the bushes parted; an apparition hurled arching through the sunshine, down the sheer hill—a glorious and acrobatic horse, his black head low between his flashing feet; red nostrils wide with rage and fear; foam flecks white on the black shoulders; a tossing mane; a rider, straight and tall, superb—to all seeming an integral part of the horse, pitch he never so wildly.



"Oh, Are You Hurt?" She Cried

The girl held her breath through the splintered seconds. She thrilled at the shock and storm of them, straining muscles and white hoofs, lurching, stumbling, sliding, lunging, careening in perilous arcs. She saw stones that rolled with them or bounded after; a sombrero whirling above the dust and tumult like a dilatory parachute; a six-shooter jolted up into the air. Through the dustclouds there were glimpses of a watchful face, hair blown back above it; a broken rein snapped beside it, saddle-strings streamed out behind; a supple body that swung from curve to easy curve against shock and plunge, that swayed and poised and clung, and held its desperate dominion still. The saddle slipped forward; with a motion incredibly swift, as a hat is whipped off in a gust of wind, it whisked over withers and neck and was under the furious feet. Swifter, the rider! Catquick, he swerved, lit on his feet, leaped aside.

Alas, O rider beyond compare, undefeated champion, Pride of Rainbow! Alas, that such thing should be—that I should record it! He leaped aside to shun the black frantic death at his shoulder; his feet were in the treacherous vines: he toppled, grasped vainly at an acacia, catapulted out and down, head first: so lit, crumpled, and fell with a prodigious splash into the waters of the pool! *Ay de mi, Alhama!*

The blankets lay strewn along the hill; but observe that the long lead rope of the hackamore—a "hackamore," properly *jaquima*,

is, for your better understanding, merely a rope halter—was coiled at the saddle-horn, held there by a stout hornstring. As the black reached the level the saddle was at his heels. To kick was obvious, to go away not less so; but this new terror clung to the maddened creature in his frenzied flight—between his legs, in the air, at his heels, his hip, his neck. A low tree leaned from the hillside; the aërial saddle caught in the forks of it, the bronco's head was jerked round, he was pulled to his haunches, overthrown; but the tough hornstring broke, the freed coil snapped out at him; he scrambled up and bunched his glorious muscles in a vain and furious effort to outrun the rope that dragged at his heels, and so passed from sight beyond the next curve.

Waist-deep in the pool sat the hatless horseman, or perhaps horseless horseman were the juster term, steeped in a profound calm. That last phrase has a familiar sound; Mark Twain's, doubtless—but, all things considered, steeped is decidedly the word. One gloved hand was in the water, the other in the muddy margin of the pool: he watched the final evolution of his late mount with meditative interest. The saddle was freed at last, but its ex-occupant still sat there, lost in peaceful thought. Blood trickled, unnoted, down his forehead.

The last stone followed him into the pool; the echoes died on the hills. The spring resumed its pleasant murmur, but the tinkle of its fall was broken by the mimic waves of the pool. Save for this troubled sloshing against the banks, the slow-settling dust and the contemplative bust of the onetime centaur, no trace was left to mark the late disastrous invasion.

The invader's dreamy and speculative gaze followed the dust of the trailing rope. He opened his lips twice or thrice, and spoke, after several futile attempts, in a voice mild, but clearly earnest:

"Oh, you little eohippus!"

The spellbound girl rose. Her hand was at her throat; her eyes were big and round, and her astonished lips were drawn to a round, red O.

Sharp ears heard the rustle of her skirts, her soft gasp of amazement. The merman turned his head briskly, his eye met hers. One gloved hand brushed his brow; a broad streak of mud appeared there, over which the blood meandered uncertainly. He looked up at the maid in silence: in silence the maid looked down at him. He nodded with a pleasant smile. "Good morning!" he said casually.

The astounded maid was near to tumbling after, like Jill of the song, at this cheerful greeting.

"Er—good morning!" she gasped.

Silence. The merman reclined gently against the bank with a comfortable air of satisfaction. The color came flooding back to her startled face.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she cried.

A puzzled frown struggled through the mud. "Hurt?" he echoed. "Who, me? . . . Why, no—I guess not."

He wiggled his fingers; raised his arms; wagged his head doubtfully and slowly, first sidewise and then up and down; shook himself guardedly; and finally raised tentative boot-tips to the surface. After this painstaking inspection he settled contentedly back again.

"Oh, no; I'm all right," he reported. "Only I lost a big, black, fine, young, nice horse somehow. You ain't seen nothing of him, have you?"

"Then why don't you get out?" she demanded. "I believe you are hurt."

"Get out? Why, yes, ma'am. Certainly. Why not?" But the girl was already beginning to clamber down, grasping the shrubbery to aid in the descent.

Now the bank was steep and sheer. So the merman rose, tactfully clutching the grapevines behind him as a plausible excuse for turning his back. It followed as a corollary of this generous act that he must needs be lame, which he accordingly became. As this mishap became acute, his quick eyes roved down the cañon, where he saw what gave him pause; and he groaned sincerely under his breath. For the black horse had taken to the parked uplands, the dragging rope had tangled in a snaggy treeroot, and he was tracing weary circles in bootless effort to be free.

Tactful still, the dripping merman hobbled to the nearest shade wherefrom the luckless black horse should be invisible, eclipsed by the intervening ridge, and there sank down in a state of exhaustion, his back to a friendly treetrunk.

A moment later the girl was beside him, pity in her eyes.

"Let me see that cut on your head," she said. She dropped on her knee and parted the hair with a gentle touch.

"Why, you're real!" breathed the injured near-centaur, beaming with wonder and gratification.

She sat down limply and gave way to wild laughter.

"So are you!" she retorted. "Why, that is exactly what I was thinking! I thought maybe I was asleep and having an extraordinary dream. That wound on your head is not serious, if that's all." She brushed back a wisp of hair that blew across her eyes.

"I hurt this head just the other day," observed the bedraggled victim as one who has an assortment of heads from which to choose. He pulled off his soaked gloves and regarded them ruefully. "'Them that go down to deep waters!' That was a regular triumph of matter over mind, wasn't it?"

"It's a wonder you're alive! My! How frightened I was! Aren't you hurt—truly? Ribs or anything?"

The patient's elbows made a convulsive movement to guard the threatened ribs.

"Oh, no, ma'am. I ain't hurt a bit—indeed I ain't," he said truthfully; but his eyes had the languid droop of one who says the thing that is not. "Don't you worry none about me—not one bit. Sorry I frightened you. That black horse now ——" He stopped to consider fully the case of the black horse. "Well, you see, ma'am, that black horse, he ain't exactly right plumb gentle." His eyelids drooped again.

The girl considered. She believed him—both that he was not badly hurt and that the black horse was not exactly gentle. And her suspicions were aroused. His slow drawl was getting slower; his cowboyese broader—a mode of speech quite inconsistent with that first sprightly remark about the little eohippus. What manner of cowboy was this, from whose tongue a learned scientific term tripped spontaneously in so stressful a moment—who quoted scraps of the Litany unaware? Also, her own eyes were none of the slowest. She had noted that the limping did not begin until he was clear of the pool. Still, that might happen if one were excited; but this one had been singularly calm, "more than usual ca'm," she mentally quoted. . . . Of course, if he really were badly hurt—which she didn't believe one bit; a little bruised and jarred, maybe—the only thing for her to do would be to go back to camp and get help. . . . That meant the renewal of Lake's hateful attentions and—for the other girls, the sharing of her find. . . . She stole another look at her find and thrilled with all the pride of the discoverer. . . . No doubt he was shaken and bruised after all. He must be suffering.

"What made you so absurd? Why didn't you get out of the water, then, if you are not hurt?" she snapped suddenly.

The drooped lids raised; brown eyes looked steadily into brown eyes.

"I didn't want to wake up," he said.

The candor of this explanation threw her, for the moment, into a vivid and becoming confusion. The dusky roses leaped to her cheeks; the long, dark lashes quivered and fell. Then she rose to the occasion.

"And how about the little eohippus?" she demanded. "That doesn't seem to go well with some of your other talk."

"Oh!" He regarded her with pained but unflinching innocence. "The Latin, you mean? Why, ma'am, that's most all the Latin I know—that and some more big words in that song. I learned that song off of Frank John, just like a poll-parrot."

"Sing it!"

"Why, ma'am, I can't, just now—I'm so muddy; but I'll tell it to you. Maybe I'll sing it to you some other time." A sidelong glance accompanied this little suggestion. The girl's face was blank and non-committal; so he resumed: "It goes like this:

"Said the little Eohippus:
'I'm going to be a horse
And on my middle finger nails
To run my earthly course ——'

"No; that wasn't the first. It begins:

"There was once a little animal
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered ——

"Of course you know, ma'am—Frank John he told me about it—that horses were little like that, 'way back. And this one he set his silly head that he was going to be a really-truly horse, like the song says. And folks told him he couldn't—couldn't possibly be done, nohow. And sure enough he did. It's a foolish song, really. I only sing parts of it when I feel like that—like it couldn't be done and I was going to, you know. The boys call it my song. Look here, ma'am!" He fished in his vest pocket and produced tobacco and papers, matches—and at last a tiny turquoise horse, an inch long. "I had a jeweler-man put five toes on his feet once to make him be a little eohippus. Going to make a watch-charm of him sometime. He's a lucky little eohippus, I think. Peso gave him to me when—Peso's a Mescalero Indian, you know, chief of police at the agency." He gingerly dropped the little horse into her eager palm.

It was a singularly grotesque and angular little beast, high-stepping, high-headed, with a level stare, at once complacent and haughty. Despite the first unprepossessing rigidity of outline, there was somehow a sprightly air, something endearing, in the stiff, purposed stride, the alert, inquiring ears, the stern and watchful eye. Each tiny hoof was faintly graven to semblance of five tinier toes; there, the work showed fresh.

"The cunning little monster!" Prison grime was on him; she groomed and polished at his dingy sides until the wonderful color shone out triumphant. "What is it that makes him such a dear? Oh, I know. It's something—well, childlike, you know. Think of the grown-up child that toiled with pride and joy at the making of him—dear me, how many lifetimes since!—and fondly put him by as a complete horse." She held him up in the sun: the ingrate met her caress with the same obdurate and indomitable glare. She cooed her rapturous delight: "There! How much better you look! Oh, you darling! Aren't you absurd? Straight-backed, stiff-legged, thick-necked, square-headed—and that ridiculously baleful eye! It's too high up and too far forward, you know—and your ears are too big—and you have such a malignant look! Never mind; now that you're all nice and clean, I'll reward you." The lucky little eohippus just brushed her lips.

The owner of the lucky little horse was not able to repress one swift, dismal glance at his own vast dishevelment, nor, as his shrinking hands entirely of their own volition crept stealthily to hiding, the slightest upward rolling of a hopeful eye toward the leaping waters of the spring; but, if one might judge from her sedate and matter-of-fact tones, that eloquent glance was wasted on the girl.

"You ought to take better care of him, you know," she said as she restored the little monster to his owner. Then she laughed; "Hasn't he a fierce and warlike appearance?"

"Sure. That's resolution. Look at those legs!" said the owner fondly. "He spurns the ground. He's going

"Did You Rob the Post-Office at Escondido—Really?"

somewheres. He's going to be a horse! And them ears—one cocked forward and the other back, strictly on the *cuidado!* He'll make it. He'll certainly do to take along! Yes, ma'am. I'll take right good care of him." He regarded the homely beast with awe; he swathed him in cigarette papers with tenderest care. "I'll leave him at home after this. He might get hurt. I might sometime want to give him to—somebody."

The girl sprang up.

"Now I must get some water and wash that head," she announced briskly.

"Oh, no—I can't let you do that. I can walk. I ain't hurt a bit, I keep telling you." In proof of which he walked to the pool with a palpably clever assumption of steadiness. The girl fluttered solicitously at his elbow. Then she ran ahead, climbed up to the spring and extended a firm, cool hand, which he took shamelessly, and so came to the fairy waterfall.

Here he made himself presentable as to face and hands. It is just possible there was a certain expectancy in his eye as he neared the close of these labors; but if there were it passed unnoted. The girl bathed the injured head with her handkerchief, and brushed back his hair with a dainty caressing motion that thrilled him until the color rose beneath the tan. There was a glint of gray in the wavy black hair, she noted.

She stepped back to regard her handiwork. "Now you look better!" she said approvingly. Then, slightly flurried, not without a memory of a previous and not dissimilar remark of hers, she was off up the hill: whence, despite his shocked protest, she brought back the lost gun and hat.

Her eyes were sparkling when she returned, her face glowing. Ignoring his reproachful gaze, she wrung out her handkerchief, led the patient firmly down the hill to his saddle, made him trim off a saddle-string, and bound the handkerchief to the wound. She fitted the sombrero gently.

"There! Don't this head feel better now?" she queried gayly with fine disregard for grammar. "And now what? Won't you come back to camp with me? Mr. Lake will be glad to put you up or to let you have a horse. Do you live far away? I do hope you are not one of those Rosebud men. Mr. La——" She bit her speech off midword.

"No men there except this Mr. Lake?" asked the cowboy idly.

"Oh, yes; there's Mr. Herbert—he's gone riding with Lettie—and Mr. White; but it was Mr. Lake who got up the camping party, Mother and Aunt Lot, and a crowd of us girls—La Luz girls, you know. Mother and I are visiting Mr. Lake's sister. He's going to give us a masquerade ball when we get back next week."

The cowboy looked down his nose for consultation, and his nose gave a meditative little tweak.

"What Lake is it? There's some several Lakes round here. Is it Lake of Aqua Chiquite—wears his hair décolleté; talks like he had a washboard in his throat; tailor-made face; walks like a duck on stilts; general sort of pouter-pigeon effect?"

At this envenomed description Miss Ellinor Hoffman promptly choked.

"I don't know anything about your Aqua Chiquite. I never heard of the place before. He is a banker in Arcadia. He keeps a general store there. You must know him,

"Oh, You Little Eohippus!"

surely." So far her voice was rather stern and purposely resentful, as became Mr. Lake's guest; but the memory of Mr. Lake's persistent persecution of herself rankled. She spoiled the rebuke by adding tartly, "But I think he is the man you mean!" and felt her wrongs avenged.

The cowboy's face cleared.

"Well, I don't use Arcadia much, you see. I mostly range down Rainbow River. Arcadia folks—why, they're mostly newcomers, health-seekers and people just living on their incomes—not working folks much, except the railroaders and lumbermen. Now about getting home. You see, ma'am, some of the boys are riding down that way"—he jerked his thumb to indicate the last flight of the imperfectly gentle horse—"and they're right apt to see my runaway eohippus and sure to see the rope-drag; so they'll likely amble along the back track to see who's hurt and how much. So I guess I'd better stay here. They may be along most any time. Thank you kindly, just the same. Of course, if they don't come—— Is your camp far?"

"Not—not very," said Ellinor. The mere fact was that Miss Ellinor had set out ostensibly for a sketching expedition with another girl, had turned aside to explore, and exploring had fetched a circuit that had left her much closer to her starting-place than to her goal. He misinterpreted the slight hesitation.

"Well, ma'am, thank you again; but I mustn't be keeping you longer. I really ought to see you safe back to your camp; but—you'll understand—under the circumstances—you'll excuse me if I don't, won't you?"

He did not want to implicate Mr. Lake, so he took a limping step forward to justify his rudeness.

"And you hardly able to walk? Ridiculous! What I ought to do is to go back to camp and get some one—get Mr. White to help you." Thus, at once accepting his unspoken explanation, and offering her own apology in turn, she threw aside the air of guarded hostility that had marked the last minutes and threw herself anew into this joyous adventure. "When—or if—your friends find you, won't it hurt you to ride?" she asked, and smiled deliberate encouragement.

"I can be as modest as anybody when there's anything to be modest about; but in this case I guess I'll now declare that I can ride anything that a saddle will stay on. . . . I reckon," he added reflectively, "the boys'll have right smart to say about me being throwed."

"But you weren't thrown! You rode magnificently!" Her eyes flashed admiration.

"Yes'm. That's what I hoped you'd say," said the admired one complacently. "Go on, ma'am. Say it again."

"It was splendid! The saddle turned—that's all!"

He slowly surveyed the scene of his late exploit.

"Ye-es, that was some riding—for a while," he admitted. "But you see, that saddle now, scarred up that way—why, they'll think the eohippus wasted me and then dragged the saddle off under a tree. Leastways, they'll say so, frequent. Best not to let on and to make no excuses. It'll be easier that way. We're great on guying here. That's most all the fun we have. We sure got this joshing game down fine. Just wondering what all the boys'd say—that was why I didn't get out of the water at first, before—before I thought I was asleep, you know."

"So you'll actually tell a lie to keep from being thought a liar? I'm disappointed in you."

"Why, ma'am, I won't say anything. They'll do the talking."

"It'll be deceitful, just the same," she began, and checked herself suddenly. A small twinge struck her at the thought of poor Maud, really sketching on Thumb Butte, and now disconsolately wondering what had become of lunch and fellow artist; but she quelled this pang with a sage thought of the greatest good to the greatest number, and clapped her hands in delight. "Oh, what a silly I am, to be sure! I've got a lunch basket up there, but I forgot all about it in the excitement. I'm sure there's plenty for two. Shall I bring it down to you or can you climb up if I help you? There's water in the canteen—and it's beautiful up there."

"I can make it, I guess," said this consummate and blushing hypocrite. Make it he did, with her strong hand to aid; and the glen rang to the laughter of them. While behind them, all unnoted, Johnny Dines reined up on the hillside, took one sweeping glance at that joyous progress, the scarred hillside, the saddle and the dejected eohippus in the background, grinned comprehension and discreetly withdrew.

Ellinor opened her basket and spread its tempting wares with pretty hostly care—or is there such a word as hosteasly?

"There! All ready, Mr.—— I declare it's too absurd! We don't even know each other's names!" Her conscious

(Continued on Page 55)

"I Wonder If She'd be Glad to See Me?"

MEDICINE—By Irvin S. Cobb

CONTEMPLATING the rapid strides made by the medical profession, one is filled with amazement! Just to think now—it has been but a comparatively short period of time since a surgeon always bled a patient the very first thing! In bleeding him he used a lancet, which was a painful thing, besides being mussy. Today the lancet is very little used for this purpose. Indeed, in a great majority of cases the patient does not realize that he has been bled at all—until the first of the month comes round and he gets a bill for professional services rendered. Thus it goes. The medical profession ever keeps its face to the front. Burying the mistakes of the past, it continues to push right on ahead.

Take the Middle Ages now. Frequently a barber and a surgeon were one and the same. If a man made a failure as a barber he turned his talents to surgery. Surgeons in those times were a husky race too. I judge they worked by the day instead of by piecework; and the records certainly show they were very fond of experiments, where somebody else furnished the raw material. They broke into a patient the same way the Red Leary O'Brien gang used to break into a safe.

When there came a resounding knock at the tradesman's entrance of the moated grange, the lord of the manor, looking over the portcullis and seeing a lusty wight standing down below, in a leather apron, with his sleeves rolled up and a kit of soldering tools under his arm, didn't know until he made inquiry whether the varlet had come to fix the drain or take the cook's leg off.

A little later along, when gunpowder had come into general use, surgeons treated a gunshot wound by pouring boiling lard into it, which I would say was calculated to take the victim's mind off his gunshot wound and give him something else to think about—for the time being, anyhow. I assume that the notion of putting a mustard plaster on the outside of one's stomach when one has a pain inside one's stomach is based on the same principle.

Physic in the Age of Calomel

HOWEVER, you don't have to go clear back to medieval times to note the radical differences in the plan of treating human ailments. A great many persons still living can remember when doctors were not nearly so numerous as they are now; or, reversing the sentence, you might say that, because doctors were not nearly so numerous, many of these persons are still living. Be that as it may, the fact remains that at a time not so very far distant there were fewer physicians to the square mile than at present; and in the spring of the year, when the sap flowed and the birds mated, the sturdy farmer felt that he was due to have something the matter with him too; so he would ride into the county-seat and get an almanac. Doubtless the reader has seen copies of this popular work. On the outside cover, which was dark blue in color, there was a picture of a person whose stomach was sliced four ways, like quartering a pie, and then folded back neatly, thus exposing his entire interior arrangements to the gaze of the casual observer. However, this party, judging by his picture, did not appear to be suffering. He did not even seem to fear that he might catch cold. He was standing there in an absent-minded kind of a way, apparently not aware that anything was wrong with him; and on all sides he was surrounded by interesting exhibits, such as a crab, and a scorpion, and a goat, and a chap with a bow and arrow—and one thing and another.

Such was the main design of the cover, while the contents were made up of recognized standard varieties along the line of jokes and diseases which alternated, with first a favorite joke and then a favorite disease. The author who wrote the descriptions of the diseases included in this almanac was one of the most convincing writers that ever lived anywhere. As a realist he had no superiors among those using our languages as a vehicle for the expression of thought. He was a wonder! If a person wasn't particular about what ailed him he could read any page at random and have some specific disease. Or he could read the whole book through and have them all, in their most advanced stages. Then the only thing that would save him was a large dollar bottle of the sterling remedy mentioned from time to time in the text.

Again, in attacks of the old-fashioned breakbone ague it was customary to call in a local root-and-herb practitioner, generally an elderly lady of the neighborhood, who had none of these latter-day prejudices regarding the use of tobacco by the gentler sex. One whom I distantly recall, among childhood's happy memories, carried this liberal-mindedness to a point where she not only dipped snuff and smoked a cob pipe, but sometimes chewed a little. This lady, on being called in, would brew up a large two-gallon caldron of medicinal roots and barks and herbs; and then she would deluge the interior department of the sufferer with a large gourdful of this pleasing mixture at regular intervals. It was efficacious too. The sick man either got well or else he drowned from the inside. Nowadays many persons are drowned by rocking the boat. Then you could frequently accomplish the same result by rocking the patient. This also helps to explain, I think, why so many of our forefathers had floating kidneys. What else could a kidney do?

By the time I had grown up to be a good-sized boy people had mainly outgrown the root-and-herb expert and were depending more upon the old-fashioned family doctor, who drove about in a gig, accompanied by a haunting odor of iodoform and carrying a crock of bulk calomel with him. He probably owned a secret calomel mine of his own—he must have, otherwise he could never have afforded to be so generous with it. He also had other medicines with him, all of them being selected on the old principle that unless a drug tasted like thunder it couldn't possibly do you any good. At all hours of the day and night he was going about, distributing nuggets from his calomel mine and specimens from his private blue-mass lode. He went to bed with his pants and his hat on, I think, and there was a general belief that his horse slept between the shafts of the gig, with the bridle shoved up on the forehead.

It has been only a few years since the oldtime general practitioner was everywhere; yet just look round and see now how the system of practice has changed! If your liver begins to behave uppish the first thought of the modern operator is to cut it out and hide it some place where you can't find it. The oldtimer would have bombarded it with a large brunette pill about the size and color of a damson plum; or he might put you on a diet of molasses seasoned to taste with sulphur and quinine and other suitable condiments. Also, in the spring of the year he frequently anointed the young of the species with a mixture of mutton suet and asafetida. This treatment had an effect that was distinctly depressing upon the growing boy. It militated against his popularity and forced him to seek his pleasures outdoors. It was very hard for a boy, however naturally attractive, to retain his popularity among the fireside circle when coated with mutton suet and asafetida and then taken into a warm room. He attracted attention he did not court and which was distasteful to him. Keeping quiet did not seem to help. Even if blindfolded, people would still have known he was there.

It seems that the oldtime general practitioner is dying out, except in the country. In the city one finds him occasionally, playing a limit game in an office up a side street—one dollar to come in, two to call; but the tendency of the day is toward specialists. The result is a doctor who treats you for just one particular thing. With a pain in your chest, say, you go to a chest specialist. So long as he can keep the trouble confined to your chest, all well and good. If it slips down or slides up he tries to coax it back to the reservation; then, if it refuses to do so, he bids it an affectionate adieu and makes a dotted mark on you to show where he left off, collects his bill and regretfully turns you over to a stomach specialist or a throat specialist, depending on the direction in which the trouble was headed when last seen.

Doctors Ready With the 1913 Models

AT THIS time of writing, medical scientists appear to be divided into two classes. One class is composed of men who stay in their laboratories discovering those new and extremely fatal diseases that never seemed to do us any harm so long as we didn't know about them. And the other class is composed of those who do nothing except study up new schools of treatment. Nothing that I can think of, except an automobile, gets old-fashioned so soon as a method of treatment. I note, by the medical journals, that a number of the new, advance 1913-model diseases and treatments are already on the market, and others are expected daily. This system provides pleasing variety and constant change for the doctor, but it keeps the lay mind in a vacillating and uncertain state. You hardly get used to one infallible and absolutely certain treatment of curing whatever ails you before a great savant comes along and proves to you that the present way is absolutely wrong, and makes you swap it for something exactly the opposite.

Perhaps, on the advice of your chosen specialist, you have been walking barefooted in the dew and living on one of those preparations of fermented milk that tastes as though it had already disagreed with you before you've even swallowed it. This in time palls upon you. Very few of us are so constituted that we can learn to care for a steady diet of this predigested food, especially as we have no way of ascertaining who it was that predigested it. So, assuming you to be even as the run of us, we will say that you became dissatisfied with the dew-and-milk treatment, and you call in another specialist of equal note. And he looks you over and says, as if to himself: "Merciful Heavens, how can such things be?" And he says, far be it from him to knock a fellow practitioner, because, in the first place, it is contrary to professional ethics; and, in the second place, it is unnecessary when results are speaking for themselves. And he says to you that you came to him

just in time, because had you delayed a little longer it would have been too late; he says that now there is still hope for you, but that, whatever you do, you must never again, so long as you live, get your feet damp, especially in dew; or drink milk preparations in any form, they being just the same as so much rat poison to a person in your condition.

The doctor says all this in such a way that you are willing to pay him freely for saying it.

Or possibly he is an advocate of an immediate surgical operation for such cases as yours, and all others. I may be unduly sensitive on account of my size; but it seems to me there are an awful lot of doctors who will take a fleeting glance at a stout person and say to themselves that this is something that ought to be looked into right away—and will immediately open a kit and start picking out the proper utensils. You go into a doctor's office and tell him you don't feel the best in the world—and he gives you one look and excuses himself, and steps into the next room and begins greasing a saw. Speaking merely as an outsider, it strikes me that the younger the doctor the more inclined he is apt to be to the prospect of cutting curlicues and fretwork in the human frame.

I wonder if the young doctor can be inspired by the same ambitions that actuate a small boy who has just received his first toolchest for a Christmas gift; the boy is seized with a longing to hack the leg off the dining-room table; the young surgeon is instinctively drawn to the leg of some innocent bystander. So, as I say, the younger men in the profession appear to go in extensively for surgery, though the older men lean more and more to diets. As to diets, however, I feel that medical science has almost reached the limit. Under medical direction we are now eating about everything that wasn't intended for eating purposes by human beings in the beginning. We long ago exhausted the possibilities of the livery stable, and the alfalfa patch has no secrets from us any more.

One strongly attractive feature about the number of the current schools of treatment is that they give you such a variety to pick and choose from. No matter what you want to do to yourself, you can, if you look hard enough, find a specialist who will feel the same way about it as you do. If you think you should starve a while there is certain to be a doctor who leans to strict vegetarianism, and very little of that. By persistent adherence to this policy you reach the point where you burst into tears every time you see a picture of a prize steer in a livestock journal, and you cannot pass a nice, clean little fat boy without being seized by an almost uncontrollable desire to bite him! So you pay a call to one of the carnivorous school of physicians. He agrees with you that your system seems to demand red blood and plenty of it; and he writes you out a prescription calling for a club steak and a couple of hams, and some few pounds of country sausage and a school of fried fish—and one thing and another—to be taken three times a day and also just before retiring at night.

If your nerves are off concert pitch, and you crave for travel, there is sure to be a doctor who has a brother in the passenger department of a railroad. Or, if you want to stay right where you are and take the rest cure, it's the easiest thing in the world, through professional guidance, to get in touch with the magnificent sanitarium at Gloomville-by-the-Glum, rate sixty dollars a week—meals, lodging, attendance and incidentals extra. If you are only a trifle despondent and want something to cheer up your flagging spirits, almost anybody can direct you to a genial and affable doctor, who will treat you, and then stay right there, with his elbow on the rail, and let you treat him.

Such, at least, has been my personal experience. There is just one thing, though, that you must not expect of the medical profession—you must not expect to find any physician who will agree that any other physician's diagnosis is absolutely correct. As I understand it, that would also be a violation of professional ethics. Anyhow, it isn't done.

Mind you, I am not seeking to attack the medical profession. I am strictly for the doctor. He is with us when we come into the world and with us when we go out of it, lending a helping hand on both occasions oftentimes. And, anyway, our sympathies should especially go out to the medical profession at this particular time when the antivivisectionists are railing so loudly against the doctors. The antivivisection crusade has enlisted widely different classes in the community, including many lovers of our dumb-animal pets—and aren't some of them the dumbest things you ever met!—especially chow dogs and canaries? Ladies who regularly wear dead birds in their hats, and gentlemen who prefer their lobsters live broiled, and others too numerous to mention, are lining up against vivisection.

I will admit there is something to be said on both sides of the argument. This dissecting of live subjects may have been carried to extremes on occasions. When I read in the medical journals that the eminent Doctor Diggs succeeded in transferring the interior departments of a pelican to a pointer pup, and vice versa, with such marvelous success that the pointer pup was drowned while diving for minnows in a washbowl, and the pelican went out in the back yard and barked himself to death baying at the moon, I am interested naturally; but, possibly because of my ignorance, I fail to see wherein the treatment of infantile paralysis has been materially advanced. On the other hand, I would rather the kind and gentle Belgian hare

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THE PAINTED LADY

By LARRY EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

WE SAT at a tiny, round table on the roof of Spanish Lascar's, with the scented pressure of the trades against our faces and the semicircle of the bay beneath a sheet of hammered copper under the hot, white moon.

Far out against that background of reflected light the rigging of the Annie, Eben Bacon's old schooner, stood out in ghostly feathered tracery, the riding light at her bow rising and dipping with the groundswell like a huge, hovering tropic firefly.

In the last half-hour the little grizzled skipper's eyes had turned toward her more and more often. Men who had known Captain Eben long whispered that as the gray in his hair became whiter and whiter he was more and more loath to be long away from her deck; and from the light in his eyes as we sat there I knew they told the truth.

Back of a wall of waxen palms at the far end of the café a violin was whining a thin, eery strain that rose throbbing above the tinkling night noises of the room, unaccompanied for the moment by the thrumming of the rest of the orchestra; and the revelry in Lascar's, overtinted, hectic, and as brilliantly unreal as all the rest of the tropic night, hushed for a moment and was still.

Men and women paused, glasses half raised to lips, and listened—half in appreciation, half in uncomfortable lack of understanding of the suggestion of things that might have been, which hummed in the insistent, womanlike voice of the strings.

For an instant the silence endured; then more swiftly than it had come it was shattered by the crashing volume of the rest of the orchestra, and the crowd turned with a greater burst of hilarity back to the round tables and the crystal and silver, firetinted with reflected light.

Only at our table did the spell of the music last. We had been talking of home, greedy of the last bit of news that had filtered down the coast from God's country; and the haunting bit of melody had fitted strangely the trend of our desultory discussion.

It was I who finally broke that silence.

"But women don't come back," I reiterated—"not that way! Men can cross society's deadline—and come back. But women—well, they just don't."

Eben Bacon nodded slowly, his seamed face toward the bay. I doubted whether he had even heard until he lifted his glass, paused, and then set it down untouched and turned his back upon the gray silhouette of the schooner.

"Maybe," he admitted thoughtfully, "maybe you're right. I reckon you are, and—and yet I don't know. It depends a good deal on the woman, and the man, too, don't it? Once I thought like you do, and yet now—now I ain't quite sure."

He stopped a moment, probing a reluctant memory for a starting-point. Then he went on in a low, steady monotone.

"Lips Pouted Back Like as if He Was Battin' a Butt"

"It's a bit broke up and disconnected—the story," he said; "and, mind, I don't say it fits any rule, because more'n likely it don't. It may not be convincin' and I don't know's it's exactly religious—facts ain't generally—but it's mighty true.

"Twenty years back it begins, maybe more, maybe less; it ain't important, except that the years cover some things that have to be explained to make it clear to you—twenty years back, when Cap'n Harry Sutton took his schooner, the Hattie Anderson, out of San Francisco, bound for the Islands, and with a mixed cargo aboard for this port and a new mate.

"He was a youngster—the mate. Not that I mean he wan't a fullgrown, responsible man—don't mistake me there!—for nobody who saw him once would ever make that mistake. But he was young, young as men go who have taken out their papers. Smith, we'll call him—just plain Luther Smith. There's nothing here or there in the name either; but it was his first berth as a mate.

"Anybody who was runnin' into Frisco in them days who knew Cap'n Harry Sutton—and they all knew him, at least by word o' mouth—could have guessed it was that. Nobody was signin' up for a trampin' voyage under Cap'n Harry Sutton unless he was mighty hard drove to it.

"But Smith knew his business. New Englander he was—hardshell Puritan stock plain writ all over him; and his schoolin' out of Marblehead to the Banks hadn't softened him any. He knew how to sail—Cap'n Harry saw that before they'd dropped the harbor lights astern; but there was one thing the cap'n didn't take particular note of, and that was the way the muscles of his new mate's back bunched and rippled and ran underneath the skin of his naked back. About six foot two in his seaboots he stood, flat and narrow in the hips, and the lines from the points of his shoulders runnin' like a wedge to his ankles; and the whole weight of him seemed to be balanced, easy and lazylike, on the balls of his feet.

"Those things Cap'n Harry didn't take note of. If he had 'a' noticed maybe one little thing never would have happened on that voyage aboard the Hattie Anderson. As it is, I'm startin' this story 'way back here just to tell it to you, so's you'll understand at the beginnin' just what sort of a man he was that men called Luther Smith.

"The second day out it come about. The minute Cap'n Harry come on deck that mornin' and they saw him, the crew read the signs and they begun to jump a bit quicker to their work, slinkin' aside when he come near and tailin' him out of the corners of their eyes.

"Luther Smith was standin' near the man at the wheel, his bare feet apart and his body rockin' easy with the long swell. He was watchin' her draw aloft and smilin' to himself just a trifle with satisfaction; and he didn't more'n drop his eyes for a glance when Cap'n Harry lurched up to him. And Cap'n Harry was drunk—drunker'n most men ever get and are able to walk, even with solid ground under their feet.

"Women at a good many ports had called Cap'n Harry the handsomest master out of the States—just as men called him the worst out of hell—and that's hardly here or there, either, except that maybe he was good-lookin' in a

straight-nosed, thin-lipped way, with a little black brush of a mustache that left his teeth showin' white underneath. But the purple, bloated face that he shoved up under his mate's nose wan't beautiful. No man, or woman, either, who'd ever seen it like it was that day could've wanted to remember the look of it.

"With one hand he steadied himself, the other hidin' something behind him, smilin' a little evil smile to himself and croonin', absent-minded-like, under his breath.

"'Smooth weather,' he hiccuped to the mate, 'and a record-breakin' run to the line.'

"Luther Smith looked down again just for an instant. Then he turned his nose away from the reek of him up toward the bellyin' tops'ls, but he answered straightforward and respectful enough.

"'Aye, sir,' he said, 'a record-breaker if it holds fair, sir.'

"Cap'n Harry's teeth—white and even as any woman's they were—begun to show through the black of his mustache.

"'A record-breaker, Mr. Smith!' He went over it again too gently, leerin' to himself. 'A record-breaker in spite of head wind or high seas—or Heaven and hell.'

"And he drawled the blasphemy out, snarlin' and lips peeled back like as if he was baitin' a bull. A minute or two he waited, but for all the sign he gave the mate couldn't have heard at all.

"'Did you hear me, Mr. Smith?' the skipper asked, breathin' hard now.

"'I did, sir,' said Smith.

"Cap'n Harry leaned a little closer to him. His voice was just a whisper, no louder'n if he had been coaxin' a baby, but his teeth were showin' now, clean to the gums.

"'You did?' he asked. 'You did? And did I hear you say "Aye, sir"?'

"Luther Smith looked over his head just as if he wan't there. Calm and pretty quiet he was. Some men called Cap'n Harry mad. I reckon if he had been sane he never would have gone on; but he was too drunk to see that the eyes of the big man in front of him were squintin' half shut, or that the whole two hundred pounds of him had straightened somehow and was rockin', pendulum-like, to the roll of the schooner. And then, as I said, he hadn't noticed, either, that the muscles of his back slipped and ran like quicksilver under his naked skin.

"The cap'n's hand come out from behind him with the thing that he'd been hidin'. A book it was—a thick, leather-covered book, with red edges to the pages, and the leather about wore out in spots, at that.

"'I found this on the cabin table this morning, Mr. Smith,' he said, his eyes beady and unblinkin' as a wharf-rat's. 'I ain't well read and that sort o' thing'—and his words just seemed to mince their way along—'my education's been pretty sadly neglected. Maybe you could tell me what it is?'

"And now Smith wan't lookin' over his head any longer. His eyes come up slow from the book till they rested on Cap'n Harry's purple-clotted face.

"'I can,' he said pretty quiet. 'It's a Bible.'

"'A Bible! Why, so 'tis!' chuckled Cap'n Harry, his voice pleased as a child's. But the men of the crew who had edged nearer to hear shrunk back again, when he began to laugh soft and unsteady to himself. 'Why, so 'tis!' he says. 'Maybe you could even guess who the owner of it might be, Mr. Smith?'

"'I own it,' said Smith.

"The cap'n should've known that Death spoke just about that quiet. Maybe he was mad; I guess he must've been, for right there he fell to cursin' that big silent man in front of him—cursin' like no man but a bad one who hates anything that's good and clean and decent could curse.

"And Luther Smith took it, too, and never moved. He didn't seem even to hear, but his eyes never left that book in Cap'n Harry's hand; and—and Cap'n Harry misread that quiet and made a bad mistake.

"When he was so hoarse with screamin' that his voice broke and his lips twisted without makin' a sound, he stopped and wiped the froth from his mouth with the back of one hand; and the puffy fingers of the other opened slowly, like all the strength had been drained out of the man, and let the book drop to the deck at his feet.

"Grippin' His Sleeve Between Her Little Fingers Like a Drownin' Woman, and Gasped a Question Across at Him"

And he drew his lips together and tried to spit on it—and—and then Smith struck him!

"Not with his fists alone! Don't think I mean that way. Why, man, his whole body just lifted from that deck and shot into him, and Cap'n Harry buckled and folded together and crashed down like a rotten mainmast. When he rose, bellowin' and half blind with blood and rage, the mate's fist met him and drove him back again. Again and again as Cap'n Harry got to his feet, slower and slower, Luther Smith's knuckles spattered blood as they crashed into the pulp that had been the man's face and battered him down again.

"After a while, when he couldn't get up alone, the mate picked him up by the throat with one hand and stood him before him, and then beat him down again; and picked him up and beat him down till he lay there on the deck like a sack of sand, only hitchin' and jerkin' now and then to show he was still alive—and the face of him like nothing that any man would call human.

"Without a word he did that, mind you, or even a quickdrawn breath—and that was Luther Smith just as he was when he come ashore here in the tropics and met her whom I'm tellin' you of—her whom men called the Painted Lady."

Eben Bacon stopped for an instant, turning and gazing out across the polished metal of the bay.

"They called her that," he began again suddenly—"the Painted Lady—and in more'n one way it was a misleadin' name. Long before I ever set eyes on her I'd heard of her—what man hadn't in these waters in those days? And I'd kind of formed a picture in my mind of what she was like—tall and gray-faced in the light o' day and too full-bodied—just about the same kind of woman, I guess, as all the others get to be whose names are bandied from coast to coast.

"Yes, it was a misleadin' name till one saw her for himself, and then it was easy enough to understand. No painted woman's lips could ever have been soft and round and vivid red as hers were; and don't believe anybody ever had to look twice to see that the color wan't pigment! Vi'let I heard men who ought to know call her eyes. Maybe that was the color too. I never rightly decided, but what I saw for myself was that they were big and dark and damplike—sort o' questionin', till it gave you a lump in your throat sometimes, bein' sorry for something—you didn't just know what. And her hair, soft it was, soft and shiny and ripplin', till a man's hand got kind of achin' just to stroke it. Maybe I ought to add she was little—little and slender and rounded-like. Why, she was only a little girl, man—that's all she was—just a little girl who wore clothes like women do back in God's country; and from Hongkong to Honolulu men knew of her and called her the Painted Lady.

"Nobody ever seemed to know where she came from or what she might have been. Maybe she never had any chance to be much different from what she was, but that's hard to believe somehow. Anyway women with faces and bodies like hers—if there could have been others like her—usually don't hang out at places like this of Lascar's unless they're anything but good.

"It's strange that it had to be her—her of all the women in the world—that Luther Smith was to meet when the Hattie Anderson made port and he packed his Bible in his bag and come ashore. Or ain't it strange? Anyhow Lascar's was full that night, full of men and women who drank too much and laughed too loud. There was a big white yacht lyin' in the harbor, close out there where the Annie lies now—from the States men said she hailed—and a party had come ashore from her. She—the Painted Lady—was with that party, next the owner she sat, when Luther Smith came into Lascar's that night and walked down through the crowd, lookin' for an empty table. Hers weren't the only eyes that followed him. The crew of the Hattie had brought the story of his little run-in with Cap'n Harry ashore with them, and every woman, and man, too, stopped talkin' sudden-like as he entered, and stared at him over the rims of their glasses. Those who had been laughin' set pretty quiet now, and those who had been quiet wagged their heads at one another, knowin'-like, for when he walked you could tell the muscles of that big body of his ran like something live beneath his clothes.

"But she—she whom men called the Painted Lady—twisted in her place to see, and her eyes clung till he'd found a little table, like this one of ourn, to himself, where he could sit and look out over the bay. It was new to him—a place like this of Lascar's. She watched him, with her body leanin' forward a little and her lips just barely parted, like she had forgotten that there was anybody else but just him and herself in that room.

"Then, after a minute or so, she turned slowly back to the puffy, thick-necked man at her side—he who owned the yacht—and spoke to him kind of hurried-like, with the rest of them listenin' and gigglin', none of them quite drunk or quite sober. And they sat there watchin' and grinnin' like witless fools while that girl rose and crossed the room and slipped without a word into the empty chair on the other side of Luther Smith's table; but they only grinned because they couldn't see her face or hear her voice when she spoke to him.

"It startled him, I reckon. He lifted his head from his hand and stared at her as if he half doubted she was real flesh and blood. It's hard to describe their faces as they sat there for a second opposite each other, silent. I ain't tryin' to describe them. Timid, almost, hers was, if you can believe that the face of a woman like her could be that; timid and half smilin', and going red and white. And his—Smith's—well, when man first looked on woman it must've been with a light something like the one that come into his face.

"'You're from the States?' her voice faltered, and Luther Smith barely caught the words. Out of the tail of his eye he could glimpse the whole room cranin' to see, and the party from the white yacht grinnin' and whisperin' and nudgin'. It was the sort o' thing that struck their rotten little minds as funny—this meetin' between her and the man who fought and nigh killed his own skipper over an old, worn-out Bible.

"And Smith saw and understood and answered her pretty short.

"'Well?' he said.

"She flinched a little, almost as if he had lifted his hand to strike her; but she understood well enough, too, and her little face went savage for a second.

"'The beasts!' she whispered through her teeth. 'The drunken, sodden beasts! They—they said you came from the States—from New England—and I thought—I wanted to ask you —— You see, I've never been back.'

"For a minute he sat, his eyes searchin' her face; and all that time her lost-dog eyes clung to his pretty bravelike. It couldn't've been easy for her to look that kind of man in the eyes, and that's what she did—and Luther Smith understood.

"'Where did you live?' he asked her; and she told him almost as though she thought he wouldn't believe it.

"He had been a fisherman—I've told you that—out of Marblehead; and Marblehead ain't much of a distance from Lynn, by any means. Right next door, it was, to the place she called home, and had never been back to see. And there in Lascar's, in a voice so grave and gentle that she herself could scarcely catch it, he started in to tell her all the things that she had been hungry to hear; and she sat opposite him, her little pointed chin propped in her hands and two bright circles growin' in her cheeks, drinkin' in his words, till the grins on the faces of those watchin' got kind of setlike and sickly, and the men and women from that big

yacht turned to one another and stared with questions in their eyes.

"For a long time she sat and listened—an hour, maybe two—askin' a question once in a while in her soft, throaty voice, and her lips curvin' just a little as if she daren't smile a whole smile. And that big man opposite her talked with his eyes always on her face and with the same light in them that had come when he first lifted his head and found her sittin' in front of him, till at last she slipped to her feet and started to thank him—and then Luther Smith rose too.

"I've told you that she was slender. Standin' there beside him, her brown head barely reachin' to his shoulder, she seemed mighty, mighty little. He could've crushed her with those arms of his.

"'I'm goin' to take you home,' he said, about as simple and untroubled as if they were still in Lynn instead of the tropics. But at the other table they had been watchin', and before she could even think an answer he who owned the big yacht slipped in between them, his back rubbin' in Luther Smith's face, and asked if she was ready to go aboard.

"He was a fool—that fat, puffy-faced millionaire—like Cap'n Harry had been; but Smith only picked him up, with as little effort as if he had been a coil of quarter-inch hemp, and set him to one side.

"'I'm goin' to take you home,' he repeated; and then as she looked up at him he added, steady and slow, with a question in his voice: 'If you'll let me?'

"It might sound funny to some in the tellin', that situation—him, the kind of a man he was, waitin' grave and quiet for her answer, and her, the kind of a woman she was. It ain't always easy to lay a straight course between what's funny and what's pathetic; but the bit of a wistful smile that had been edgin' her lips disappeared. And she dropped as easy as habit back to the manner she had used with others.

"'Tonight I cannot,' she said, and smiled, 'I'm sorry. Tomorrow—if you'll come. Will you?' He told her he would and stepped aside; but his eyes followed her till she disappeared"—again Eben Bacon hesitated, but this time he forgot to turn and gaze out at the riding light of the schooner—"followed her till she disappeared," he repeated slowly as if to himself; "and that—that was the way they come to meet.

"He did take her home from Lascar's that next night—home to a little bungalow that was hers, high up there on the hill. Took her home—and left her at the door. For a week, while the big yacht lay in the harbor and the owner of her waited and grew uglier every night, and men watched and wondered and closed one eye whenever they met, Smith sat here in Lascar's with that girl and told her stories of the places she had never been back to see—and took her home to her little bungalow on the hill and left her at the door, till men at last began to forget to grin or wink and only wondered more.

"I've told you that she had heard the story of the Bible and Cap'n Harry. The crew of the Hattie had told that till everybody knew it. What did she think of it? How could I know? But I've often thought since that it must've been in those few days the little girl first began to realize there was such a thing as a good man; and everybody watched and wondered, for he—Smith—hadn't learned so fast as she had. I've speculated a bit, too, myself, on just how quick the man would have died who'd have dared even hint to him just what she was.

"Of course it had to come finally. Everybody knew that. She must've expected it herself. It had to come—but I reckon nobody figured it would come in just the way it did.

"A week Luther Smith had been ashore. The Hattie Anderson still lay in the harbor and the Annie, too, out there where she's swingin' tonight. They were sittin' here in Lascar's same as that first night, she with the slim throat of her bare and her little chin tucked in her hands, and the eyes of both of them starin' at the smoke that was risin' from the funnels of the yacht which, it was noised about on the beach, was to sail in the mornin'.

"Neither of them had spoken for quite a spell and she felt the silence after a bit and turned to find him starin' at her; and—well, I guess there never was a woman who couldn't read that light in a man's eyes. She didn't have time to speak. She tried to—and didn't have time.

"'I want you!' he said. Just like that—and as sudden it came. His voice gritted hard with the hunger of him; and he said that after he had showed her for the first time in her life how gentle a strong man could be with a mighty little woman—that after he had been takin' her home for a week and always leavin' her at the door! Could she be blamed for misunderstandin' when it come that way?

"She just misunderstood, and who could blame her? Then she laughed suddenly, a soft little laugh that wan't good to hear—a laugh with no mirth in it. She laughed straight into his big grave face. He didn't understand—you can be sure of that. He swallowed hard while the blood poured into his face. Why—why, he thought she meant he wan't good enough for her!

"'Aren't you a bit late?' she asked him, and she laughed again. 'You've been here a week—and I sail in the mornin'!'

"Slow she spoke and deliberate, with the words slurrin' a little; and she tilted her head toward the yacht with the smoke pourin' from the funnels—and—and that's the way she told him what she was!

"He got pretty white. She felt the body of him tightenin' and tightenin', and the table between them quiverin' under his arms. Yet—and it's strange too—she wan't afraid of him; not yet she wan't.

"He didn't try to make her believe that he didn't understand. He didn't even try to make himself believe he hadn't understood.

"'With him?' he managed to ask, and his voice wan't more than the shadow of a hoarse whisper.

"No, she didn't laugh any more. She didn't laugh. She sat and stared at him, and stared and stared, till the meanin' of all he had said come to her—struck her like a blow in the face. And she leaned across the table, grippin' his sleeve between her little fingers like a drownin' woman, and gasped a question across at him.

"'What did you mean?' she whispered. 'What did you mean?'

"He had bowed his face in his hands and she couldn't see the pain in his face.

"Then—'God!' she whispered to herself—'God!'—like that. I guess he must have heard her, too, for he lifted his head slowly, like it was almost too heavy for him to lift, and stared back at her out of dull eyes.

"'I want you!' he said again, dogged-like and monotonous, as if he was tryin' to convince himself as well as her. 'There's a missionary at the consul's—homeward bound. He—he'll marry us—and—and I'll take you home with me.'

"His face had been pretty white, but at that hers went the color of a combertop—whiter'n chalk—all but her lips, and they were like a streak of blood across her face; and those eyes of hers that had been damp and velvety went dry and strained while she gazed at him—wide and strained, and more than just that. Filled with fear they were—stark-naked, sheer terror.

"Why was she afraid? I don't know's I ever decided myself just why it was. Couldn't it have been for the same reason that I've given you before—because he was the kind of a man he was—and still wanted her, his way, when he knew what sort of a woman she had been? And because she wanted him, too, and knew that now for her there wan't any way?

"I don't have to tell you that he was a brave man. It's enough to tell you that, with her sittin' there in front of him, with lips twitchin' and the woman's soul of her dyin' a torture death in her eyes, and his own heart squeezed dry inside him, he smiled. He smiled, and for the first time since he had known her he touched her—reached out and sort o' stroked her little clenched fist with his big rough fingers.

"At that touch she threw up her hands as if to ward him off; threw up her hands and shrank from him, quiverin' like he'd struck her; and she cried out, a little moanin' woman's cry, and turned—turned and ran from him and Lascar's out into the night.

"He sat quiet a long time after she had gone—sat with his face in his hands; but when he finally did get up to leave, men stepped out of his path quicklike, before the thing that had come into his face—and nothing but the grace of Heaven kept Luther Smith from killin' the owner of that yacht that night.

"Their anchor was up when he reached the beach. I heard the clank of her windlass from the deck of the Annie myself. A few minutes later she swung for the open sea, and Luther Smith stood there, with head bared, and watched till her lights slipped over the rim of the horizon and disappeared."

Eben Bacon's voice droned off into a silence which endured so long that I believed at last he had reached the end, and I caught myself moistening with the tip of my tongue lips that had gone dry in listening; but he shook his head at my tentative question.

"No," he said; "it don't end there. I suppose it ought to, to be strictly in keepin' with what you call the general rule—and—and what some parsons preach about the wages of sin. It ought to end there maybe; but it don't, just the same.

"And somehow, even then I knew that it wan't played to a finish. It didn't seem as if it could be—to me anyway; and for months after that I reckon the thought of him, and her, too, was stored away somewhere in the back of my head. Maybe that's the reason I was so quick to recognize him the minute I set eyes on him a full twelve months later, and that, too, in spite of the fact that he'd changed like—well, say, like a strong man who's down with the fever and knows that he's fightin' something stronger than himself.

"It come about this way—that second meetin'. We'd drove into Wiki-wiki before a heavy blow. You know the island and the harbor—if you could call a palm-fringed coral wall by any such Christian name. There ain't a rottener, more forsaken spot on God's footstool, or if there is I ain't ever seen it and hope I never will. Why, the very syndicate that worked it calculated on its killin' off one agent in every two years, unless he was extra tight-built. Then he might run over two or three months, which only made it worse because it tangled up all their reckonin's.

"Well, we drove in there before the tail-end of a blow that was rollin' the

"He Shoved Her Toward Us"

(Continued on Page 46)

CAMPAIGNING FOR A FRIEND

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

GOVERNOR Watterson Blossom finished his demi-tasse and settled back in the big library chair with a sigh of comfort.

"My dear, you would make a home of the poorest hut!" he complimented the most charming woman in the world. "You have done wonders in the rejuvenation of this antiquated executive mansion."

Cordelia Blossom had been looking at the calendar accusingly, but now she dimpled.

"You're so delightfully appreciative!" she assured him in her softest of voices.

It was only three weeks before the state convention of Isis Clubs!

"I never expected to be so comfortable here," pursued the Colonel. "I think the only disquieting thought that accompanied my election was a regret for our old home. Have I your permission to smoke, my dear?"

"It will give me pleasure," she replied sweetly, as she did twice a day to this query.

It seemed taken for granted that Mrs. Pierce would be reëlected for her third term as state president, which would make her eligible to office in the National Federation.

"I am more comfortable all round than I had expected to be," stated the Colonel, lighting the thin, black, hard panetela, which was so like himself. "Politics here seems much freer from corruption than I had been led to believe."

Busy as she was with her own weighty problems, Cordelia gave that observation a fleeting smile.

"Watt, you're a dear!" she told him.

Mrs. Longmere Pierce had a most attractive personality, but, as a loyal club member, Cordelia could not believe that Mrs. Longmere Pierce could gain a National Federation office—or, if she did, could adequately represent the ladies of the state. She had never accomplished any conspicuous personal achievement.

"I have examined with care every piece of pending legislation," remarked the Colonel, leaning back his head and watching the blue smoke curl to the paneled ceiling. "It all seems direct, soberly considered and justly meant."

"I'm so glad you find it so," returned Cordelia with pleasant gratification.

Mrs. Longmere Pierce was conducting a most active campaign, with no one in the field against her. Really, some conspicuous personal achievement, of actual benefit to the Isis Club, would be a more dignified way to gain the presidency. Besides, office was originally meant as a reward.

"The legislators, too," the Colonel mooned on—"they are not so uncouth as I had imagined. To be sure, they are not all fit company for gentlefolk; but most of them have at least a degree of suavity."

"Being governor, then, is quite a bit more agreeable than it was to be mayor," speculated Cordelia, smiling at him to show how glad she was for his sake!

What would be a nice, big thing to do for the Isis Club? Cordelia unconsciously sighed as she propounded that familiar problem. She had lived face to face with it for over a month now, watching the calendar every day!

"On the other hand," droningly continued the Colonel, whose speech was beginning to slow down, "both branches of the legislature are burdened with such impossible creatures as the senator who is the father of the Hoggsworth Canal Bill."

"Of course you are bound to meet all sorts," commiserated Cordelia, keeping up the conversational flow with soothing ease.

What could she do for the Isis Club with a canal?

"I must admit, however, that his bill is a public measure of great value," resumed the Colonel, lifting his head determinedly as he felt his eyelids drooping.

"The canal, which runs the length of the state and, with its three branches, reaches sixteen of our twenty-one most important cities, has fallen into commercial disuse and is a heavy burden of expense on the people. The Hoggsworth Bill grants the Inland Transportation Company a fifty-year franchise to haul canal-boats, with electric traction engines on the berm-bank; and they relieve the state of the expense of repairs during that time. Senator Hoggsworth's measure is popularly known as the Electric Mule Bill."

Cordelia was prepared to enjoy that clever absurdity with the Colonel, but she saw that it was not expected of her.

"How appropriate!" she observed.

No, the canal did not seem promising. Nothing did! And this was the eighth! The annual State Isis Club convention was to be on the first!

"Watt dear!" said Cordelia suddenly.

"Yes, my dear!" And the Colonel opened his eyes with a jerk. He sat bolt-upright and paid her minutely courteous attention.

"Would it disturb you politically if I should invite Georgia Fleecer up for a little visit?"

The Ladies Fairly Struggled With Each Other to Sign the Dear Speedway Petition

The Colonel frowned slightly. Georgia Fleecer's husband was the notorious gang leader of the party distinctly opposed to the Colonel.

"I shall receive Mr. and Mrs. Fleecer with pleasure at any time," he announced with stiff dignity. "I trust I may never select my personal friends with any reference to political expediency!"

"It was silly of me to ask," apologized Cordelia, rising briskly. "I wanted your approval however." And patting the highly gratified Colonel on the gray head she hurried to the telephone and put in a long-distance call for Georgia Fleecer.

"How good your voice sounds!" she told her close friend and partner. "Can't you run up for a little visit?"

"It's an immense temptation!" speculated Georgia. "I'll see if Jim can arrange it."

"He can get away at any time," confidently asserted Cordelia. "We'll be so glad to see you both."

"No more than we," Georgia assured her. "We might run up for Sunday."

"That's too far away," protested Cordelia. "Of course you couldn't possibly make it tonight?"

"Wait a minute!" hastily replied Georgia, and turned to her husband, covering the transmitter. "Jim, Cordelia wants to see us in a hurry about something very important. Of course we couldn't possibly go up tonight."

Long-legged and big-boned Jim Fleecer, who had wrapped himself in a delightfully threadbare lounging robe and had cocked up his feet on a leather chair, drew himself together like a folding derrick.

"I thought the boss was slow in starting something," he grinned. "It's a month since the governor was inaugurated. What's the scheme?"

"I think it must be about the Isis Club," guessed Georgia. "I know it's important."

Jim got up and threw off his lounging robe.

"How many trunks can we pack in two hours?" he inquired. "There's a train at eleven-thirty."

Georgia turned hastily to the 'phone.

"We'll catch the eleven-thirty train," she called. "Goodby!"

II

POP! Spsh! The last spare tire on the governor's car split open, and the chauffeur, who had been picking his way along the frozen country road with the care of an aviator flying out of an orchard, walked back three rods to "cuss."

"Oh!" Cordelia regretted. "Do you think you'll be late for your meeting, Watt?"

Governor Blossom, who could not but feel that circumstances had put a personal affront upon him, looked at his watch in despair, but maintained his dignity.

"I think it extremely doubtful," he decided; and, lest his charming wife should think him too much worried, he patted her reassuringly on the plump hand.

"The traction line is only about half a mile from the canal at this point," suggested Jim Fleecer from somewhere in the midst of his fathomless fur coat.

"The walk doesn't look enticing," considered Georgia Fleecer, looking with disfavor across the glassy canal and the rough field beyond. "Why can't we have good roads in this state, Jim?"

"We need the money elsewhere, little one," responded the reputed boss of the state with a sly grin at the back of the Colonel's stiffly poised head.

Cordelia's round eyes crackled with a fleeting trace of amusement, and then she looked ahead at the atrocious highway.

"Some of the leaders of our fair state might get along with a little less and let us have one good auto road at least," she smiled. "Isn't that canal the most aggravating thing! There it runs, broad and smooth, right straight up to the capital. Of course that ice wouldn't bear our car?"

"It wouldn't even bear inspection," judged Fleecer. "By tomorrow the thaw will begin in earnest."

"How tantalizing!" mused Cordelia, still fascinated by the smooth canal. "Just think what a beautiful speedway it would make! Watt dear, you're the governor. Why can't we drain that useless old canal and put an asphalt pavement in it, and grow ivy on the walls, and turn it into a beautiful auto boulevard?"

Both the Colonel and Jim Fleecer laughed and exchanged a glance of mutual understanding. Here, at least, these so entirely dissimilar gentlemen could meet on common ground.

"What a buoyant imagination you have, my dear!" said the Colonel fondly.

"Why, I think it a brilliant idea!" warmly defended black-eyed Georgia, resenting for Cordelia the amusement of both men.

"It's thoroughly practical," stated Cordelia, loosening her big white fur collar and revealing her rounded cheeks flushed rosy red by the conflict between the crisp air and her warm wrappings. "The canal runs the entire length of the state, with three or four important branches. It passes through sixteen of the twenty-one most important cities. You told me yourself, Watt, that the canal has fallen into commercial disuse, and that it is a burdensome expense on the people."

"Yes, my dear," acknowledged the Colonel patiently. "I told you that as my reason for favoring the Hoggsworth Bill, which leases the canal for a period of fifty years to the Inland Transportation Company. They are to keep it in

repair also. That bill has passed both the legislature and the senate, and I consider it a measure so commendable that it is to have my signature tomorrow; so, Cordelia"—and he smiled upon her playfully—"I can't see much hope for your pretty speedway."

The unsuspected backbone and brains and morals of the Inland Transportation Company sat very still in the midst of his fathomless fur coat and grinned and grinned.

"Oh, what a shame!" pondered Cordelia, looking at the canal with the speculative eye of one who crystallizes visions. "It would be such a big thing to give the state!"

"What a conspicuous personal achievement!" admired Georgia, brightening as she turned to observe the thoughtful countenance of Cordelia. "Mrs. Longmere Pierce, in her two terms as state president of the Isis Club, has never accomplished anything so astonishing! She hasn't much to point to in her present campaign."

"She has a very attractive personality," conceded Cordelia sweetly.

Jim Fleecer glanced from his wife to Cordelia and began quietly to chuckle as the light broke upon him; but the Colonel had not heard. He was out of the car figuring with his chauffeur on the chances for a speedy resumption of their journey; and now, with his watch in his hand, he stepped up on the running board.

"I fear I shall be compelled to leave you," he announced. "Barney says he can get us in all right, but he can't guarantee to deliver us at eight o'clock. Would any of you prefer to take the traction?"

"Let's stay with the ship, girls," offered Fleecer, viewing with distrust the half-frozen puddles of the field.

"I think it would be better," acquiesced the Colonel; and shaking hands cordially with his guests he pressed a kiss on the rosy round lips of Cordelia and stalked along the canal bank to the bridge, his gray goatee sticking straight out and his coat flapping round his thin legs.

"Don't you think the speedway would be a splendid thing, Mr. Fleecer?" inquired Cordelia, whose ideas were always persistent.

"I don't see a dollar in it," calculated Fleecer soberly.

"It could be made a toll road," argued Cordelia promptly, not quite understanding him. "Just think of the advantage—a smooth, level drive for hundreds of miles, with no grade crossings and consequently no speed limits!"

"The Rich Man's Road!" frowned Fleecer. "Can't you see that in the papers?"

"The Poor Man's Protection!" triumphantly combated Cordelia.

"Why, of course, Jim!" earnestly advocated Georgia. "There'd be no more people run over."

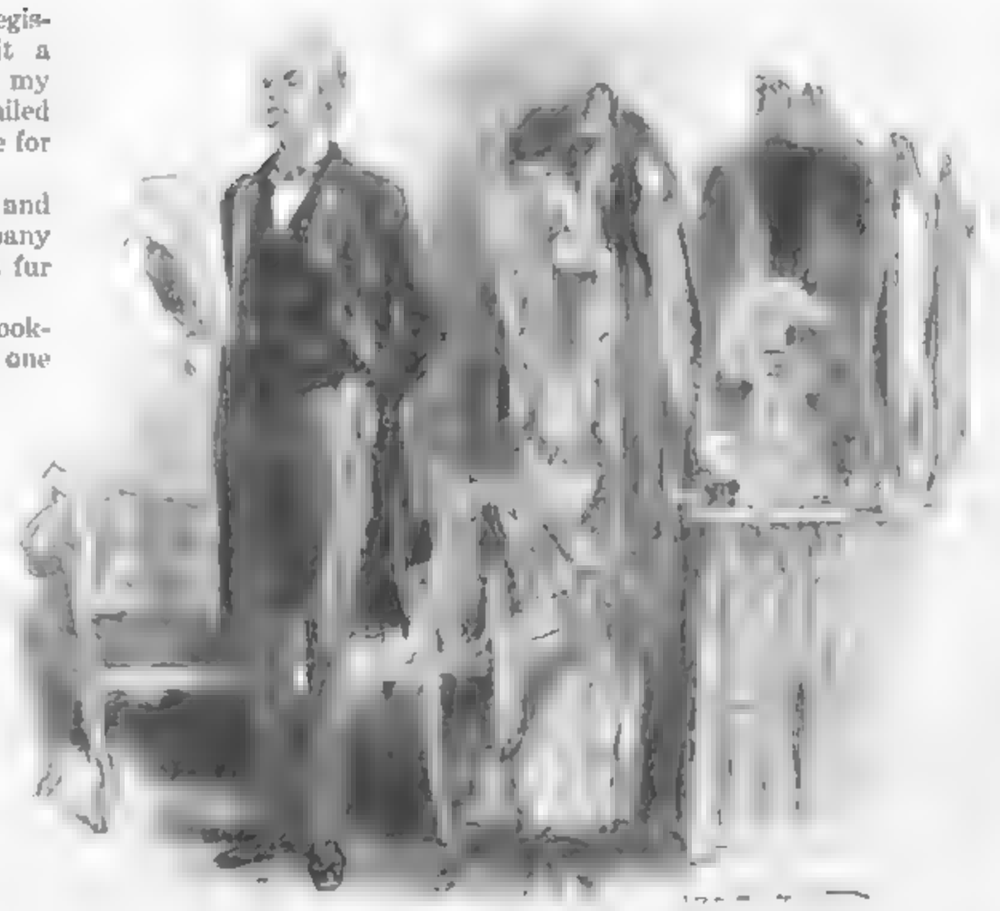
"You're a smart pair!" laughed Jim. "But you're overlooking the big bet. You might fool them with that protection stuff, but how would you get over the graft yell?"

"There wouldn't be any!" said the clear-eyed Cordelia, turning to him in wonder. "If Georgia and I got up an Isis Club petition, signed by all the society ladies of the state, they couldn't possibly make so untrue a charge!"

"Wouldn't it be glorious!" enthused Georgia, her eyes sparkling. "Surely, Jim, you and the Colonel can get hold of the canal someway."

"The boys have been trying it for years," acknowledged Jim with a far-away smile. "The Inland Transportation Company was the nearest they could get to it—and that's only a cheap imitation. Boss, I think you had better have the Colonel veto that bill."

"Are you interested in the Inland Transportation Company?" asked Cordelia with a speculative glance.



"Read Article Three!" Observed Cordelia Softly

"Oh, I was," chuckled Fleecer good humoredly; "but I'm willing to drop it. Your plan's so much bigger."

"I'm afraid the Colonel is very earnestly decided on the Hoggsworth Bill," worried Cordelia.

"You puzzle over Article Three and show him the bunk in it," enjoined Fleecer. "Then go right ahead with your Isis Club petition and let me frame a speedway bill."

"Oh, thank you!" accepted Cordelia gratefully. There were still three weeks before the first.

"Isn't it splendid!" cheered Georgia. Cordelia had three weeks.

"A conspicuous personal achievement!" And Jim Fleecer snorted.

III

"WATT, I'm very much abused," confided Cordelia in her boudoir before they joined the Fleecers for breakfast.

"You don't look it," he protested, admiring her eternal freshness. "However, Cordelia, tell me your troubles and I'll slay your dragon."

"It's my speedway," she answered with a pretty little pout. "These old politicians are stealing my canal."

"I don't see much stealing," he smiled. "The bill which I am to sign this afternoon will save the state a lot of money, while to drain the canal and asphalt it would almost bankrupt the state."

"How much would it cost?" asked the practical Cordelia, preparing herself to absorb the figures.

"Not less than fifty million dollars, I should say," he judged.

"That isn't so much," she immediately argued—"not for a big, rich state like this. Don't they issue bonds or something to cover the cost of such worth-while improvements?"

"Well, yes," hesitated the Colonel. "We already have a pretty heavy bonded indebtedness."

"Mr. Fleecer says that's a sign of prosperous activity," mused Cordelia with a smile of amusement which met no answering gleam. "Watt, I am very seriously interested in this speedway. I think it would be a wonderful thing for the people—and I've been looking up some figures."

"My dear Cordelia," smiled the Colonel indulgently, "that pretty head was not meant for figures."

Cordelia's eyes narrowed a trifle, but she smiled and dimpled to conceal her annoyance.

"There must be nearly fifty thousand automobiles in the cities and towns bordering on the canal," she stated; "and every single automobile-owner would gladly pay a fifty-dollar speedway license. How much a year would that amount to?"

The Colonel, with a surprised glance at her, did the figuring.

"Two million and a half dollars," he conceded with puzzled brows.

"Very well, then!" she triumphed. "In twenty years the auto-owners themselves would pay off your bonds. Meantime the state could rent the banks of the speedway, which are now used for mule tracks. They could be rented for roadhouses and supply garages, and oh! all sorts of things—and the rent should pay the interest on the bonds."

The Colonel blinked. Constructive imagination was a thing he could never comprehend.

"My dear, you are a marvel!" he said in awe. "However, a project like this is always looked at askance in politics."

"That depends on who wants it done," she urged. "If some of your old politicians go at it, of course the voters will be suspicious. They have a right to be. But if all the society ladies of the state petition the legislature to do this, so we can furnish the poor people with fifty million dollars' worth of labor and protect them against being run over by automobiles, then it will be all right. And, anyway, the Isis Club might just as well petition the state for an intercity speedway as to have the banks stolen by the Inland Transportation Company for an interurban traction line!"

The Colonel stiffened from his toes to his cowlick.

"Traction line!" he repeated, his thin nostrils dilating.

"Why, yes—didn't you know?" she returned. "That's what the Hoggsworth Bill permits them to do."

The Colonel looked at her forgivingly.

"I am afraid you have been misinformed," he patiently explained. "The Hoggsworth Bill permits the Inland Transportation Company to lay tracks along the berm-banks of the canal for the operation of electric engines with which to haul canal-boats."

"That's what it seems to say," agreed Cordelia; "but I studied the bill very carefully last night, and if the Inland Transportation Company wants to operate a traction railroad on those tracks it may. It will have a fifty-year franchise for practically nothing; and I understand that a fifty-year franchise is very valuable indeed, especially where there is no right-of-way to buy up or anything."

The Colonel, in whose gray eyes there had dawned the steely glitter with which a cat discovers a snake, stalked out of the room with calm ferocity and returned with a copy of the Hoggsworth Bill.

"Read Article Three!" observed Cordelia softly with a suppressed smile lurking at the corners of her red lips.

IV

THERE were loud cries of anguish from every quarter of the political compass, and the reverberations centered in the office of Jim Fleecer. State Senator Allen G. Hoggsworth was the shrillest sufferer of all. He was a lumpy-minded man with a pear-shaped face, and he utilized all Jim Fleecer's ear space in the expression of his mad agony.

"Vetoed it!" he blasphemed. "I didn't suppose the old boy had brains enough to catch the real golden text in my bill. Somebody pointed it out to him!"

"That's what happened," chuckled Fleecer. "A certain party who was in on the whole

"Why Can't We Drain That Useless Old Canal and Turn It Into a Beautiful Auto Boulevard?"

frame-up slipped the Colonel the glad news. Isn't he the old sixteen-inch cannon when he gets in action!"

"I thought it was the arsenal went up!" corroborated Hoggsworth. "He slammed that bill back with a veto the second there was anybody there to take it. Three minutes afterward he met me in the lobby and called me a thief. It's a wonder I didn't punch him!"

"It's no wonder to me," grinned Fleecer. "Nobody ever thinks about punching the Colonel until after he's gone away. I'm strong for Watterson Blossom! I wish he belonged to my party."

"I'll give you a guaranteed title to my share of him!" offered Hoggsworth savagely. "What I want to know is, Who put the Colonel wise?"

"I did," Fleecer advised him tranquilly.

Senator Hoggsworth laughed his thorough unbelief.

"I suppose so!" he scorned. "Whoever did it has put a crimp in the only plausible plan ever devised for pasting a canal into a bankbook."

"It wasn't so good," counseled Fleecer. "We had to grade and ballast that old berm-bank ourselves, and fuss round with the canal-boat business, and keep the canal in repair for fifty years. That's one of the reasons I had a friend tell the Colonel to stand on his head when he reads Article Three."

Senator Hoggsworth looked at the boss with dawning horror.

"You don't mean to tell me you deliberately killed the Hoggsworth Bill?" he protested in shocked disbelief.

"I'm the boy!" boasted Fleecer.

"You've overdone it," complained Hoggsworth. "Of course the Colonel had to make a scandal about it, and now it would be impossible to pass it over his veto."

"Exactly!" acquiesced Fleecer. "That was part of the idea. We wish to disgust the sovereign people with the entire canal."

"Why?" gasped the senator.

"Well, for one reason, because there was graft connected with this scheme," grinned Fleecer. "It wasn't on the level. Senator, I have reason to believe it was even dishonest. Besides, it would be so much better to do away with the canal entirely and have the state ballast the berm-banks and make us a present of them."

"This is no joking matter," persisted Senator Hoggsworth with considerable heat. "Why did you, at the last minute, spike this bill?"

"Because I am a ladies' man!" explained Fleecer suavely. "I had a belated hint that certain society favorites wished to drain the canal and turn it into an automobile speedway!"

V

"WHAT a splendid campaign Mrs. Longmere Pierce is making!" observed Georgia Fleecer to the president of the Rushport Isis Club as they stood by the frescoed Nile.

"Isn't she!" agreed the knobby Mrs. Shreeves, glancing to where the calm and dimpling Cordelia Blossom stood *en tableau* on the dais with the state president. "She is extremely ambitious—but a charming woman."

"So very delightful!" supplemented Georgia enthusiastically. "Mrs. Blossom, as president of our local branch, gave her a most unique entertainment when she was campaigning in our city. Cordelia is such an earnest Isis Club worker."

"So I have heard," acknowledged Mrs. Shreeves. "She's of an extremely old family, I believe?"

"The Whitehalls, of Baltimore!" proudly asserted Georgia. "She accomplished wonders for us before Colonel Blossom became governor and took her away from us to the state capital."

"What a picturesque stand Mayor Blossom took when he defied the state militia!" Mrs. Shreeves said with exultation. "'Strangers shall not butcher my people!' How heroic!"

"That was one of Cordelia's big inspirations," declared Georgia with sparkling eyes. "She's a wonderful woman! She tore down all our ugly billboards, and cleared out two disgraceful city blocks to make room for a magnificent plaza and monument, and organized the immense Failure Farm—and oh, ever so many things which require leadership! This is Mrs. Longmere Pierce's third campaign, isn't it?"

"She's unusually anxious this time," remarked Mrs. Shreeves. "A third term makes her eligible for office in the National Federation. She'll find that a sterner campaign than this."

"She has a most engaging personality," argued Georgia sweetly.

"She'll need more than that," quickly responded Mrs. Shreeves, dropping her mask for a second. As president of the Rushport Isis Club she had enjoyed Mrs. Longmere Pierce for a house guest during three campaigns.

"A conspicuous personal achievement is the requirement for office in the Isis Club," mused Georgia. "That's what made Cordelia so popular with us."

"How proud you are of her!" and Mrs. Shreeves elevated her thin eyebrows. She began to see. "Sooner or later we'll be having the governor's lady campaigning for the presidency of the State Federation."

"Oh, she would never campaign!" denied Georgia instantly. "Cordelia would never even dream of accepting a nomination unless it were forced on her! Besides, she is campaigning for Mrs. Longmere Pierce."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Shreeves, having passed the visiting member on among the local ladies, overheard her saying to Mrs. Judson:

"Cordelia Blossom has always been noted for her conspicuous personal achievements."

Mrs. Longmere Pierce was circulating among the members with feverish activity, but wherever she went she kept a furtive eye on Cordelia Blossom.

"So delighted to meet you again!" was her invariable form of greeting, and this was accompanied by a handshake as near like that of a politician as she could make it. "Of course you know what I want, Mrs. Judson. I want you to vote for me for state president."

"It has become a pleasant habit," laughed Mrs. Judson. "Are there any other candidates in the field?"

"None that I know of," smiled Mrs. Longmere Pierce, sternly repressing a glance at Cordelia. "What a delightful gathering this is!"

"So many distinguished visitors," explained Mrs. Judson. "Mrs. Blossom, in particular, is such an active Isis Club worker."

"Isn't she unusual!" gushed Mrs. Longmere Pierce. "So energetic and so clever!" And she had an excuse to glance over to where Cordelia was delighting the oldest member. "She seldom visits among the clubs unless she has some big movement afoot."

"We're all wondering what it can be," laughed Mrs. Judson. "We know it will be stunning when it comes. Everybody likes Cordelia Blossom!"

"She's very ambitious," said Mrs. Longmere Pierce; "but she has a most attractive personality."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Judson overheard Mrs. Longmere Pierce saying to Mrs. Betherly:

"Cordelia seldom visits among the clubs unless she has some new movement afoot."

"Isn't this a delightful gathering!" Cordelia Blossom greeted Mrs. Betherly and Mrs. Judson and all the others in turn. "I'm so glad I happened here on Mrs. Longmere Pierce's afternoon! I'm going to campaign for her."

President Olive Shreeves stopped the social hour with a tap of her little pearl-handled gavel. She was unusually proud this afternoon, she told the ladies of the Rushport Isis Club. It was an honor too great for words to be able to introduce the state president and the wife of the governor at one and the same meeting. She felt humbled in such distinguished company and quite unworthy to hold their attention with her poor little gifts; so she would leave all the talking to her famous guests. With this graceful speech she recognized official precedence and introduced Mrs. Longmere Pierce.

The ladies applauded frantically. They were devoted adherents and admirers of Mrs. Longmere Pierce—every one—as they testified in their beaming faces. Was that gown an advance hint or an individual creation?

Mrs. Longmere Pierce advanced to the front of the dais and held up her lorgnette for convenient emphasis. She was frankly campaigning for their votes, she laughingly assured them; just this one more time and she would be satisfied. She was a lady who emphasized a great deal and modulated her voice differently for each word, and poised on tiptoe when she accented her remarks with taps of her lorgnette upon her palm. She was very grateful to the ladies of the Isis Club for the large measure of popularity which had been hers to enjoy; and she begged to assure the good ladies of Rushport that, when she at last achieved her place in the National Federation, she would not forget their steadfast loyalty to her.

The ladies applauded frantically when she resumed her seat. Their state president had a most attractive personality!

Cordelia Blossom was so very refreshing in her round-eyed simplicity! First of all, she demanded a Chautauqua salute for their present and future state president, Mrs. Longmere Pierce. Mrs. Pierce was a presiding officer of whom they might well feel proud, and Cordelia apologized to Mrs. Pierce for having intruded on her afternoon in Rushport. Mrs. Pierce, however, need not think that, because of this apology, she was to escape further intrusion, for Cordelia intended to follow her about to all her campaign entertainments, particularly in those cities along the canal!

There was an excellent reason for this. Wherever Mrs. Longmere Pierce appeared there was certain to be a large attendance, and Cordelia had a glorious project that she was sure would appeal strongly to every member of the Isis Clubs—a project so stunning that it could be regarded as a conspicuous personal achievement by each and every member who signed the petition! Incidentally Cordelia intended to campaign with great enthusiasm for her friend and superior officer, Mrs. Longmere Pierce!

Thereupon Cordelia explained the State Speedway!

The applause was hysterical! The ladies fairly struggled with each other to sign the dear speedway petition; but Cordelia secured the name of Mrs. Longmere Pierce on the very first line—after her own and Georgia's!

VI

NO PROPOSED public improvement was ever more immediately popular than the State Speedway project.

The public at large took kindly to the idea of confining the rich man's automobile in a ditch, and there was no need to ask the enthusiastic motorists if they liked the idea. The papers throughout the state seized upon it and quickly made it a national affair. Even Mrs. Wiley Miles, of New York, the veteran social leader and president of the National Federation of Isis Clubs, wired Cordelia Blossom her half-cynical admiration; and Clara Pikyune, Cordelia's ancient enemy, introduced a resolution in Cordelia's home club to engross a vote of congratulation to their beloved ex-leader on this her most conspicuous personal achievement.

Meanwhile the petition grew and grew, and ladies who had been heretofore neglectful of their opportunities clambered to join the Isis Club in order to enroll themselves. It was understood that the governor's wife meant to interest herself in having an immense memorial tablet at the head of the speedway, carved with the insignia of the Isis Club and with the names of all the ladies who had been instrumental in securing this great public boon. It was understood, furthermore, that if the governor's wife interested herself in anything it was as good as done.

What a wonderful woman Cordelia Blossom was! How public-spirited! How resourceful! How clever! How energetic! How prolific in conspicuous personal achievement! Every Isis Club member acknowledged all these things and marveled at them!

She was not one merely to mail the petitions to the various clubs and leave them to be signed haphazard. Not by any means! Accompanied by her friend, Georgia Fleecer, who had a most engaging personality, she visited every Isis Club in the state, whether on the canal or not, to present the petition in person, sometimes visiting two and three in one day. Why, she traveled in a special car and arranged her schedule like a grand tour of the president of the United States! It was most thrilling, and it gave the Isis Clubs so much importance in the life of the various cities! They met Cordelia's train with brass bands and with long strings of automobiles decked gayly with American flags and the colors of the Isis Club, and with Cordelia's favorite red poppies. Wasn't it perfectly stunning!

And wasn't it sublime in the busy Cordelia always to campaign for Mrs. Longmere Pierce, who, Cordelia insisted, had so engaging a personality as to make her an ideal representative of the state! Wherever she could, Cordelia made her schedule coincide with the campaign entertainments of Mrs. Longmere Pierce, who, by the way, did not seem half grateful enough to Cordelia for these magnificent efforts in her behalf. Indeed, Mrs. Longmere Pierce seemed very much fatigued in these latter days of her campaign, which was in such contrast to the always fresh and smiling Cordelia.

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"Simple Little Trick," Said Jim

THE BUSINESS MAINSPRING

The Prime Mover Transmits His Energy to Others

By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY H. J. JOULEN

DOWN at the bottom of healthy activity in business there is pretty certain to be an intensely interested man. He may be the head of a big corporation, with the ability to carry out broad policies and projects. Again, he is a technical genius, absorbed in some single department, such as selling or manufacturing, but his interest in his work is the chief point about him. It explains everything he does. His results are such that other people are anxious to get hold of his systems and secrets. The latter, however, are just incidental to his whole-hearted interest. He is a man who has found the job he likes and would rather do that than eat. His office sees a good deal more of him than his home, and if his wife wants him for an evening she may have to make an appointment in advance.

This interested man's mind may be centered on technical details. In that case he is usually a first-rate investigator, experimenter and developer of products and processes, content to work under somebody who will manage the people round him and make practical application of his results. More often, however, his very interest compels him to manage others by interesting them too. Then he not only generates interest, but transmits it as well—which is the best part of executive ability.

This interest can be transmitted through two avenues:

First, by interesting the people immediately round him—helpers, who are the big wheels near the mainspring, as it were.

Second, by making work interesting to subordinates who are at a distance from the mainspring—salesmen in distant branches, mechanics in remote departments of the factory, and others who cannot be dealt with personally.

The man with the warm, living interest in his job soon learns that the people round and under and over him are all conductors of his interest in greater or less degree, according to their individual traits. So he pays some attention to their characteristics. This may be done instinctively. He has no formal notions about men as types. Nevertheless, they fall into types and must be dealt with accordingly.

An electrical engineer, who had worked his way up to be general manager of a large public-service corporation, found that his college training was of questionable value to him until he began to study men. His first job was on construction. He knew what ought to be done, and every stage of the work was interesting to him because he saw the complete plan and all the theoretical beauty of the project. But his men were laborers and mechanics, without technical insight, and they saw only so much meaningless detail and so many days' work.

How Good Executives Classify Men

HIS first clew to management came when he discovered that it made all the difference in the world how various men were given instructions. To one man he could say: "Do this!" That was enough. A subordinate of that sort thought chiefly of carrying out orders correctly and let the boss take all the responsibility—so long as nothing was done wrong the boss ought to be satisfied. With another kind of subordinate it was better to say: "Suppose we do so-and-so." That was really a direct order to do so-and-so, yet given in a way that recognized a warmer interest on the subordinate's part and a willingness to shoulder responsibility. With still another type of man, it was advisable to put an order in the form of a question: "How do you think it would work if we did so-and-so?" That indicated still more interest and responsibility.

This engineer soon began to notice marked differences in his men, and to take them into partnership on his ideas and plans, according to their intelligence, initiative, imagination, sensitiveness, and so on. He also found out by-and-by that the "Do-this!" man could be made receptive to his own interest in the work, that the "Suppose-we" fellows were good conductors of interest to other men, and that the "How-do-you-think-it-would-work?" subordinates were capable of generating interest as well as transmitting it.

Another manager finds that the men with whom he works, whether employees under him or directors over him, have to be interested pretty much according to their individual tastes and temperaments. One man is self-centered, nervous, quick. He jumps at conclusions and will see the point before it is put into words; but he is also changeable, likely to be carried away by a newer idea, and his enthusiasm leaks out unless it is safeguarded. Another man will be a quiet plodder, who needs patient explanations before he comprehends; but when he finally gets the idea he hangs on to it. Another will be skeptical, prefers to find out things for himself, and must be interested indirectly. Still another can be reached through outside interests—he is a member of a dozen lodges or a leader in developments in his neighborhood. And so on!

This little inventory of the people one must work with seems to be the true starting-point. The interested man begins to develop managing ability when he looks over his working associates, and when he lacks that ability it is almost invariably because he hasn't looked them over. An inventory of people is as necessary as an inventory of materials or tools.

The interested man knows that he is going somewhere. His relish for his work grows out of his broad outlook. To transmit this interest to others it is necessary to let them have a glimpse over into the promised land. Here is where he will use all the knowledge he can get about the people with whom he works. The subordinate's outlook is more restricted than that of the interested executive—he may see no farther than the clock and Saturday night. Even the directors and officers of the company may see no farther than a dividend. The interested man, however, sees improved products, lower manufacturing costs, wider sales, far-reaching trade development, a future full of growth and opportunity. To put his people on the same working basis as himself and hold them by interest he must help them see some of these things too.

One of the large office buildings of New York has a spirit of organization throughout its operating force that is apparent to tenants and all who visit the building. Elevator men, cleaners, mechanics and other employees are courteous, painstaking and steady.

The elevator operator in a skyscraper is likely to agree with the standard pleasantry that his job is chiefly ups and downs. Floor-cleaners and window-washers are not supposed to look forward to much advancement in the world. Men down in the sub-basements may feel that they have run off the track of human affairs.

This particular operating staff sees differently, however, because its superintendent is an interested man and imparts some of his viewpoint. He was only an engineering graduate when he took up his present calling fifteen years ago. Skyscrapers were smaller then and the superintendent's methods and his job were still to be worked out; but he has seen the big buildings grow in size and number and the demand for capable superintendents grow with them. Today he has one of the best positions in his line and likes his job thoroughly.

As the technic of skyscraper operation is worked out he lets his subordinates see something of the problems. Instead of brooding about the ups and downs of his life, the elevator operator understands the difficulties of running costs, the fluctuations in traffic, and is keyed up to a standard of operation. The cleaner and mechanic know something of the renting side of the building, and the effect on tenants of good service and a corps spirit. The firemen and engineers downstairs realize that there is plenty of room for them to advance by mastering the technic of their specialties. All have been taught how to deal with annoyances inseparable from their callings, to be prepared for emergencies, and to deal with the public courteously in all its moods, as part of the game. Several times a year this organization has its dinners, where questions arising from its work are discussed; and, with the object of letting employees catch something of the tenants' point of view, these gatherings are always held in one of the best hotels in town.

Corps Spirit in a Shipyard

THIS skyscraper superintendent does not try to hold his people by any paper platform of courtesy and duty, but shows them how good corps spirit leads to individual advancement. The skyscraper is still in its infancy. All over the country hundreds of new office buildings are going up each year, making new places for department heads. In seeking men for such positions, owners are certain to be drawn to a building with a reputation for the spirit of its operating staff; again and again the operating force has seen the boss put men trained in that building into good positions elsewhere.

Another striking illustration of how far an interested executive can go when his subordinates are also interested was given some months since in London. Under competition of shipyards in Scotland, Ireland and Northern England, the shipbuilding business on the Thames near London, once prosperous, has steadily diminished. One of the few concerns still remaining there had an opportunity to get the contract for building two cruisers for the British navy, provided a certain price could be agreed upon. Some time before that, however, employees' wages had been increased by an agreement that made it difficult to come down to the required figure. Moreover the company was in the hands of a receiver.

One Saturday afternoon the head of this concern called all its employees together and told them he believed it was not only possible to build those two war vessels but, upon the strength of the contract, for them to raise capital and discharge the receiver, putting the company back on a solid basis. To do this, it was necessary that the men go back to their old wages. After the question had been threshed out in the sturdy fashion of a British public meeting, the vote was put and the men agreed to go back to their old rate of pay, provided the contracts were secured. There were only six or seven votes against the reduction.

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THE CUB—By James Hopper

THE Cub reporter sat on the edge of a chair in the deserted reporters' room. He had smoked a cigarette with a nonchalant air, but, in spite of this aid, felt now and then his stomach slipping down toward his shoes. This was his first day; he had seen all the other reporters go out on their several details and no one had told him what he should do. So he cast wistful glances toward the only other occupant of the big room—a fat man in shirt-sleeves, engaged at a corner desk in a mysterious toil with shears, gluepot, and a pile of papers that he mutilated savagely.

The Cub began to suspect that the fat man was signaling to him. At regular intervals the fat man's head jerked sidewise, away from the Cub and toward the wall. The Cub arose in first, hesitant response; then, to another jerk of the head, came forward frankly.

"Sit down!" said the fat man in a wheezy voice that somehow did not seem to come from him, but from his chair. The Cub took a seat.

From here he could see better the other's occupation. He was cutting strips out of the Financial Courier and pasting them on copy paper between interpolations of his own. The Cub saw him write: "Apples have little resilience, but prunes are lively." Also several envelopes on the desk were addressed: The Financial Editor of the Star. This, then, was the Star's financial editor—umpteenth disillusion of the Cub in his few hours' contact with the paper. He had imagined the financial editor smoking dollar cigars in a private office furnished in mahogany and red leather.

"Just on the paper?" asked the financial editor, passing his pastebrush over a sheet of copy paper, slapping upon this a clipping, and immediately making with his shears a new carplike attack on the Financial Courier.

"Yes, sir," said the Cub meekly.

A gurgle sounded deep within the mountain of flesh, and abruptly, without looking at the Cub or ceasing his diligent cutting and pasting, the financial editor of the Star began a remarkable diatribe against journalism, the young fools who took it up, and everything connected with it.

"Get out of it as soon as you can!" he concluded. And then, without transition: "Has any one told you what to do?"

"No, sir."

Another gurgle. The Cub wondered.

"See that man over there?" asked the financial editor, and jerked his triple chin toward the glass door at the end of the reporters' room.

The Cub looked through the glass door into the inner office and saw a youngish man pacing to and fro importantly.

"He's the assistant city editor. You're doing office duty. In a little while he'll bawl out your name. You'll go through and he'll mumble something at you: 'Runaway up the street!' or 'A murder at the Morgue!' Then you must go out and get it."

"Get it?" echoed the Cub, awed and stupefied.

"Yes. Now do you want any advice?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my advice is: Get it! What you're sent for—get it! Get it and get it and get it!—that's all there is to newspaper work. Whatever you're sent out for—get it!"

"Yes, sir," said the Cub meekly.

"Well, that's all. Don't disturb me any more. I must get out my Sunday page tonight."

"Yes, sir," said the Cub, and rose.

"My name," said the financial editor, "is O'Flanigan."

"Yes, Mr. O'Flanigan."

"Also Mike. Call me Mike."

The Cub did not dare, and the interview was closed.

"They Cut It Down"

Events came as foretold a moment later. A roar sounded in the inner office, and the Cub went within through the glass door, which still trembled. The assistant city editor had regained his desk to do the thing orthodoxly. Without looking up, he said, very fast and very low:

"Our Appleville correspondent telephones he can't cover the tennis tournament at the hotel there. Go over and do it for us."

The Cub stood a moment on one leg; then, seeing that nothing else was forthcoming, he went out in a small panic to Mike O'Flanigan.

"They want me to do the tennis tournament at Appleville."

"Easy!" said Mike O'Flanigan. "Only be sure you get it. Get the scores, the results, the facts, the thing! Get it! Get it and come back as soon as possible. No matter what happens, get it! That's all there is to newspaper work. Get it!"

"Yes, Mr. Mike."

"Have you copy paper? Stuff your pockets with some. Always have some. Have you pencils?"

"I have one."

"Take these. Always have five or six. Short ones—they don't break." He looked at the clock. "There's a boat at two-twenty. Just seven minutes to make it! Rush! And remember—get the thing! Get it!"

Thus equipped and advised, the Cub left on his first detail—the Appleville Tennis Tournament.

. . . . . .

When the Cub reached the street he found down the middle of it a file of immobile cars. A fine determination was warm within him though; he felt no dismay. "I'll run!" he said, and started along the sidewalk at a long, light lope. The street was crowded; he dodged and swerved adroitly, never slackening. After a while he was in sight of the ferry building's big clock and saw that he was running well within his time. He would have two minutes to get his ticket and go aboard.

The throng grew tighter as he neared. Pedestrians, horses and trucks mingled in a tangle. Ahead of the Cub a tall, dark-bearded man was walking briskly, his eyes on the clock. The Cub saw a little ragged man jump suddenly sidewise and strike the tall man in the back with his fist.

It was a weak sort of punch. Yet, to the Cub's astonishment, the tall man stopped short, turned stiffened as with an immense stupefaction, and then, in a fall that started slowly and accelerated startlingly, slapped the pavement with his entire length.

And the Cub, approaching, saw something that looked like a cross stuck upright between the two shoulders.

The Cub stooped—then remembered the boat, the tennis match and his duty. He rose, ran, snatched a ticket at the wicket, rushed past the guteman and reached the boat just as the departing gong resounded.

The bay was athrill with a slight breeze. The waves hit the boat gayly. The Cub, perspiring from his run and warm with self-esteem, thought how fine it was to live thus an active life, and congratulated himself on his presence of mind.

Where the boat docked on the other side of the bay, policemen were lined across the doors, letting no one pass. The Cub, who was in the forefront of the crowd, champed his bit for a while. Then a memory of his new function caused him to seek the officer in charge. "I'm on the Star," he whispered. "Pass!" said the lieutenant.

Again, on the train he thus had gained, the Cub glowed with the thought of his activity and his resourcefulness. He foresaw that this would prove to be a fine life—that of reporter; and more than ever, in gratitude for those who made this life possible to him, he tensed with determination to succeed, to get the tennis tournament at all cost.

Far to the right, on a knoll, the state prison came into view. As the Cub looked, a red flag slid swiftly to the end of its pole and white puffs of smoke came from the top of the wall. The prison slid out of view, and the Cub immediately returned to a consideration of his mission. He saw in vision a tennis court in the sun, with white balls flashing by.

The train wound through a hilly land—through cuts, along shaking trestles, in spirals about round elevations. It was a little train and fancifully managed. There was only one track, with sidings here and there for the meeting of trains. The engineer's knowledge of the whereabouts of these sidings seemed hazy; every now and then two locomotives found themselves nose to nose on the single track; the engineers then engaged in a long discussion as to which should back, while the travelers, getting off, walked, smoked and chatted.

The Cub, stepping out on the rear platform, was there the witness of an interesting little scene. On the platform were two men—one an elderly man, well dressed and groomed, with a prosperous expanse of white waistcoat; the other evidently a young farmer of the county. The latter, leaning over the railing, was examining the track as it clicked away beneath; rising finally, he said, with humorous interest:

"Half the spikes on that track are loose!"

The elderly well-dressed gentleman immediately became angry.

"Why do you say that?" he complained. "What right have you to say that? It's just such people as you, talking through their hats, that give the road a bad name!"

The young farmer sent a slow wink toward the Cub, then repeated gently:

"Half the spikes are loose. I could pull them out with my fingers."

"Why do you say that?" rasped the elderly gentleman, now very red. "What do you know about railroading anyway? You know very well that what you say isn't true. Then why do you say it? The spikes are perfectly tight. I ought to know—I'm the president of the road."

"I know you are," said the young farmer. "That's why I said that about the spikes."

The elderly gentleman suffocated silently for a moment. The young farmer became very businesslike.

"I'll bet you ten dollars," he challenged coldly, "that I can pull a lot of those spikes out with my fingers."

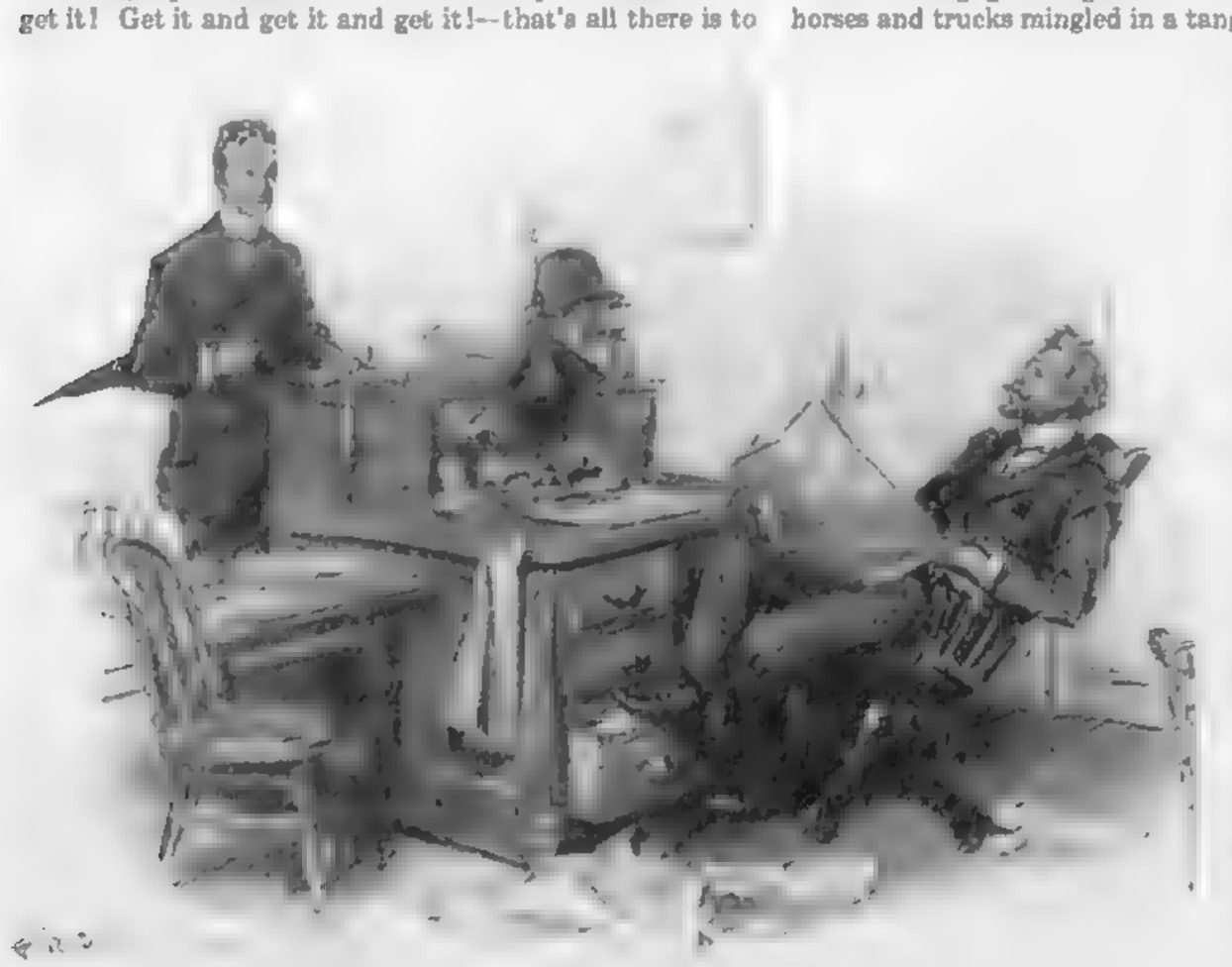
"Done!" cried the elderly gentleman in a rage.

The Cub here interposed himself and offered to hold the stakes. Two goldpieces were instantaneously pressed upon him; he slipped them into his pocket and watched the young farmer.

The young farmer took off his coat, vaulted over the railing, lit lightly on the track and began to run. He was young; he ran well; he had no difficulty in keeping up with the good-natured little train. At intervals, without ceasing to run, he stooped, with the movement of a contestant in a potato race. When, with a final spurt, he regained the platform and swung aboard he held in his hands half a dozen of the big spikes that are supposed to nail the rails tight to the ties.

"Here they are!" he said. "Now give me my ten."

The Cub had no time to turn over the stakes, however. Just then the train gave a wild shriek and began to bump



"Write About the Loose Spikes, the Farmer and the Manager"

over the ties. To a heavier lurch the elderly gentleman and the farmer both flew off through the air; they landed, seated, on opposite sides of the track, face to face, as if to continue the discussion—and the Cub went off with the money. He himself, though, did not remain much longer. The train, still derailed, engaged in bumping and swaying upon a trestle; the Cub felt the coach topple over—and jumped. He was falling, falling! Something green like water flushed before his eyes; instinctively he squirmed into the diver's position and entered, head first, a cool, yielding medium. He was in a deep, cool and silent cavern; he gave a kick and rose out of it to the surface of a pool. Great waves were coming at him. They came from the coach, which, only a few yards away, showed only its wheels.

"A trainwreck!" The Cub's entire being sang with a song of happiness. "A trainwreck—I've been in a trainwreck!" He discovered that all his life he had been indefatigably hoping that some day he would be in a trainwreck. But an austere warning came across the sun of his exultation. The tennis tournament! Crestfallen, he swam for the bank.

His fall must have dizzied him. He found now that he had gone to the wrong bank—away from the tennis tournament instead of toward it. Without hesitation he plunged into the water and struck out swiftly to the right shore. He could see the trestle above him as he swam; the engineer and fireman clambering down from the locomotive, leaning over to view the damage; the baggageman joining them from the baggage car; a few passengers from the coach that remained on the track—they made a little group; they craned their necks toward the coach with its wheels up in the air like the hoofs of a dead horse; one of them, spying the Cub, sent a pointing finger at him, along which all the others glanced as if into a telescope, looking for a comet. The Cub fished up his derby hat in passing and clambered out.

A road that had been following the river here made a wide loop and went on northward, golden between the gray hills. At the turn was an immense board sign. Black letters upon its yellow surface said: Seven Miles to the Appleville Drug Store. Get Your Little Pills There!

The Cub took the road on the trot. "Seven miles!" he muttered. "I'll make them in an hour."

His clothes were like lead at first, but they dried little by little in the hot sun. They had been natty at the start—a blue serge, carefully pressed; a slate-blue tie on a blue shirt—they were not so now. His shoes gurgled at each step—little fountains spurted out of each instep; but in the thick, burning dust this was rather a comfort. He ran easily, stepping high, as at college he had run the mile; and through his veins, like an electric current, there ran the joy of being at a task and acquitting himself well in it.

When he had gone about three miles the road sank itself into thick chaparral, and between the high growths he saw a party of horsemen coming toward him.

They were coming slowly, spread in a fan across the road. The man ahead had a white beard and a sombrero, a rifle across his thighs. Leaning half out of his deep Mexican saddle, his left hand checking his big bay, which jingled with silver trappings, he seemed to scrutinize the dust of the road as he came. The men behind him, on the contrary, their rifles across their left arms, stood up in their stirrups and sent their eyes across the brush, as if over a sea. It must have been they who first saw the Cub; but their leader, perhaps to their muttered warning, halted with them. The horses, reined in, stood a moment immobile; then smoothly, as if on a movable platform, came forward in two files and surrounded the Cub. He raised his hands, with eight rifles pointed at his head.

The leader, out of the bramble of his beard, was regarding him with steel-blue eyes. The Cub saw that a big star gleamed on his chest; looking at the others, he saw that they all wore upon their hearts similar stars, vaguely reminiscent of the emblem of a celebrated chewing plug. "A sheriff and his posse!" he thought. Then aloud:

"What do you wish, gentlemen?"

Immediately he was very sorry he had been so polite. One of the horsemen, riding up to him, had knocked from his head his already well-battered derby and, taking up a wisp of the hair beneath, was holding it up to view.

"He's got long hair!" they exclaimed all together, as if disappointed.

"Yes, I have long hair," said the Cub with stiff dignity. "Now I hope you will let me go on. And next time I hope you will treat a representative of the press with more deference! I'm a reporter on the Star."

'Reporter on the Star, eh?" murmured the sheriff in his beard. The blue eyes in the bramble rippled slightly. "And what are you doing here, along this road, in wet clothes, running that way?"

"I'm wet because I fell in," said the Cub shortly. "I am on the road because this is my road. I'm running because I'm late."

"And where, if you'll allow me, may you be moving?" asked the sheriff with another ripple of light in his eyes.

"To the tennis tournament at Appleville."

"To the tennis tournament, eh?"

The men looked at each other and burst into a frank guffaw. The Cub, without another word, broke through the loosened circle and went on his way at his light, steady run. The sheriff shouted after him when he had gone fifty yards, but the Cub did not turn.

"If you see a man with cropped hair just let us know!" the sheriff had said.

Later the Cub saw the man with the cropped hair.

The Cub was moving along fast, well satisfied with himself, when he heard behind him on the road a drumming of hoofs. His late experience had made him wary; he left the road and sprang on a rock by the side of it. From here he commanded the road; yet at any time, by squatting, he could disappear behind the chaparral.

He saw the horseman after a moment. He was coming along furiously. The horse was without saddle or bridle; the man rode him as one not used to such exercise and yet a centaur out of sheer determination; a rope in hand, tied round the animal's neck and looped about its nose, served him to guide. He was dressed in new blue overalls, a jumper of the same stuff ballooned to his displacement, and upon his head, drawn down to his ears, he wore a cheap black stoker's cap, also new.

As the horse neared, a whiff of the hot valley wind, catching the vizor, snatched off the cap. The man immediately displayed a singular concern. With a horrible curse he drew back on the rope in his hand; the horse, evidently a cowpony, planted its forefeet together and slid on its tail, and the man went up to its ears. He clung desperately to the mane a while and managed to slide back to his seat. Confusion followed. The horse pranced in misunderstanding of the man's wishes; the man tried to back it to the cap. Evidently he meant to snatch it up without dismounting—in fear perhaps, if he dropped off, of not being able to remount. The horse stamped, wheeled, pranced, and the horrible curses continued to issue from the man's mouth like vermin. The Cub sprang from his rock, picked up the cap and, reaching the horse's flank, held it up to the rider.

At the same moment he felt against his temple the cold muzzle of a revolver. He was prepared for this—from the first he had seen that the man's hair was cropped short. The right hand, which had seemed to go up merely to give the cap, now went about the wrist that held the revolver in a subtle, precise pressure—and instantly the finger upon the trigger found that it could not pull the trigger. The pressure increased a little and the weapon dropped into the Cub's waiting left hand.

The Cub looked up with his smiling, hazel eyes, and the man, without the slightest transition, changed his manner entirely. His face grew yellow; the nose, which spread flattened over one cheek, went white at the tip; his little eyes blinked and he began to plead:

"For mercy's sake, mister, don't take me back! Don't take me back to that mill! Put a bullet in my belly! Do anything! Don't take me back!"

"Sh-sh-sh!" the Cub hissed gently, as if calming a child. "Sh-sh-sh! I'm not taking you back. I've got far more important business on hand than that. What I want is your horse!"

"Don't take my horse! Don't take my horse! They'll catch me! Don't take my horse!"

"Sh-sh-sh!" the Cub hissed once more soothingly. "You had better give me the horse. I met the posse, you know, about two miles back!"

The man's little eyes shifted; he threw a rapid glance over his shoulder.

"I suppose you doubled back on them," said the Cub.

"Yes, I fooled 'em."

"Well, you can be sure they'll find it out. They've discovered it already, perhaps. Then what are they doing? Following your horse's tracks! Your horse has no shoe on its left hind foot."

The man threw his shifty eyes to the ground, and little beads of sweat rose all over his face.

"Well, suppose you go to the right of the road and jump from the horse to that rock there and take to the chaparral, and that I jump on the horse and go along the road. Whom will they be following then?"

The man shifted on his seat uneasily.

"I guess you're right," he muttered. "But what are you doing it for? For why?"

"I want to get to Appleville for the tennis tournament," said the Cub.

The horse was walked to the side of the rock. The man leaped off and was instantly invisible. The Cub got on the horse. "Here!" he said to the chaparral, and handed out the two ten-dollar gold-pieces, which he still held as stakeholder. The man reached out a lean hand like a claw and grabbed. "Here!" said the Cub again, holding out the revolver. Once more the arm shot out and telescoped back into the copse. The Cub pressed his heels into the horse's flanks and the animal scurried away on thundering hoofs. A shot pinged behind; a bullet passed overhead. "Gratitude! Sweet gratitude!" sang the Cub; and, brushing the rope along the little horse's rump, he urged it to more speed.

The little black horse was a fast little black horse. The Cub took the long Appleville main street as a needle takes a hole in a bead. He galloped up the knoll upon which was throned the big summer hotel and dismounted on the tennis courts. The tennis courts were empty!

The small grandstand, still gay with bunting, was empty. The courts were empty—their nets rolled up. A low sun, filtering through the western trees, sent across the clay lances of orange light. The Cub was late.

He tied his horse to the nearest net post; then sank weakly on a bench. It was very quiet. At the top of a pine tree a squirrel whisked his tail and coughed mockingly.

"Good Lord! What shall I do? Good Lord! What shall I do?" thought the poor Cub.

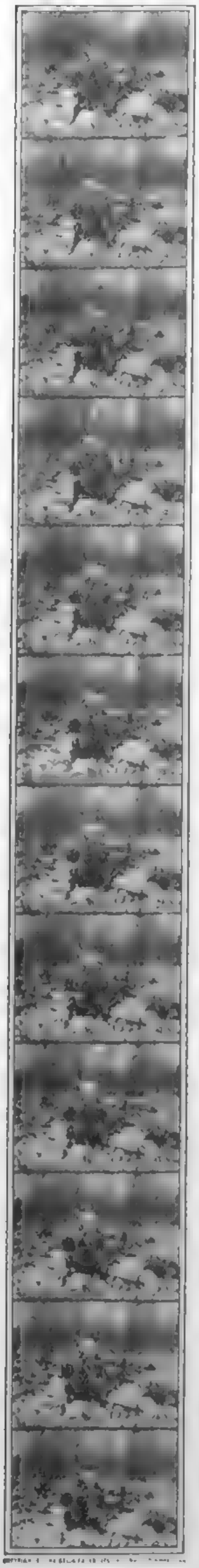
The squirrel suddenly tumbled out of sight in a hole of the tree, there was a slight creaking noise, and through the door of the clubhouse a girl stepped out.

She had on a red sweater, in the wide, rolling sailor collar of which her head was set exquisitely, and her tam-o'-shanter was red. Once the Cub had neared, he saw that the curls beneath the tam were of the lightest spun gold and that the eyes beneath these were brown—a brown as clear as if it had absorbed much of the light of the sky; and this combination of red tam-o'-shanter, golden haze

(Continued on Page 32)

This Was His First Day

Going to School at the "Movies"



AN INTERVIEW WITH THOMAS A. EDISON

By Mary Master Needham

"I INTEND to do away with books in the school—that is, I mean to try to do away with schoolbooks," added Mr. Edison, purely as an afterthought. He smiled as he said it—a shrewd and determined smile.

In the process of catching my breath I must have gasped "How?" For an answer he came back at me, Yankee fashion, with the question "How?" and stopped to enjoy the effect. Then he explained: "By moving pictures." He leaned back in the chair by his desk in the laboratory and nodded his head.

"In order to teach children you've got to interest them, you've got to get their minds awakened. There are many little cross-fibers up in the brain, and if these are not used they'll atrophy. That's a law of Nature—just as if you tied up your arm." And with one great hand Mr. Edison held his powerful arm helpless against his side. "Just as if you tied up your arm and carried it round that way for a while," he said. "When you take the bandage off you can't use it. Everybody knows that. If you don't use your muscles they're no good. Well, it's the same way with the brain. Those fibers have got to be used—have got to be developed. Just look at a blacksmith's arm—at the great muscles in it! The same thing can be done with the brain! It's got to be done, in fact, if we don't want the brain to atrophy; but in order to do this we've got to interest the children. You can remember a thing if you pay attention to it, and you pay attention to it if you are interested in it; and that's the way you learn."

The Easy Way to Absorb Knowledge

"WELL, then, the first principle is to interest the children." The impatience in Mr. Edison's voice told what he thought about the frequent transgression of such a simple and obvious rule. "And we don't think of them or interest them in our present way of teaching. I should think we didn't! We've got a lot of hieroglyphics—I mean the alphabet. Well, what's there in that to interest a child?" He swept away the palpable answer with his hand. "Then out of these hieroglyphics we make different combinations and call these combinations words. That doesn't interest a child—not a bit! But I'm going to do it—with moving pictures!

"Why, when we get these moving pictures in the school the child will be so interested that he will hurry to school in the morning to get there before the bell rings, instead of lagging behind and playing hookey. Won't be able to keep him away! And why? Because it's the natural way to teach—through the eye. That's the way we learn from Nature.

"For instance—just to show you: After this course has been put in a school, when a little girl sits down to eat her supper there will be a lot of things working in her brain that never worked there before—a lot of pictures that aren't on the insides of children's heads today. When she draws her chair up to the table she'll know just how that table was made—the whole process—from the time the lumber was cut in the woods until, after it was cut and the legs made, and the top made, and all put together in the factory, it was delivered to her father's house. Her mother, likely as not, never did know much about the manufacture of furniture. She accepted the table merely as a solid and necessary fact in her dining room. But her little girl will know!

"And when she picks up her knife and fork they'll mean more to her than they do now. Why, she'll remember seeing in the moving pictures the mine where the silver was extracted, and just how they prospected for it, and how they got it out. How it was transported through underground roads and raised in shafts. And she'll remember, too, how it was worked into knives and forks and spoons, and how they made the pattern. Her mother may have read or heard about a silver mine—may know a good deal about it in a far-off, abstract way; but she couldn't describe it or tell about it in the way this little girl will be able to, for her daughter will know all about it. By that I mean she won't merely have heard about it from the teacher or have read about it out of a book; but she'll have actually seen it in the moving pictures. And she won't forget it! Children don't forget those things that interest them.

"Then when she passes her plate for something more to eat she'll know just how the plate was made—how it was molded and hardened in the furnace; how the color was put on and how they made the pattern.

"Moreover she won't know about that kind of a plate only, but she'll know all about pottery from the time it was made by the Egyptians and others down to the present time. The pictures will show her. Why, they will be as full of adventure as a story to her.

"And when she picks up her glass of water she'll know how such a thing as a glass happened to be on the table; how they could fuse it, blow it and cut it. And the tablecloth—she'll know how that was made, how it was woven; the difference in its manufacture from the way her grandmother used to spin and weave. She'll even know how the figures in it were made. Yes, we'll show all that in big detail in the pictures. You see, we'll use a clothesline instead of the thread, so as to bring it out large in the films. Oh, school will be interesting to her all right! It will be a game of play and romance, and action and excitement. It will equal any story. It will be a story—a true story!

"What's more, I have another plan." Mr. Edison leaned forward with his elbows on the arms of his chair. The enthusiasm stamped on his face indicated the intensity of his feeling in regard to this plan. "Each day I want to put in a little drama—a short one—showing some simple story that will interest the children and will teach a moral; something where the good boy gets rewarded and the bad one punished, you know. The play will interest them—but the other pictures will interest them too," he hastened to assure.

An Eight-Year Course of "Movies"

"YOU see, we are planning an eight-year course. Yes—eight years of it, beginning in the very primary grades. Surprised? This will surprise you more," chuckled the inventor: "We are going to teach them the alphabet by means of these moving pictures. I have half a dozen fellows writing scenarios now on A and B. Why, we'll so impress in those children's minds—because we'll get their attention—that A is A, and B is B, that they'll never forget them. Never! Then instead of putting a lot of hieroglyphics together we'll teach them words by showing them the object that a word represents, so they'll associate the word with the object. That's the way the human mind works anyhow—by association."

"Surely, then, this will help backward children—will it not, Mr. Edison?"

"Oh, tremendously! Didn't you, when you were in school, ever have to wait—wriggling in your seat, holding up your hand—just about bursting to answer the question the teacher had asked Johnnie and Susie, and which they couldn't answer? And didn't it make you mad when the teacher said: 'Take the same lesson over again tomorrow—you didn't have it well today'? Now, as a matter of fact, it was the Johnnies and Susies who were keeping you back. And it wasn't their fault altogether either. Probably a little later some expert came along and confided to the teacher that they were 'backward children.' It wasn't news. The teacher knew it and you knew it. But you had to be kept back and had to waste a lot of time—and get into mischief, likely as not—to wait for Johnnie and Susie, just because a certain amount of work had to be done in that grade and because everybody possible had to do that work. Otherwise the teacher was considered no good. Then, too, your cross-fibers didn't work as much as they were capable of working, and Johnnie's and Susie's cross-fibers hardly worked at all.

"What was the reason? Well, not many people—grown-ups as well as children—can think in abstract terms. They've got to *see* the thing first before they can comprehend it. If you put some funny little characters together—c-a-t—and say, 'That's cat,' a child who has a cat may think of her own pussy and remember that when she saw that combination—c-a-t it meant Bessie—her cat. But if you showed it to a child in Lapland, say—one that had never seen a cat—would she remember it? Not long. Instead, if you showed the picture with the word underneath—what then? That's the reason they have pictures in the reading books. On one page will be the word c-a-t, and on the other page a picture of a cat; so that the child will associate them together. Now if instead of that one picture he sees the cat moving about and doing something in a little story of its own, the whole thing will mean something very definite in the child's mind. He won't forget what c-a-t means then."

Work for the Cross-Fibers

"THAT'S an animate thing. Suppose we take something that's inanimate, something mechanical—say, an aëroplane. Now in the moving picture the child sees the machine on the ground; sees just how it looks when it is still. Then the aviator comes and the child sees how it is controlled; how the aviator rises in it and flies round, and brings it down to earth again. He sees the whole working of it. Aëroplane won't mean anything abstract to him then. It will be a concrete, definite thing that he'll remember, just as he remembers his cat or his dog.

"The trouble with so-called backward children is that their cross-fibers are atrophied. They haven't used them enough. It's a mechanical proposition. Stimulate them—get them to working—and they'll develop. You can't do this with abstract things. The way to do it is the natural way—through the eye. Then we won't have whole grades kept back because of backward children. Of course that ought to be done the first thing—in the primary grade. If you let them go too long the harder it will be to get those fibers working. Another example of bandaged arm, you see—the longer it is tied up the longer it will take to get it in use again.

"Then, too, children have got to associate something with the form of the word or they don't remember it. The backward child is apt to think the form c-a-t is something in itself. Naturally he forgets it. Now by giving him a story about it—a story that attracts his attention—he finally always associates c-a-t with the object itself and with the sound of the word as it is spoken, and there he has it—he learns to read.

"These pictures also give the child the experience that is necessary. It's easy enough to teach sheepshearing to children that live in a sheep country, but what about children that have never seen a sheep? This is another way that helps backward children—it gives them experience. Then they are able to associate things, and so they learn. They won't say, as did one little boy, that 'capillary' is 'a small boat,' because he looked it up in the dictionary and found that it was 'a tiny vessel'! There's that law of association! No; they'll know what a capillary is better than you do, I don't doubt. Well, get this law of association working in backward children and they'll soon stop being backward."

Wondering where these castles in the air were to be transformed into solid, concrete schoolhouses, I asked:

"Where are you going to start this course?"

"Right here in Orange. It will be about a year before we are ready to put it into the schools. I have made arrangements with the

school authorities and they're going to give us the use of one whole building. We'll try it out and make it practical right there. And if it works—and it will!—we'll put it in the other schools. Our plan is to give about an hour of films a day; then repeat them as often as necessary, so the children will get them all right. Of course that means more than an hour of pictures a day. We'll send out little leaflets with each film, explaining it in detail to the teacher, so she'll know all about it—that is, what she doesn't already know.

"I tell you it's going to make a lot of difference with the teacher too. It's going to take her out of that terrible, monotonous treadmill of work that she has been going through all these years, and give her something that will entertain her and stimulate her, instead of making life a drudgery for her. It will make a lot of difference!"

Difference, indeed! Different schools, different teachers and, still more, different curricula! How great an invasion was this to be, I wondered.

"In what branches are you going to use the pictures?"

The inventor answered first with an unconstrained gesture, an all-inclusive motion of the hand. Then:

What Films Can Teach

"IN EVERY branch!" he said. "Astronomy; natural philosophy; bacteriology! Just think," he paused to interpolate, "what it will mean in bacteriology to be able to see those minute particles in all their activities, and in much larger detail than with one eye, through a microscope, darkly. Then geography!" he continued. "Children will know more about other countries than they know now. They won't learn a whole string of capitals, and exports, and imports, and rivers, and mountains—learn them to forget them on the way back to their seats after the recitation is over; but they'll see those countries—see the people moving about in them and working and playing—see their every-day life. Why, we had a man down in Africa—he's in India now—and he went from the Cape to the Nile, taking pictures everywhere of the people. Got them at their work and in their dances and their games. He'll do that in all the countries, so that the children will know this world in which we live nearly as well as the particular corner in which they dwell."

Mr. Edison again took up the list of subjects. "Horticulture! Think of the color they'll see! So many people are color-blind—they look and don't see. But through the pictures the children will appreciate much better the beauties of plants and flowers, and they'll know better how to cultivate them. The moving pictures will teach them. Oh, we're going to show every subject!"

Mr. Edison swung round in his chair and pointed out the window.

"Out there we've got eight or nine grubs. We're watching them turn. It's a marvelous thing! Marvelous! Then we have films showing the life history of the mosquito through all the stages—until it bites a man's hand. Our field man had to go out after some of those films," explained Mr. Edison, "to the ditches and marshes. And we have other films that show the history of the fly—of all the insects. And birds too; all their life is shown. There won't be a bird that the children won't know—and of all countries, I mean." Mr. Edison turned toward the other end of the laboratory. "Over there we are making some pictures of infusoria—especially those that live in stagnant water. I was just looking at them the other day. And, do you know, some of them were very beautiful—very beautiful to look at!"

From the light on Mr. Edison's face it was easy to see in what a world of beauty the inventor lived—what spectacles and transformations are with him constantly!

During the pause that followed my eye fell on some plants growing nearby under a glass. Was this course also to invade the school laboratories?

"Do you mean that this will do away with students making their own experiments in science—for instance, in physics and biology and botany?"

"Yes, of course; they'll all be done in the pictures for them to see. Take botany: There are some plants growing out there now—some peas; and we watch them every two days. In four minutes we can show them on the films in all their stages of growth. The children will actually see them grow larger and larger, through all their processes of unfolding. And they can see this in four minutes instead of waiting six weeks and looking at them only occasionally, and perhaps then missing some of the important changes. Then, too, the films can be repeated and repeated as often as necessary. Plants are not repeaters.

"That reminds me of some colonies of ants we have. Humph!" he mused half to himself. "They're the most wonderful things I have ever seen! Workers and fighters too! The other day I was watching them. We put a black ant in the colony of red ants. Well, you should have seen them. There was a great scampering back and forth. They gathered together—talking to each other, no doubt. But, my! that black ant was a coward! Do you know he just kept still and let those red ants pull him to pieces! He was a coward! But it wasn't so when we put a red ant in with the black ants. The black ants all made for him. Of course there wasn't any chance for him—one among so many; but do you think he was a coward? No; he fought! About six of those black ants would attack him at one time; but, before they finally succeeded in killing him, he killed a lot of them." The great, simple man was silent for a moment. "They're the most wonderful things I've seen," he mused again to himself in childlike wonder. Then he looked up. "Well, we'll show the children all this in the pictures.

"Now we are taking films of some rotifers. You find them all over. One Scotchman found them even in the Antarctic. You know they rotate and rotate, and suck in all the life round them to get their food." Again Mr. Edison fell into the ruminating mood. "That's one of the cruel things in Nature. Nature is very cruel at times. Life has to be sacrificed for life. We have other films showing the life and death struggles—the sad and cruel struggle that makes up this balance of Nature."

To see these pictures would be like looking down on all the kingdoms of the earth, I thought. But was it easy, even for a master magician, to accomplish?

"Do you have any trouble in making your experiments?" I asked.

Pictures of Nature at Work

"OF COURSE we do. All experiments mean work. Why, we had a man watching some mosquitos so that we could take pictures of all the stages in the mosquito's life. Well, he watched them right along for about four days and there was no change. Then he went away and was gone about twenty minutes. When he came back there had been a change. So all that had to be done over! Then we had a very interesting experiment a few nights ago. We saturated water with some chemicals and put a drop into a glass to watch it crystallize. A tiny form appeared and then—swoop! it went, just like fireworks, and formed a glistening crystal. Some other crystals sent out streamers that were like rainbows. Of course we had to magnify very powerfully each particle, and we had to make thousands of exposures so as not to lose a step in their formation. That wasn't easy!"

"Then you'll show many of the experiments in physics?"

"Oh, we'll show all the experiments in physics. Show the pumping of water, just to take an example, in the different ways it can be pumped; and we'll show the different pumps, too, of course—use glass pumps, so the water can be seen. Then we'll show the electrical experiments. And there is wave motion. We have an interesting film now. It was taken at Atlantic City. It shows a great, big wave coming toward the shore, and there is a cork in the water. You see we want to illustrate the undertow. The big wave is coming in with great velocity and the cork, notwithstanding, is going out. And that shows the effect of the undertow to the children."

A broad smile spread over Mr. Edison's features. "I had some business men in the other night to see a film showing the process by which steel is made. Humph! Do you know that even those men—and some of them dealt in steel too—learned a lot from that film? One of them said—and he was a steel man—that he had never before known just how steel was made. That means something! The child who takes this course is going to know processes. And we'll show all the pictures so the subject will impress itself on the child's mind. When he goes out to walk, I can tell you, he'll see a million things in the grass and streets, and earth and sky and air, that he never dreamed of before." And Mr. Edison paused to ponder for a moment over this.

And I pondered too. He had spoken of an eight-year course and he had explained how he was going to use the pictures in showing scientific subjects; but there were other subjects. How could the films be used in some of those? So I questioned:

"Will you be able to use the pictures in teaching history?"

"Surely! We have a lot of films already—have the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava; the Boston Tea Party; the Death of Nelson; and Paul Revere's Ride—have a fine film of that; fine!—and Washington Crossing the Delaware; and ——"

"How could you get that?" I interrupted.

"We went down there and took it when the ice was in the river. That's one of the winter films," he explained.

Short Cuts in Learning History

"HOW did we get some of the others? Well, for one, we got permission to use the United States cavalry down in Arizona. We bought the costumes and they rehearsed until they got it well, and then we took the pictures. And they're very good—very effective! Then the Siege of Lucknow—the colonel of a regiment down in the Bermudas helped us with that; and those pictures are very realistic."

A shred of incredulity remained. There was the everlasting circulation of the blood. Moving pictures couldn't show that! I was too polite to affirm it, so I questioned it.

"You won't be able to show the circulation of the blood?"

"Yes!" His voice admitted of no doubt.

"Well—*how?*" I was from Missouri on that.

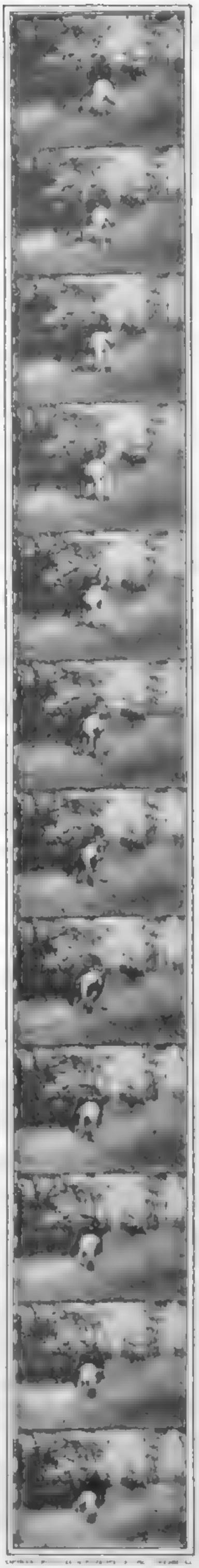
"Why, it's simple. We will get the circulation from some animal that is transparent. Then we can take a section of a man, showing the heart and chief arteries; and the rest is mechanical.

"Yes, we'll show everything about anatomy and hygiene; show about typhoid fever and tuberculosis—what causes them and how they can be avoided. That's the way to teach. This way of teaching doesn't need any language. It teaches Americans, Germans, Rumanians—all nationalities. It teaches them so they don't forget.

"Speaking of different nationalities, I am very much interested in the industrial arts and trades. We have been working at this subject for about three months altogether. I have a number of men—experts, of course—working, and they certainly are enthusiastic, some of them, particularly on this industrial side. Take the subject of wool that we've been hearing so much about. We had a man in Australia to take pictures of the sheep there, to show how they are herded on the great plains and how they are washed and sheared. We want to make a film about wool from the very first to the very last process. It will show how the fleece of sheep, after being sheared, is sorted; then how it is scoured and packed.

"Then the man in Australia took pictures of how it is hauled to the seaport town and there loaded on a boat to go to England. Our man in England went to the dock when it came in, to take pictures of the unloading of it. Then exposures were taken of each process that it underwent after it reached the factory—how it was packed and carded and combed and spun. The film shows the machinery—the loom that weaves the goods in plain or twill, or rib-weave or basket-weave. And it shows the finishing process—how it is dyed and 'fulled.' Then the picture follows the cloth to the tailor who cuts it out and fashions it; and finally the woolen suit is shown, finished, on the boy. Don't you think those children will know something about wool?

"We'll never get the same results the way we teach now. The world can't stand still. The old way of teaching did all right for the past, but we are in a transition period now. Civilization's pretty raw yet, pretty crude."



He called to his secretary. "Bring me that list," he said. "I've rambled about a good deal," he continued—"can't tell just what subjects or how many we are going to show." The secretary brought him a list of many sheets of typewritten matter, from which Mr. Edison started to read. It contained outlines of the processes from beginning to end of many hundreds of industrial subjects. I caught but few of them—such snatches as: Brooms; pails; incandescent lights; stoves; boilers; newspapers—from the time the wood is cut in the forest until the paper is taken from the press and sold by a newsboy on the corner; bottling—*no beer*—with a humorous glance Mr. Edison turned as he interpolated: "You see, I've cut out the beer!" Then he read on:

"Mauretania—the whole ship," he inserted. "Spices—we've got that film now. Our man got it in Borneo. Coffee—show it from the time it leaves the plantation until it gets on the table. Bridges—everything about them. And so on, *ad infinitum*," said Mr. Edison as he threw on his desk the list of a thousand industrial processes which were to be incorporated into moving pictures.

There was a moment of silence and of wonder. Then Mr. Edison returned to the moral side of it.

"You know I am very much interested in the moral growth of the child. Just think! If we give them, every day for eight years, lessons in morals by means of a stirring moving picture—lessons they can understand and that they like—if we do this for eight years, through the whole course, no one can estimate the moral good of it! I have noticed that the time to make good moral citizens is to do it when the children are between the ages of eleven and twelve years, or round there. Then they are interested in everything. Their minds are awake. They want to know about everything. Then you can impress them—mold them any way you please. If you wait until they are fifteen years old most of them are gone—that is, if they have started out to be bad and were bad up to this time, and nothing was done to change them *then*—why, they are likely to be bad all their lives; but if you can catch them about that time you can impress them for all their lives and make them moral. That's one of the biggest things I hope for from this moving-picture teaching.

"That reminds me of the bees—the robber bees." Mr. Edison stopped to smile in satisfaction. "There was a case in some county in Pennsylvania—can't remember just which one now. A man—he must have been a crook—bought some robber bees and took them up to his home in Pennsylvania. Then he sent them out. That's the way he got his honey! Those bees stole in every direction. Well, the other people went to court about it. And, here a while ago, the Supreme Court decided against that man—said he had no right to keep robber bees. We are going to show all that in the picture. Show the whole history of the bees—how they make honey; how they pay homage to the queen bee; how they organize; how the robber bee acts—all about their life, in fact. It will teach a lot."

To the objection, raised by many regarding the moving pictures, about the eyestrain, Mr. Edison said: "There will be no eyestrain. The films are very steady—very steady. There isn't going to be any danger from them. Moreover they are not inflammable."

"But, Mr. Edison, will it be possible to put this course in the smaller schools—on account of the expense?"

It was the utilitarian Mr. Edison who answered:

"Now we are coming to the commercial side of it. We have had to figure pretty closely on that too; because, you see, it is going to cost a lot of money. The whole investment will be about three million dollars—to get the machines and the films and work out the project. So it will have to pay—that is, at least interest on the capital invested. But I think I have got that all figured out. By means of a special optical printer we can get the pictures on eighty-six feet of film rather than on thousand-foot film. That's the regular length of moving-picture films. The projecting machine will cost about seventy-five dollars, and we have succeeded in making the films cost ten times less than has been done heretofore.

(Concluded on Page 42)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

WHEN Bean emerged from the office building that afternoon he was scrutinized by an inconspicuous man who, just inside the door by the cigar-stand, had conversed with Tully. Bean saw Tully, but strode by that gentleman with his head erect, chest expanded and waist drawn in. Tully was cut. And Bean did not, of course, notice the inconspicuous man.

This person, however, followed Bean to the street, where he seemed a little taken aback to observe the young man very authoritatively enter a large red touring car and utter a command to its driver with an air of seasoned ownership. The red car moved slowly up Broadway. The inconspicuous man surveyed the passing vehicles and seemed relieved when he discovered an empty taxicab going north. He hailed it and entered, giving directions to its guide that entailed much pointing to the large red touring car.

Thereafter, until late at night, the red car was trailed by the taxicab. At six o'clock the car stopped at a place of refreshment overlooking the river, where the trailed youth consumed a modest dinner which he concluded with a radiant raspberry ice. A little later he reëntered the red car and was driven aimlessly for a couple of hours through leafy byways. The inconspicuous one became of the opinion that his man was cunningly endeavoring to conceal his true destination.

Until Late at Night the Red Car Was Trailed by the Taxicab

The car returned to the place of refreshment at nine-thirty, where the young man again ordered a raspberry ice, with which he trifled for the better part of an hour. He betrayed to the alert but inconspicuous person who sat near him, by his expectant manner of scanning newcomers' faces, that he had hoped to meet some one there.

This expectation was disappointed. The watchful person suspected that the youth's confederates might have been warned. The quarry at length departed in obvious disappointment and was driven to his abode in a decent neighborhood. The taxicab was near enough to the red car when this place was reached to enable its occupant to hear the young man request it for eight the following morning. The young man entered what a sign at the doorway declared to be "Choice Steam-Heated Apartments," and the occupant of the taxicab was presently overheard by the janitor of the apartments expostulating with the vehicle's driver about the sum demanded for his evening's recreation. He was heard to denounce the fellow as "a thief and a robber!" and to make a vicious threat concerning his license.

. . . . . .

Bean was face to face with Ramtah, demanding whatever strength might flow to him from that august personage. A crisis had come in his affairs. Either he was a king or he was not a king. If a king he must do as kings would do; if not a king he would doubtless behave like a scared rabbit.

But strength flowed to him as always from that calm, strong face. In Ramtah's presence he could believe no weakness of himself. Put him in jail, would they? A man who had not only once ruled a mighty people in peace, but who had, some hundreds of centuries later, made Europe tremble under the tread of his victorious armies. Ramtah had been no fighter—but Napoleon! He, Bunker Bean, was a wise king, yet a mighty warrior. Beat him down, would they, merely because he wanted to become a director in their company? Well, they would find out whom they were trying to keep off that board. What if they did put him in jail? A good lawyer would get him out in a few minutes with a writ of something or other, a stay of proceedings, a demurrer, a legal technicality. He read the papers. Lawyers were always getting these Wall Street speculators out of jail by some one of those devices, and if every other means failed a legal technicality did the work. And the papers always called the released man a Napoleon of Finance. It wasn't going to be so bad.

Bean hauled Ramtah out of the closet and stood him at the foot of the bed for the night, so that courage might come to him as he slept. The plan proved to be an excellent one after Nap grew quiet. Nap had always been excited in Ramtah's immediate presence, and now he insisted upon sniffing about the royal mummy in a manner atrociously suggestive. Being dissuaded from this and consenting to sleep, Bean sank into dreams of mastery beneath Ramtah's lofty aspect.

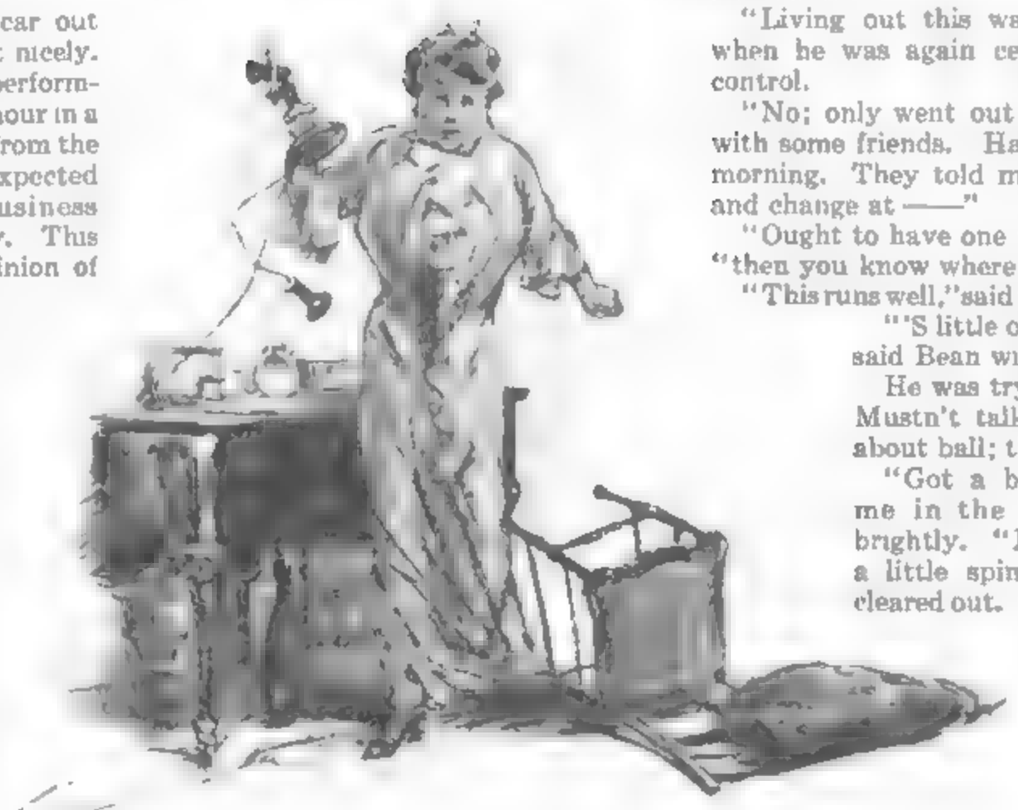
He awoke with a giant's strength. He arrayed himself in the newest check suit and an especially beautiful shirt with a lavender stripe that bore his embroidered initials on one sleeve. He thought he would like to face them in his shirtsleeves and give Breede and the fussy old gentleman a good look at that lettered arm. He was almost persuaded to don the entirely red cravat, let the consequences be what they might. His refreshed spirit was equal to this audacity—but the red car. Wearing a red cravat in a very red car was just a little too loud—"different" enough, to be sure, but hardly "dignified." Too advanced, in short. At eight o'clock he went out upon the world, grasping his yellow stick and gloves. Most heroically would he enter the office with stick and gloves. Make Bulger stare! And if they put him in jail he must look right—papers get his picture, of course!

On the curb, before the car that vibrated so excitingly, he had a happy thought. Was he to go down there and wait, pallid, perhaps trembling, until they came in and did things with him? Not he! A certain Corsican upstart would let them assemble first, let them miss him, wonder if he would come at all. Then he would saunter in, superbly define the extreme limits of his imagination, and coolly ask them what they were going to do about it. This would irritate them. It would irritate them all, and especially the little oldest director. He would swell up and grow purple. Perhaps he would have a stroke! Good work!

"Can't go to business this early," he said genially to the ever-respectful Paul. "Too fine a day. And I got a deal

on hand—have to think it over. Go on out that way for a nice little spin."

Paul directed the car out that way, spinning it nicely. It was a monstrous performance, to spin at that hour in a direction quite away from the place where you are expected by all the laws of business and common decency. This seemed to be the opinion of an inconspicuous man who followed discreetly in a taxicab. But Bean enjoyed it, thinking that the night might find him in a narrow cell. He looked with new interest on the street cars full of office-bound people. They were meekly going to their tasks, while he was affronting men with more millions than he had checks on the newest suit.



Julia Was Fussing

As they left the city and came to outlying villages he saw that he was going in the direction of Breede's place. He thought it would be a fine thing to get the Flapper and go and be just perfectly married. Then he could send a telegram to the office, telling them he could imagine nothing of less consequence and that they might all go to the devil. It was easy to be snappy in a telegram. But he remembered that the Flapper just perfectly wished to manage it herself; probably she wouldn't like his taking a hand in the game. Better not be rough with the child at the start.

They were miles away. The person in the taxicab might have been observed searching his pockets curiously and to be counting what money he found therein as he cast anxious glances toward the dial of the taximeter.

Bean surveyed the landscape approvingly. Anyway it was a fine enough performance to keep them waiting there. They would all be enraged. Perhaps the old one would have his stroke before the arrival of the spectator to whom it would give the most pleasure. They might be taking him out to the ambulance, and all the other directors would stand there and say: "This is your work! Officer, do your duty!" Well, it would be worth it. He'd tell them so too!

Looking ahead, he became aware that an electric car had suffered an accident. The passengers streamed out and gathered round the motorman, who was peering under the car. As Paul slowed down and turned aside to pass the motorman declared: "She's burned out. Have to wait for the next car to push us."

There were annoyed stirrings in the group. A few passengers started for a suburban railway station that could be seen half a mile distant. Bean looked down upon these delayed people with amused sympathy.

Then astoundingly his eye fell upon one of the passengers a little aloof from the group about the motorman. He, too, after a last look at the car, seemed to be resolving on that long tramp to the station. He was a sightly young man, tall, heavily built and dressed in garments that would on any human form have won Bean's instant respect. But on the form of the Greatest Pitcher the World Has Ever Seen!

His mind was at once vacant of all the past, of all the future. There was no more a Breede, male or female; there were no more directors or shares or jails. There was only a big golden present, subduing, enthralling, limitless!

"Stop car!" hissed Bean. The car halted three feet from the young man on foot.

"Jump in!" gasped Bean.

"Thanks," said the young man; "I'm going the other way."

"Me too! I was turning round just here."

The young man hesitated, surveying his interlocutor.

"Well," he said, "if it won't be too much trouble."

"Trouble!" The word was a caress as Bean uttered it. He pushed a door open, clumsy with excitement, and the World's Greatest Pitcher stepped in to sit beside him.

"Grounds?" asked Bean.

"Yes," said the Pitcher, "if it's convenient."

"Polo Grounds," called Bean to Paul. "Hurry and turn round there some way." He was afraid his guest might reconsider.

But the guest sat contentedly enough; the car was turned and presently was speeding back toward town. The person in a taxicab, which made the same turn a moment later, was heard to say: "What the devil now!" with no discernible relevance.

"Living out this way?" asked Bean, when he was again certain of his voice control.

"No; only went out to stay overnight with some friends. Had to get back this morning. They told me to take that car and change at ——"

"Ought to have one these," said Bean; "then you know where you are."

"This runs well," said the Pitcher affably.

"'S little old last year's car," said Bean with skilled ennui.

He was trying to remember. Mustn't talk to a ball player about ball; they're sick of it.

"Got a busy day ahead of me in the Street," he said brightly. "I was only taking a little spin to get my head cleared out. Have to keep your head clear down there!"

"Say, that's some suit you have on," said the Pitcher with frank admiration. "I like that check."

"Do you?" asked Bean, trying not to choke. Then: "Where'd you get yours? I was noticing that suit the other night—saw you up at Claremont ——"

"Couple of pals of mine when I'm in town ——"

"That white line against the blue comes out great in the daytime. Cut well too. I see you got one those patent neck capes that prevents wrinkling below the coat collar. And extension safety pockets, I suppose?"

"Match pockets, change pockets, pencil pockets, fountain-pen pockets, improved secret money pocket—right here, see?" The speaker indicated the last mentioned item. "Flower holder up here under the lapel." He revealed it.

"I have 'em make a vestee," said Bean. "Goes on with gold pins. Adds dressiness, the man says."

The Pitcher revealed a vestee, adjusted with gold pins.

The red car moved as smoothly as if nothing had happened.

Next was made the momentous discovery that each wore a shirt with the identical lavender stripe.

"Initials!" said Bean, pulling up the sleeve of his coat and rotating his forearm under the Pitcher's approving glance.

"Got mine tattooed the same way," said the Pitcher, pulling up the sleeve of his coat in turn.

They discussed shirts. "Funny thing," said Bean: "chap down in the office with me, worth about a hundred million if he's worth a cent, wears separate cuffs—fastens 'em on with those nickel jiggers."

"Had a fellow on the team last year did the same thing," said the Pitcher. "He's back to the bush now though. The hick used to wear a made-up necktie, too, till the other lads kidded him out of it."

"You must get a lot of those Silases one time and another," said Bean sympathetically. He was wondering—the fellow had referred at least indirectly to his calling.

"In the box today?" he asked, feeling brazen.

The Pitcher nodded.

"You certainly pitched some air-tight ball last time I saw you. Say, I'll tell you something. If I ever have a kid you know what's going to happen? Nothing used but his left hand from the cradle up; and for toys, one league ball and a light bat. That's all."

"Right way," said the Pitcher approvingly.

"I'm only afraid the managers will get wise to him and not let him finish out his college course," said Bean. "I don't know though. I'll be in the business myself by that time—may sign him on myself."

"Like it?" asked the Pitcher interestedly.

"Like it! Say, what else is there? Like it! I'm only keeping on down there in the Street till I put a certain deal through; then nothing but old Base B. Ball for mine! You'll see. I'll pick up one the big clubs somewhere if money'll do it!"

"Well, it's the one branch of the business where you don't have to treat your arm like a sick baby," said the Pitcher. "Say, you want to come inside a while?"

To Bean's amazement the car had stopped before the players' entrance. He had supposed himself miles back in the country. Did he want to go inside for a while! He was out of the car as quickly as Nap could have achieved it.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the Pitcher.

He was in a long room lined with lockers. He recognized several players lounging there. A big man with a hard face, half in a uniform, was singing Though Silver Threads Are 'Mong the Gold, I Love You Just the Same. These men were requested to shake hands with the Pitcher's friend, Mr. Bean. They were also told informally that his new check suit was some suit. "I'll soon have one coming off the same piece," said the Pitcher.

They went through a little door and out upon the grounds. A few players were idling there, only two of the pitchers being in uniform. The vast empty stands and bleachers seemed to confer privacy upon an informal and friendly gathering. Several more players shook hands with the Pitcher's friend, Mr. Bean, and the circumstance of his presence was explained.

"I found your twistpaw out in the brush, with nothing but a bum trolley car between him and a long walk," said Bean jauntily.

Bean Saw Tally, but Strode by That Gentleman With Head Erect

"He's got the prettiest red car that ever made you jump at a crossing," added the Pitcher.

They sat on the bench together.

"He winds up like old Sycamore," said Bean expertly of a young pitcher who was working near by.

"He does for a fact," testified one of the players. "Did you know old Syc?"

"Chicago," said Bean. "Down and out. Coming in from some tank team and having to wear his uniform for underclothes all winter."

They regarded him with respectful interest.

"Poor Syc could never learn to take water in it," said one.

"He lived in a boarding house two doors away from me," said Bean, "and when he'd taken about six or seven in at Frank's place he'd start singing My Darling Nellie Gray, only he'd have to cry at about the third verse; then he'd lick some man that was laughing at him."

"That's old Syc all right. You got him, pal!"

The talk went to other stars of the past. Bean mostly listened, but when he spoke they heard one who knew whereof he spoke. He was familiar with the public performance of every player of prominence for ten years. He was at home, among equals and easy in his mind.

An inconspicuous man, who had gained admittance to the grounds by alleging his need to inspect a sign that was to be "done over" above the fence beyond the outfield, passed close to Bean and detected the true situation with one sweep of his eagle eyes.

Fifteen minutes later this man was in a public telephone booth, saying to the largest director, who sat in Breede's office:

"Nothing doing last night but riding round in a big red car that was waiting for him down in front. This morning at eight he starts north and picks up a man just this side Fordham from a trolley car that breaks down. They turn round and go to the baseball park. He's setting there now, gassing with a lot of the players, telling funny stories and the like. He looks as if he didn't have a trouble on earth. My taxicab bill is now, for last night and today, forty-six eighty-five. Shall I keep on him?"

"No!" shouted the largest director. "Let him go to—let him alone and come in."

"I forgot to say," added the inconspicuous man, "that the party he picked up on the road and brought back here looks like he might be a ball player himself."

"Come in," repeated the largest director—"on a street car!"

"Looks to me," ventured the quiet director to the largest, "as if you didn't bluff him quite to death last night."

"Aut'mobile!" said Breede. "Knew he had some one b'ind him."

"Let's get to business. No good putting it off now," said the quiet director.

"Seven hundred shares! This is monstrous!" said the little eldest director, who had been making noises like a heavy freight locomotive.

. . . . . .

Bean would have sat forever on that bench of the mighty, world-forgetting if not world forgot. But the departure of several of the men drew his attention to the supreme obligation of a guest.

"Well," Bean said, rising.

"Look in on us again some day," urged the Pitcher cordially.

"Thanks, I surely will," said Bean. "I like to forget business this way now and then. Good day!"

They waved him friendly adieus and he was out where Paul waited.

"Forget business!" He had, indeed, for two hours forgotten business and people. Not once had he thought of those waiting directors.

Well, they could do their worst now. He was ripe to laugh at any fate. What was prison? "The prisoner," he seemed to read, "betrayed no consciousness of the enormity of his crime, and had, indeed, spent the morning at the Polo Grounds, chatting with various members of the Giants, with which team he is a great favorite."

Let them bring their gyves. Let the barred door clang shut!

"Office!" he said to Paul. There was no doubt in Paul's mind as to the quality of his patron. He had at once recognized the Greatest Pitcher. He ceased to speculate as to whether this assured young man owned the high office building. That was now of minor consequence.

On the way downtown Bean tried to remember what day it was. He thought it was Friday, but again it seemed to be Monday. He stopped the car and bought an afternoon paper to find out.

At the entrance to the big office building he debated a moment.

"Wait!" he directed Paul.

He was uncertain how long he might be permitted to remain in that building. If he must go to jail he would ride. He wondered if Paul knew the address of the best jail. He could have things sent in to him—magazines and fruit.

Inside the entrance he paused before the cigar-stand. He must think carefully what he would say to those men of round millions. He must keep up his front. His glance roamed to the beautifully illustrated boxes of cigars. A good idea!

"Gimme one those," he said to the clerk, indicating a box that flaunted the polychrome portrait of a distinguished-looking Spaniard. He was surprised at the price, but he bit the tip off violently and began to mouth it.

"I'm no penny-pincher," he muttered, thinking of the cigar's cost. He tilted the cigar to a fearless angle and slanted his hat over his left eye. He lolled against the cigar-case, gathering resolution for the ordeal.

The door of an elevator down the corridor shot open and there emerged in single file a procession headed by the little eldest director, who had allowed him to go free overnight. They marched toward the door, looking straight ahead. They must pass in front of him. He felt a sudden great relief. Something in their bearing told him they were powerless to restrict his liberty.

The oldest director deigned him no glance, but snorted accurately in his direction nevertheless. The quiet one grinned faintly at him, but the two neutral directors passed him loftily, as if they were Virtue scorning Vice. The largest director frowned at the stripling, who was savagely chewing a fifty-cent cigar at the procession.

The moment was incontestably the stripling's. He was cool and meant to take the fullest advantage of it. He meant to say contemptuously:

"I can imagine nothing of less consequence!"

But the officious cigar clerk held a lighted match to the choice cigar and the magnificent defiance was smothered by a cough. He was obliged to content himself with glaring at the expansive back of the biggest director.

He was alone on the field, pretending enjoyment of a cigar which was now lighted and loathsome.

Bulger entered from the street and viewed him with friendly alarm.

"Say, where you been?" demanded Bulger. "Old Pussyfoot's got a sore thumb right now from pounding that buzzer of yours all morning. He's hot at every one. I heard him call Tully a slinking something or other—couldn't quite get the word, but Tully got it. Say, you better get busy, regular old George W. Busy, if you want to hold that job."

"Job!" laughed Bean bitterly, and waved the expensive and lighted cigar in Bulger's face. "Job! Well, I may get busy, and then again I may not. All depends!"

"Gee!" said Bulger, profoundly moved by this admirable spirit of insubordination. "Well, I got to get back. I'm five minutes late myself."

Bean waited until he had gone. Then he strolled out to the street and furtively dropped an excellent and but slightly burned cigar into the gutter. He wished those fellows at cigar-stands would do only what they were put there for. Taking liberties with people!

He decided to go back as if nothing had happened. Let Breede do the talking, and, if he talked rough, then tell him very simply that nothing of less consequence could be imagined. Continue to play the waiting game. That was it!

He entered the office, humming lightly. He seemed to be annoyed by the people he found there. He glared at Bulger, at old Metzerger, at the other clerks and especially at Tully. Tully looked uncomfortable. He wasn't a gazelle after all. He was a startled fawn.

"Telephone for ——" began the office-boy humorist; but Bean was out of hearing in the direction of the telephone booth before the latest *mot* could be delivered.

"Been trying to get you all the morning," began the Flapper, in eager tones. "I should think you would stay there when I may have to call you any minute. That grocer gave me the nicest little book, Why Did Your Husband Fail in Business? with a picture of the poor man that failed on the cover. It's because he didn't get enough phosphorus to make him one hundred per cent efficient, and if he'd eaten Brainmore mush for breakfast nothing would have happened. We'll try it, anyway, and there's a triple-plate spoon in every package, so if I order a dozen . . . And oh, yes, what was I going to say? Why, I'm perfectly going to pull off the funniest stunt this afternoon—you'd just deliciously die laughing if I told you; but it will be still funnier if you don't know. Are you paying attention? It's because I'd already spent my allowance for three years and seven months ahead—I figured it all out like a statement—and I've perfectly just got to have some money of my real own. I've enough to worry about without bringing money into it, with proper food for you and those patent laundry tubs I told you about, and the man says he wouldn't think of letting it go for less than two seventy-five, but that's five dollars saved. Well, goodby! I'll manage everything, and Granny says always to conceal little household worries from him and just perfectly keep the future looking bright and interesting—she says that's the secret. Goodby! What am I?"

"Startled fawn," said Bean.

"Well, don't forget."

"I won't. I'll attend to my part all right."

He heard the fateful buzzing even before he opened the door of the telephone booth. Breede was at it again. Bean walked coolly to his desk for a notebook. Every one else in the office was showing nervousness. He was the only man who could still the troubled waters. He would play the waiting game; keep the future looking bright and interesting. Breede could do the rest.

"Buzz . . . Buzz-z-z-z . . . Buzz-z-z-z-z!" It sounded pretty vicious.

He entered Breede's room with his accustomed air of quiet service. Breede did not glance at him. He began, as usual, to dictate before Bean was seated.

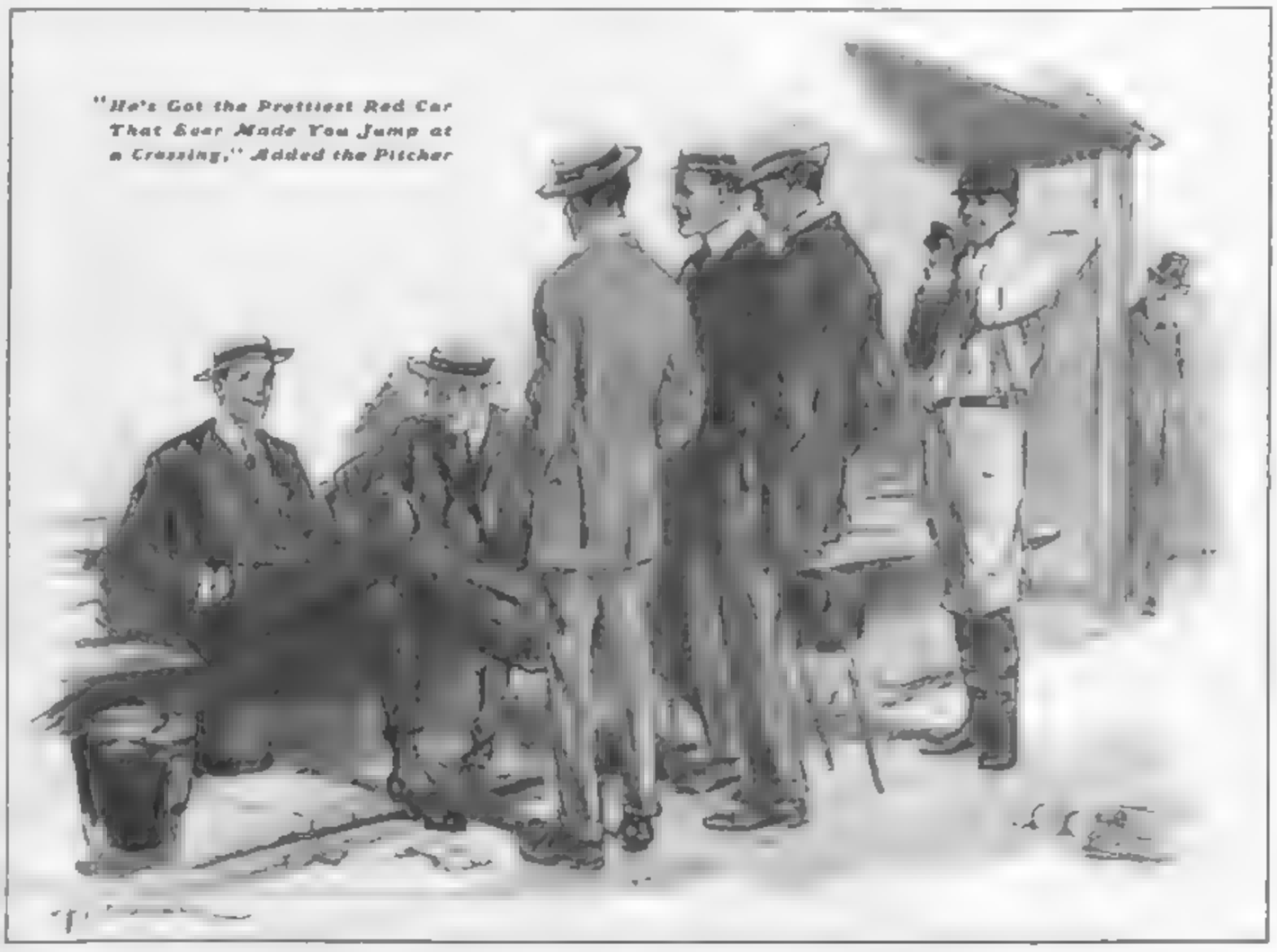
"Letter T. J. Williams 'aist-ant sup'ntendent M. P. 'n' C. department C. 'n' L. M. Rai'way Sh'kawgo dear sir please note 'closed schej'l car 'pairin' make two copies send one don't take that an' let me have at y'r earles' c'nvenience . . ."

Apparently nothing at all had happened. He was at his old post and Breede did nothing but explode fragments of words as ever. No talk of jail or betrayal of trust or of his morning's flagrant absence.

One might have thought that Breede himself played the waiting game. Or perhaps Breede only toyed with him. He fastened his gaze on the criminal cuffs. They were his rock of refuge in any cataclasm that might impend. If only he could keep those cuffs within his range of vision he would fear nothing. Patent laundry tubs . . . five dollars saved . . . why your husband failed in business . . . bright and interesting future . . .

"'Lo! 'Lo!" Breede was detonating into the desk telephone which had sounded.

(Continued on Page 48)



"He's Got the Prettiest Red Car That Ever Made You Jump at a Crossing," Added the Pitcher

TACKLING MATRIMONY

II

By George Lee Burton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"'"What, Leave My Happy Home to Cook and Wash Dishes in a Cottage for Howard?"'"

THE sixth morning," Sam continued, "the fire in the kitchen stove did not get a good start and went out after I had made it. That threw us late; we had not then learned just what we wished for breakfast, and Kate attempted biscuits instead of toast.

"The biscuits did not respond as they should; we never knew the reason why. I jested about them to cheer her up; but, instead, she burst out crying, saying:

"'Oh, Sam, don't! I tried so hard, and I'm tired too.'

"'Well, well, that's all right,' I said to comfort her; but I felt like a brute, and it was late then—so I had to hurry away and leave her with a half-eaten and half-eatable breakfast, tired and blue and alone, at the beginning of a cold, sleety day. Gee! I felt bad! I thought of poor Job and his remark, 'Yas, we ma'ied; hut, oh, I wish I hadn't now—ma'ied life ain't what you might think it is!'

"I was late at the store, and had such a hang-dog look that old Daddy Trotter, sitting at the entrance—he was never late, old as he was—noticed me, and called with a chuckle:

"'Hello, sonny! How's the married man?'

"I glared at him and started to pass on without speaking, but he called me back.

"'Now look here, sonny; don't get peevish—that ain't manners; a married man has to learn to be polite, do you know that?'

"One or two other men standing by heard him, and I had to grin and try to pass it off.

"'It's such a pretty day, Daddy,' I answered; 'being married is all that keeps my spirits up.'

"'Well, don't keep your spirits up too tight, sonny; let 'em out a little—let 'em out, so as we can notice them.'

"I grinned some more, to show I could; but, as the others went on to their work, Daddy said more quietly to me, aside:

"'What's the matter, sonny? Everything not smooth in the loving cottage home?'

"Those words—I shall never forget them—sound as if he might have been laughing at me; but the way he said them, in a low, kindly tone, made me feel he was my friend—he seemed so old and experienced and safe to trust, and I was feeling pretty bad.

"'Things didn't go right, and I left her crying, Daddy,' I blurted out—'and on a morning like this!'

"Daddy looked at me as he might at a nice untrained setter pup he liked, and he almost patted me on the head as he said:

"'Well, well, never mind; things will run wrong sometimes, but they can't run wrong all the time if you have even a little sense and love each other. You mustn't expect too much all at once; and whenever things go wrong, just pet her a little and kiss her a little, and tell her how smart and pretty she is. Did you try that this morning, sonny?'

"I stared at him.

"'Why, no—I was ten minutes late, anyway, and didn't have time if I had thought of it; but I did give her a sort of kiss as I bade her goodby.'

"'Well, you pet her a little more; and when she's most weepy, pet and praise her right strong, and she'll soon come round. Women are all alike; they all like petting and praising, and a good deal of it. I've had three, and I know—they're all alike.'

"That cheered me up a good deal as I went about my work; for I felt then I knew where the trouble lay and was suddenly a wise man. Gee! A husband has to learn a lot!

"That evening I found Kate with slightly flushed cheeks and a glint in her eyes—half of defiance, half of amusement. She looked at me in a way that made me feel I was forgiven for the morning, as if I were her possession and she had been defending me. It's funny how a man gets to seeing those little things, those expressions of face and tones of voice—gets to sense the state of his wife's mind and feelings.

"'Forgive me for being such a brute this morning—won't you, dear?' I said, giving her the gentlest kind of a hug and kiss, trying sincerely to show my affectionate regard.

"'You weren't a brute; you shan't say such things about yourself,' she replied indignantly. 'You're a dear, splendid fellow—yes, you are!' she added in a patronizing tone, while I secretly wondered what was coming next. 'But, oh, I mustn't spoil you!' She broke off suddenly, guiltily, almost scared.

"'No, you mustn't do that,' I laughed; 'but what made you think about it?'

"'I'll tell you,' she answered, smiling and dimpling, her eyes dancing with mischief. 'I had some advice this afternoon from my next-door neighbor, served with sauerkraut. I heard a knock on the side fence, and there was Mrs. Schneider—the nice old lady next door who asked you how your wife liked the place the first time we came out here to look at it. Do you remember?' she questioned with a little, gurgling laugh.

"'I remember,' I replied solemnly.

"'She is a nice, neighborly soul; said she had put up a lot of kraut and wished me to try it, "For a young housekeeper startin' in this time of the year ain't had no chance to put up things."

"'I thanked her, and told her it was very sweet in her, and that her husband must be a good provider.

"'"Well, pretty fair," she answered, "but providin' ain't everything! My old man's pretty selfish—does pretty much what he pleases. Don't you let yours get that way," she said earnestly in a motherly fashion.

"'"Why, my husband is splendid," I told her. "He would do anything for me." You see, Sam, I was trying to establish your reputation in the neighborhood.' And Kate laughed again.

"'"Well, you keep him that way," Mrs. Schneider advised in a motherly tone, wagging her head. "You see that you keep him that way. When I first married, my old man wasn't so bad, but grumpylike sometimes; and I tried every way to please him, givin' up to him—but I guess I spoiled him. Yes, I must have spoiled him; for I can't do anything with him now. He ain't so bad though; and I think sometimes if I was to die and he would get a good, strict wife, she might make him do right. Every man needs a good, strict wife!"

"'So you see, Sam, I just have to be "a good, strict wife," and keep you down, as Mrs. Schneider says.' Then we both laughed.

"Later Kate said more seriously:

"'Mary Lula was here this afternoon too. And, Sam, I see right now Howard is going to lose her, and we shall have only two couples left of our set as candidates for a simple wedding and the simple married life. That young Georgia politician she met last winter in Atlanta is in town, and I'm afraid she prefers the chance at semi-luxury he offers, to Howard and the simple life she would have to lead with him.'

"'Do you think so?' I asked.

"'I know it!' Kate replied wisely; and when Kate says those things about girls she does know. 'She evidently came out for a determining look, but was not reassured. I showed her all about and at last said with all the enthusiasm I could—and that was a good deal:

"'"You just ought to try it, Mary Lula!"

"'She was strangely quiet—for her—for a minute; then she looked all round again and slowly shook her head, saying:

"'"No, Kate; I don't love Howard that much. What, leave my happy home to cook and wash dishes in a cottage for Howard! I don't believe I *could* love a man that much. No, indeed—excuse *me!*"

"'Then, Sam, she added wistfully—you know you never can tell what Mary Lula is going to say—looking at me almost with tears in her eyes:

"'"I don't love like that; but, oh, Kate, I wish I did—I wish I did!"'

"'Didn't you feel sorry for yourself, Kate, when she talked of your fate like that?' I asked, grinning, but holding my breath.

"'No, I didn't!' Kate answered indignantly. 'I told her in the most patronizing tone I could command how sorry I felt for her—poor girl!—"for Sam and I are so happy!"'

"Kate's neck stiffened proudly, and her eyes shone defiantly but truthfully happy, as they must have done when she was talking to Mary Lula.

"Kate was right. Mary Lula did not marry until spring; then she married that Georgia man—a rather flashy, bediamonded, self-centered person.

"Let me say right here that things went better after we got started and learned more about planning carefully and getting the best results for our effort and money. Kate and I both learned more about cooking, and we got to using system in our housekeeping business.

"We did not attempt elaborate meals—we secured variety by the changes of food in the different meals rather than by many kinds of food in one meal; but we always managed at each meal to have some special dish—perhaps a very simple one that one of us especially craved or liked. It is surprising what splendid results we got in this way at low cost.

"Sometimes when we had been doing some special saving, or I thought Kate was tired and needed a change, we would take a simple luncheon or dinner at a restaurant or hotel in the city.

"We enjoyed those little breaks; they gave us a feeling of commanding luxury again. They were good for both of us, and we always went back to our cottage refectory better satisfied after the outing. I believe Jim was right when he said one day:

"'A little high life is good for a man.'

"I told Daddy Trotter about it later, when he asked how we were getting along, and quoted Jim.

"'Yes, a little,' he replied in his thin old voice, nodding and giving me a shrewd look. 'A little, sonny; but a mighty little, as a rule—a mighty little until he can afford it. Don't you get it into your young head that just because you've saved a dollar you've earned the right to spend it!'

"In a few weeks," Sam continued after a pause, "we had gotten things pretty well fixed up, and had the three couples and Jim out to supper.

"Kate herself suggested asking Jim; she never seemed jealous of the friends I had before we were married. She was always cordial to them, seemed to wish me to keep and enjoy them. She went farther than that—she seemed to determine to, and she did, enjoy them with me.

"They all came early, as invited, and had a jolly time. There was a good deal of laughter, and admiration of the way in which we had managed, with much quiet thought mixed in; it was funny to see the look in their eyes, as one after another seemed to be considering how they would like to live that way.

"'It is really most artistic, Sam,' Howard admitted in a near-patronizing manner. 'How did you think it all out?'

"'He didn't, you goose—of course he didn't, you forget Kate,' Mary Lula answered before I could say it.

"'It's a dream—isn't it, dear?' Evelyn said to Brains; to which she replied:

"'Yes, since they have each other and love. After all, it's love that makes the home,' she remarked as if she had discovered something instead of saying what everybody knows.

"'Then I guess some more love could make another one—couldn't it?' I heard Bennet ask her in a low voice.

"Jim heard, too, and pricked up his ears; but Brains saw that we had heard and for answer only smiled as she said to Dago:

"'Won't you sing again, "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms"? It will seem like the wedding once more.'

"'Oh, do!' Kate begged enthusiastically—and at that they all laughed.

"So he sang again, in a rich barytone, with guitar accompaniment, in a way that, with the firelight and candlelight and Kate—I forgot the others for a time—made me silently swear to every word of it.

"Kate knew we had lost Mary Lula, but was feeling happy over the remaining two couples and felt our little supper was a great success as an attractive object lesson, when she got something of a jolt by overhearing a scrap of conversation—you can't avoid hearing sometimes when nine persons are crowded into one room.

"'That all sounds very nice,' Evelyn was saying to Dago, 'and I love to hear you make love; but I don't think I'm the kind to enjoy cottage life, day in and day out. I like pretty clothes and big houses and plenty of spending money; I like you, but I believe I like those things better.'

"'Well, I suppose I ought not to wish to sacrifice you,' Dago answered—in too quickly resigned a manner, Kate thought; 'but I wish I were rich and could give you everything!' This last was in his deep opera voice and did not sound as lame as when repeated—Kate acknowledged that.

"I thought our supper party was the nicest ever, all had seemed to enjoy it so; but Kate was disconsolate.

"'Oh, Sam,' she said, 'there's another couple gone! Why *can't* they see it's worth while? Why *won't* they try?' she wailed.

"'Because it's not in them, Kate,' I answered. 'It's not in them, and they don't deserve to be independently happy. They are just soft creatures, made up of conventionality and "What will people say?"'

"After the first month we got on very well with our finances by careful management and our system of doing without. We practiced doing without that first winter and we practice it now. We have learned to do without much—which, of course, makes us prize more what we have and acquire. It also makes us acquire more judiciously. We sometimes planned one new thing every two weeks, and had a lot of fun discussing carefully what it should be. Kate was the most sensible, the dearest girl you ever saw—have I told you that before?

"It was surprising how small our grocery bill was after we had learned to plan and not to waste. We not only saved a cook's wages, and what she would eat, but also what she would waste and what we would get—that we did not want—simply to keep up appearances with the cook.

"We wasted practically nothing; for Kate gave me as a Christmas present five hens and a rooster, which ate up all our scraps. We felt the eggs were a net gain; and our tiny garden in summer-time cut down our grocery bill a little more.

"Of course everything didn't always run smoothly. I don't know whether you will understand or not when I tell you that, much as I loved Kate and admired her, sometimes there were some things about her I wished a little different. She got on my nerves sometimes—now don't laugh—when I was all tired out and had nerves, or knew I had them.

"Then, before I knew it, I would blurt out and tell her so—tell her I wished she were different or would act differently. At that she would sometimes flare up, sometimes look like a silent martyr, but nearly always end in tears. Tears are the consternation and abomination of a married man.

"I remember we had a scene like that one morning over nothing—over her forgetting to order things from the grocery. I think she felt relieved, and I know I did, when I had hurried through my breakfast and gotten away from the place.

"That was in January—a cold, gray morning; and I felt that disgust, that desire to get away from conditions and be let alone, to cut it all, which every man feels sometimes—that every man feels sometimes about his married life, and every woman, too, when they realize they are hopelessly tied up or tied down the one to the other, and to a certain humdrum existence where all the future of one is only a part of the future of the other. Such thoughts always depressed me.

"Those moments may not last long where there is real congeniality and true love—love that is true; but the feeling comes nevertheless—the oppression at the lack of freedom, at having always to consider another, to change one's life—one's very thought and being, more or less—to adapt oneself to that other life, now so closely joined as to become a part of the first.

"It's human nature; it's the free, the lordly, the divine self-willed ego chafing and asserting itself. It is a happy thing for the man or the woman when true love is there strong enough to overpower the momentary rebellion of spirit, or rather to let one see how much finer, deeper, sweeter life is gained by the ego's submission.

"You needn't laugh; I have had time to think in these six years—you see I have had experience.

"That morning when I got to the store I was all cut up; I hadn't been able to walk it off. I was so cut up that Daddy Trotter, in his place at the door, wouldn't let me get by without speaking.

"'Hey, sonny!' he called, his keen old eyes glancing shrewdly at me. 'You're looking mighty happy this morning; what's the matter? Got another raise in salary?'

"He knew I did not look it; also that I had gotten a raise to eighty-five dollars the first of the year, and couldn't possibly have gotten another in that time.

"'Not exactly, Daddy,' I answered in the best voice I could.

"Then, changing his manner, he said in a tone low and kindly:

"'You don't answer my question, sonny. Are you and matrimony having a tough time of it? I know that look,' he continued; 'I've been married three times myself. What's the trouble this time?'

"Perhaps it was his kindly old sympathy I recognized and wanted; perhaps it was the feeling deep down that he would help me; but I told him all about it, and how sometimes I wished Kate were different in some things.

"The old man did not grin when I got through; he just stroked his thin chin for a minute, then looked at me kindly and said:

"'Well, well, sonny, you mustn't expect too much. Don't forget that all the angels live in Heaven, and all the perfect saints have gone there.'

"The Fire in the Kitchen Stove Went Out After I Had Made It"

"Daddy Trotter was quiet a moment, still stroking his chin, then continued slowly:

"'Did you ever think what she has to put up with in you? You do pretty well, sonny; but you are not quite a model of perfection yourself. My! I feel sorry for any woman who has to live with a man—for any woman who has to put up with the best of men; and your rating ain't any better than the best, you know, sonny. Yes, I do; I feel sorry for any woman—if I have had three of them.'

"I laughed at that, and Daddy looked relieved.

"'Aw, sonny,' he continued, 'the only way to get along is just to forget all the little things that ought to be changed and keep on thinkin' of the good ones—then you will realize how lucky you really are.'

"I took his advice, and we got on better for a while after that. I told Kate what Daddy Trotter had said, and we laughed over it together more than once. Our sense of humor helped us as much as anything, I think, in adjusting our lives to each other and in bearing and sharing the discomforts.

"There were many near-necessities we got during the first three months which that original furnishing hundred dollars did not buy. They were things we could do without for a month or two to avoid going into debt, but which did not seem extravagances and were what we called 'permanent—more or less permanent—investments,' such as the screen for our room, the chiffonier, a large easy rocker, a refrigerator, and so on.

"We managed to keep our grocery bill within the limit—under twenty-five dollars a month, though the January bill ran to twenty-four dollars and eighty cents. We fixed that limit and stuck to it, even when it caused us to have soup luncheons for three days in succession after a little dinner we had for her family. We were afraid to spend too much over the average any week, for fear something unforeseen would come in toward the close of the month.

"We sent our wash to a laundry; we had 'family washing'—with the exception of my collars and shirts—at five cents a pound, delivered all fresh and sanitary, flat pieces ironed and the others roughdried. That made it inexpensive, and Kate insisted upon ironing carefully the comparatively few pieces that came home unfinished.

"'Why not?' she said. 'We girls think nothing of doing up fine shirtwaists in summer; we often do up three or four at a time. I love to iron pretty things and see them come out fresh and smooth. Yes, we will manage that way.' And we did for a long time.

"We didn't have any clothes to buy that first winter, and our living expenses all told, including the twelve dollars rent, were a trifle under our limit of fifty dollars a month. As I said, at New Year's my salary had gone up to eighty-five dollars a month, which would have left us a comfortable margin if it had not been for those 'permanent investments.'

"Even as it was, by holding ourselves down to acquiring them slowly, we saved ten dollars a month the first four months, and thirty dollars a month the next four; so when we saw how the principal and interest figured on our savings-account book the first of July we felt like winners. You don't know, you can't realize, how rich we felt then with one hundred and sixty dollars saved up, all debts paid and our cottage home cozily furnished.

"Now we had our start. I had felt it—had shown it at the store in the way I had taken hold of my work, Daddy said; though he never praised much. At any rate I got

"'Did You Ever Think What She Has to Put Up With in You?'"

another five-dollar raise on the first of July. My feeling of 'getting on' had helped my work; and my more and better work had helped me get on and brought the raise—see? Funny—isn't it?—the way things twist round in life!

"I had ninety dollars a month then, and felt quite chesty about it. The raise meant a cool sixty a year more to lay aside.

"Kate had thrived in spite of the work—or because of it. She had time for reading, sewing and visiting—perhaps not quite so much time as formerly; but then she did not have so many social demands upon her as formerly. Still she had enough to keep her from getting lonely. She used to slacken the fire in the living room and that in the kitchen stove, and slip away for two or three hours many an afternoon that winter; and I liked to have her do so.

"We tried to be sensible about things—gave up things we thought best to give up; but we kept some things and we kept our best friends. They all liked and admired Kate more and more for her unaffected simplicity.

"I had my dress suit and Kate had a good evening gown left from the winter before; and this first married winter we went to two large parties, besides Nell's coming-out party, three formal dinners and several informal ones. Kate went also to half a dozen afternoon receptions.

"Frequently we went out calling together in the evening; occasionally, as I said, we lunched or dined together simply at a nice restaurant or hotel. Occasionally we went to the theater or a concert or a moving-picture show. Possibly once or twice a month we would have three or four friends in to a simple little supper, the simplest, most informal kind, which they all seemed to enjoy.

"Frequently we sat quietly at home, reading and talking. We seemed, too, in our own natures, in our inner selves, to have wholesomely progressed; life seemed more purposeful, nobler, sweeter.

"I think the freedom from strain, financial and social, did as much as anything to give me courage and self-confidence and energy for business. You may have freedom from financial strain with a good deal of self-denial, you know; you don't mind the doing without when you can see you are getting on by leaps and bounds as a result. To save thirty dollars a month seemed wealth, assured me I was a money-maker—thanks to Kate!

"Kate was friendly with Mrs. Denny—the mother of Maggie Denny, who worked for Evelyn's richest aunt—with Mrs. Schneider and several of her other neighbors. Though we did not see a great deal of them, we knew they rather liked us, did not think us 'stuck up.' We had that pleasant feeling of having the approval of those among whom we lived.

"After all, people are much alike everywhere. Culture and money and position are like clothes—human nature is just the same. You can recognize congenial spirits in men whose oppohtunities and surroundings and friends are opposite to yours. I grew to think a lot of those neighboring men; we often talked at the grocery, or over the front fences in the evenings or early mornings.

"We went to Mary Lula's wedding shortly after Easter; it was a handsome affair, and the Georgia politician brought on several of his friends for the occasion and the preceding round of entertainments. He wasn't a high type; but, in reply to some criticism, Mary Lula was heard to remark flippantly:

"'He may not be a model, but he suits me—he has money!'

"Mary Lula afterward found what it meant to live with a self-indulgent ex-rounder, instead of a youngster as yet unspoiled. Early marriages are good for most men—and good for their wives too.

"That summer was quiet and warm in spots; but, on the whole, we got on very well. Sometimes we went to one of the amusement parks for a light supper; sometimes later, just for the music. Frequently at the close of a hot day we would go down to the river, taking sandwiches and fruit with us for supper, hire a skiff and stay on the water for hours—rowing and drifting. In the earlier part of the summer we often took a couple of friends with us; in the late summer we went alone. I rowed, and Kate enjoyed the quiet, slow movement of the skiff, the reflection in the water of the brilliant shore-lights, and the drifting under the starlight or moonlight.

"We often took a long car ride to one of the parks, starting early and having a picnic supper there, watching the sunset fade into starlight. It is surprising how many outings in summer, how many changes, you can get without going away from home—and at trifling cost.

"Early in September I found that a cottage near us, almost exactly like the one in which we lived, though not in such good condition, was for sale. The owner asked twelve hundred dollars; but, having much other property, he did not wish to repair this and had told some of the neighbors he would take less.

"That set me thinking. We had about two hundred and twenty-five dollars saved at that time and it was deposited at three per cent interest. If I could put that into a house and arrange to borrow the balance, the rent saved would amount to a good deal more than three per cent; and, with what we were putting by each month, it would not take us long to pay for a house of our own.

"I figured that by doing much of the work myself, mornings and evenings and Saturday afternoons, I could get the place into fairly good shape for something like sixty dollars. I talked the matter over with Kate and we went together to look through the house.

"'Oh, Sam, wouldn't it be nice to own our home—and so soon!' she exclaimed enthusiastically.

"'Wouldn't it, Kitten!' I joined in, in the same spirit.

"So I went to see the owner and found he was willing to let me have the place for ten hundred and seventy-five dollars, since it needed repairs so badly and there was no agent's commission to be paid. He might have sold it a little cheaper for all cash, but I did not have cash.

"Tears are the Consternation and Abomination of a Married Man"

"I found I could easily get a loan of seven hundred dollars on the property, payable in two notes of three hundred and fifty dollars each, in two and three years respectively after date; both of those notes could be extended one year longer if desired. This seven hundred dollars, with two hundred dollars of what we had saved, I agreed to pay the owner—Mr. McEllery—in cash; the balance of the purchase price was to be paid in two payments—one of seventy-five dollars in six months and the other of a hundred dollars in one year. This was entirely satisfactory to him, for he knew the notes were perfectly good—though a second lien—and by indorsing them he could discount them at once if he wished.

"I drew out our little savings, cheerfully losing the interest from the first of July on, and we had the title examined, secured the loan, paid over the money and had the key to the house—possession—by the twentieth of September. Maybe we didn't feel proud!

"'To think, little woman, it's ours—ours from the center of the earth to the blue, blue sky!—that is, as soon as we finish paying for it,' I said to Kate as we stood looking through the new place just after the deed had been recorded.

"'Yes, isn't it splendid!' she said. Neither of us felt disturbed by the amount of debt, since we had already shown ourselves how rapidly we could save.

"We had the place in shape and had moved in before the eleventh of October—Kate's birthday and the anniversary of our house-renting; and we were as proud of it as two children.

"I don't know anything that helped Kate more at that time than the home-buying. Somehow it seemed to justify our experiment in self-denial and the simple life—to justify it to ourselves, and to her family and our friends. Kate seemed to thrill with the joy and achievement of it all, which was splendid for her at that time.

"We were not going out much now, and I helped her more in the mornings and evenings. She did not do the ironing any more, but took things more easily. We had the scrubbing woman in oftener to clean up and get lunch; and I got into the habit of coming home nearly every day for a twenty minutes' lunch, to break into the long day and keep Kate from getting lonely.

"Her mother and Nell, too, came over oftener now; they had gotten reconciled by this time, quite reconciled, and enjoyed with Kate the idea of a home of her very own. This house, also, was on the north side of the street, and our new living room—a replica of the first—was a cheerful, sunny place those bright days in late October, and even in November.

"Kate wore a dark blue, loose-fitting gown, and sat in her comfortable low rocker, reading good novels, cheerful stories, magazines; but much of the time, with a smile in her eyes and about her lips, she was sewing on tiny, dainty baby things.

"The boy was born just after Thanksgiving—nine pounds and a half, and as fine a specimen as you ever saw. Proud? I should say so; you don't know how it feels to be a father. It makes a man, if he is any sort of a man at all, feel twice the man he was before, with the dignity and responsibility of fatherhood upon him—as he sees that little new life begin, a part of his older life, a part of himself, dependent upon him, yet independent of him.

"It's a glorious thing to be the father of a boy—a tremendous responsibility, but a tremendous opportunity. I tell you, George, it's the true re-incarnation, with all its mystery and all its possibilities; it's the other chance—the chance of living life over again, as far as the work of the world is concerned.

"What are you laughing at? No, I'm not yet thirty and the kid's only five," and Sam laughed, too, as his eyes met mine a little sheepishly, but honestly.

"What did you name the prize specimen of a boy, Sam?" I asked. "Name him for you?"

"Name him for me?" he repeated. "We did and we didn't. We named him Sam, because Kate wished it; but we named him Sam Jim, instead of Samuel Thornsley—you see, I was determined the youngster should have a good name all to himself, and not be simply a junior.

"Every boy is entitled to at least a name of his own. You oughtn't to make a boy feel he is simply a link in a chain, nothing but a chip off the old block. Let him realize he has an individuality of his own that is recognized and respected, and it's up to him to make his own name stand for something—for an honest, hardworking citizen, at least.

"James? Oh, yes; I suppose he was named James; but he was named for Jim—and Jim's Jim to me, you know. The kid can call it James if he wants to; I don't care.

"But, somehow, Sam Jim didn't sound just right; so after a few days I decided to turn his name round—he was so little he didn't care—and we renamed him Jim Sam. That goes better, sounds smoother—don't you think? That's his name now, his permanent name. Jim Sam's a dandy, he is—finest boy you ever saw!

"A baby is not such an expensive luxury after all, unless you make him so; and Jim Sam's worth every cent he has cost, twice over, right now.

"All this getting up of costly handmade frumpoodles for the babies gets on my nerves. What does a baby know or care whether it is done up in a soft, plain fifty-cent affair, or in one all real lace and hand embroidery?

"It's a sham, a measly sham! The parents want the things for themselves, to make their special brand of baby look finer than the babies of their friends. Yet people say 'Children are so expensive; one really can't afford them these days.'

"The same way with other things. Kate and Jim Sam did not have a trained nurse, but a kind, experienced woman who made a specialty of such cases among persons of moderate means—a ten-dollar-a-week nurse that the doctor recommended highly, who was all he said she was.

(Continued on Page 27)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1912

The Return to Reason

NOW that nearly a month has elapsed, no doubt the American Protective Tariff League has settled down quite comfortably to its slippers, tea and toast, and is really much more interested in the probable effects of stuffed turkey upon its impaired digestion than in any results that are likely to flow from lowering cotton duties. Later it will resume the argument for high duties that it dropped a few weeks before election.

It is significant that, in a pinch, high protectionists invariably abandon argument altogether. Except in a pinch they try to adduce reasons why forty-per-cent protection should be maintained; but in a crisis they resort to incantations—which naturally suggests that in their hearts they have little faith in their arguments. A preëlection Tariff League outgiving read: "It"—Wilson's election—"means free trade, industrial paralysis, business stagnation, suffering among millions of American workpeople; it may mean riot, rapine, incendiarism and anarchy!"

There are arguments for protection. Professor Taussig, for example, has elaborated a very ingenious though extremely farfetched one. But when voting time comes protectionists prefer the bald statement: "Dare to vote against the Republican party and you shall have panic, drought and hail; a man in Ohio voted the Democratic ticket in 1872—and next day all his chickens had pip!"

They have beaten that old tomtom until there's a hole in it. Comparatively few braves responded this year.

The Movement Spreads

IN COOPERATION a few poor weavers of Rochdale sought escape from the crushing cost of living, and the enterprise their humble necessities inspired has grown to be one of the greatest mercantile concerns in the world. That example we have preached in season and out for many years. We are delighted to learn from the Journal of Commerce that the seed is falling upon fruitful ground.

Along Fifth Avenue, in Westchester County and at Newport, scores of little children have no automobiles of their own. They must suffer the humiliation of riding in their parents' cars or else walk, no matter how tired they may be. Sad-faced men have pondered this situation for months, and at length—as we learn from our valued contemporary—have turned to the great Rochdale precedent, as other downtrodden consumers will when the pressure becomes unbearable. Mr. Percy Rockefeller, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. Henry Havemeyer, the president and several vice-presidents of the National City Bank, and a number of other oppressed consumers, have joined together for the manufacturing of automobiles on a coöperative basis.

It is a hopeful and praiseworthy undertaking. We feel sure it will succeed. What resolute body of harassed consumers will be next?

An Exploded Theory

THERE never before was a time when a man with ten dollars and a right idea could make a fortune so surely and rapidly as he can today. Learned economists used to teach a comparatively dead level of business profits under competitive conditions. If any business offered exceptional profits, capital, they said, would immediately flow into it until the gains were reduced about to the average. If a man made exceptional profits it would be because of "rent"—that is by acquiring some natural resource—or by "monopoly gains." Otherwise about ten per cent was all one could reasonably expect in any competitive field.

The theory is obviously discouraging to a man with little capital; but experience does not bear it out. On every hand you will find men who began in a competitive field ten, twenty, thirty years ago, with no money, who now have it to burn.

Every new idea that is at all capable of commercial exploitation is a gold mine. The little idea of a moving-picture show, for example, has developed a whole procession of millionaires. Retailing is a free competitive field and one of the oldest; but every city can show fortunes made in retailing by men who started with nothing to speak of, except some ideas about business that were superior to the average.

Contrary to a general opinion we believe there never before was a time when, as regards money-making, being without capital counted for less than it does today. Where did all these gentlemen in shiny motor cars get their capital? Nine-tenths of them—if you look into it—had none to begin with, and many of them are far from the sere and yellow leaf.

An Illinois Disgrace

THE other day the Chicago Tribune contained this news item:

"Less than three cents on the dollar appears likely for the dismayed depositors of the Kirby Savings Bank, a private institution that closed its doors last week. Search of the vault uncovered only eight hundred and fifty-two dollars in cash and notes. . . . During the day an old woman came to the receiver with one of Kirby's circulars, which began: 'Right here in your neighborhood you have a sound, safe bank to help you in your struggle to save.'"

Illinois law holds a wideopen door for any insane man, gambler, thief or tramp who wishes to style himself a bank and coax deposits from the public. The great banks of Chicago, custodians of a thousand million dollars of other people's money, have refused to lift a finger against this reproach to their calling. At the last meeting of the State Bankers' Association a number of them, either actively or passively, opposed a resolution that would have thrown the association's influence on the right side. These banks act as reserve agents for unregulated, uninspected private concerns, and, for the trifling gain that business brings them, are willing that inexperienced depositors should be exposed to such enterprises as the Kirby Savings Bank.

However we do not believe this disgrace to the state will survive the next session of the legislature.

Some Fanciful Eugenics

A WELL-KNOWN man of science declares with every appearance of sobriety: "Provision must be made for the birth of children whose brains shall, as far as possible, be innately of good quality; this means the denial of parenthood to those liable to transmit bad nervous systems to their offspring."

Now how could anybody have a good nervous system if he took that sort of rot seriously? We do not know of anything in modern life more likely to make normal people excessively nervous than wild-eyed theories about regulating parenthood that are advanced from time to time under the name of eugenics. When science discovers how to deal successfully with whooping-cough we shall be more inclined to invest it with a yardstick by which to measure the right of parenthood outside of the imbecile or feeble-minded or criminally degenerate. Probably a full third of the adult population in business and professional life have bad nervous systems, and still manage to be tolerably useful.

Steady employment at fair wages, with good housing, good food, some reasonable recreation and relief from a crushing doubt as to where the next meal is coming from will improve the breed of men; idiots and pronounced degenerates should not marry. To that well-attested ground science should stick for a long while to come. When it can prevent seven-by-nine minds from inhabiting two-by-four bodies, and vice versa, it may proceed, tentatively and with due modesty, a little further.

The Panic Cycle

WE HAVE had a first-class panic about every twenty years. The last one was in 1893; and in that year the Democrats, after a long interval, took control of the Government, as they will in 1913. Very recently Paris, Berlin and Vienna have experienced stock-exchange convulsions of a decidedly panicky character; and those things sometimes spread.

Nevertheless a few other facts should be borne in mind: The crucial question in 1893 was whether a man who took a demand obligation to the United States Treasury would get gold for it or only silver, then worth sixty cents on the dollar. That question cannot now arise, for subsequent legislation has put us squarely on a gold basis. Moreover, with about the same amount of demand notes outstanding, the Treasury now holds three times as much free gold as it did at the close of 1892. In that year the chief grain and cotton crops fell much below the outturn of the previous year. This year's crops broke the record.

More important than anything else perhaps—in 1907 we had a very lively second-class panic, with much liquidation and a trimming of sails all round; in the last two years speculation has been at a low ebb, and the basic fact is that speculation makes panics.

The Old Parties

THE old Republican party has gone by the board. As it stood after the Chicago convention it was merely a historic name that had been appropriated by a mutual benefit association of self-seeking bosses—and no self-seeking boss can have much further use for a historic name and a very expensive organization which has become so impotent that a corporal's guard in the electoral college measures its national strength. No doubt they will prefer—in language familiar to some of them—to play on a liver card in the future.

We quite expect to see the old Democratic party follow its traditional rival into the scrapheap within eight years. That party comes into full control of the Government by an overwhelming sweep. To keep its unwieldy majority in hand and to weld the incoherent elements of which it is composed into an instrument for consistent, temperate, intelligent legislation, will require leadership of a decidedly superlative kind. There is the same weakness of a party divided against itself that there was in the rival organization. Probably the tariff will be the first test. Over it Democrats who are as good protectionists as Sereno Payne, and Democrats who want to settle the whole subject with a broadax, will struggle for mastery. Having achieved power a split will be the logical consequence. Such a split is altogether desirable. Party division on lines that have actual and deep significance would decidedly improve the political situation.

Congressional Muckraking

WE ARE glad to hear a report from Washington that some leading House Democrats propose, as soon as Congress reassembles, to investigate the Money Trust investigation. Certainly it is high time, if there was any foundation for the statement, purporting to embody results of the investigating committee's labors, which was published in New York before the election. The object of that statement was to create an utterly false impression that three or four New Yorkers control about one-third of the total wealth of the United States.

If yellow journalism means dealing in gross exaggeration and muckraking means to parade a few horrible examples, with no regard to proportions or to the essential truth, as though they were the whole piece, then the country has enough of those activities without appointing a congressional committee to engage in them at public expense.

We hope the statement referred to was quite unfounded; but unfortunately the committee has seemed more interested in astonishing the public than in informing it. By setting before the country fairly the financial mechanism of Wall Street, the committee might perform a useful work—and to that we hope it will honestly address itself.

State Monopoly

WE TALK about monopolies in the United States; but we have none except in carrying the mails. The absolute monopoly, created by law and under state control, that Germany proposes to establish in the wholesale illuminating-oil trade is a very different thing. There competition is completely eliminated once for all.

Now Mr. Archbold's purloined letters showed no remittances of certificates of deposit to the German Chancellor of the Exchequer. Certainly the Standard Oil Company got no rebates from state-owned German railroads; nor did it, by any means, control the supplies of oil that might come upon the German market. In Germany, at least, it was a competitor in a free field.

"I competed and won; I am the perfect fruit of free competition," says Standard Oil to the Fatherland. "Very true," says the Fatherland; "therefore I will knock you on the head and set up a state monopoly in your place."

No doubt there might have been a reasonable combination among wholesalers of illuminating oil in Germany that would have preserved individual initiative and the incentive to improve processes and reduce costs which arises when a man can make a profit thereby, and that still would have imposed considerable restraint upon competition. The alternative to that, in the German instance, is a state monopoly—which, on the whole, is a rather undesirable device.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Dukes' Delight

NOTHING pains a duke so much as to pay out money—nothing! And it is the same with an earl. You see, the basic theory of duking and earling is to have money paid in, not to pay money out; and this has been true in those countries where dukes and earls flourish for many, many years—since the business began, in fact.

When it comes to unearned increment a king has very little on a duke, albeit there are some dukes who at present are broke. That doesn't argue against the system. It merely shows the lack of prudence on the part of the duke who is strapped. As the business was founded, and as it is conducted by prudent dukes and earls, there is positively no reason for poverty on the part of a duke, for everybody who is connected with the duke's establishment works practically for nothing; and the duke has the profits and plant.

PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Man in the Center "Has the Punch," as We Say in America

When they began making laws for England, and especially taxation laws, they were very tender with the dukes. Inasmuch as most of the original property of all the nobility was land, the tax laws dealt gingerly with that land, because a duke, you know, was a very superior person and not to be annoyed with sordid details of government such as contributing to its support. This put the bulk of the taxes on the common, non-duke class, where it has remained to this day. Of course they didn't leave the dukes entirely untaxed. After various exceptions had been made they slapped a few shillings an acre on the agricultural land, but softened that inconsiderate blow by providing that the people should pay half of the impost. As a matter of fact, the rates—which is what they call taxes in England—only covered a small portion of the land and property of the nobility; but as the expenses of government increased the rates took in about everything—from income to food—the unfortunate who was not a duke possessed.

An Outrageous Proposal

SO THE duke began to look on himself as a sort of divine-right institution; and the people, having had that pounded into them for centuries, looked at it in that light also. The duke's idea of it all was that anything any person not a duke had was, by right, the duke's—and grabbed it. Likewise, as his dukiness conveyed so much distinction to the country, he was not to be bothered by helping to pay any proportion of the country's expenses. And in exact ratio to the ease with which the duke got his money was the difficulty in separating him from any of it for taxes and governmental upkeep.

Every time a duke handed in a quid—a pound, you know—four dollars and eighty-five cents—for taxes he screamed with agony, and considered the proceeding a frightful insult to his standing, his position and his general ducal attributes. It showed an appalling degeneracy of the times to expect it. It marked the preliminary totter of England to her final fall. And to expect a duke to pay more taxes than his family had been paying on the land for the last seven or eight centuries was villainy and treason to the institutions of the tight little isle.

Wherefore, when, a few years ago, a slight, nervous, intense little Welshman, named David Lloyd-George, came along and suggested that these dukes and earls, and sundry other nobility, had been evading land taxes long enough, and that they should be taxed on the present value of their land instead of on what that land was worth in 1627 or 1722, there was a howl that rattled the casements in the Tower of London. It was an outrage proposed by a commoner and, they observed with much astonishment, approved by a few million other commoners. The House of Lords rocked with indignation. The peers stuck on their coronets and hurried down to see about it. Pay taxes? Preposterous! They were dukes and earls! The idea was subversive to the spirit of English institutions, than whom—or which—no nobler example exists than said dukes and such.

Who was this Lloyd-George? A very ordinary person, indeed, who chanced to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and thus concerned with the revenues and expenditures of the country. And, needing money, he sought to get money from the dukes. Why, they asked, if he needs money, doesn't he get it from the people, as the dukes do and have always done, and show a proper regard and reverence for one of England's most cherished institutions? What, in the name of the aristocracy, are the people for if not to pay the running expenses of both the country and the dukes?

This Lloyd-George person was obdurate. He insisted that, as the land owned by the dukes had been made more valuable by the efforts of the men who worked on it, the landlords should pay taxes on the value that came to that land from those efforts; and all he asked was a half-penny in the pound—one cent in each five dollars—on the real value of the land. He cited a few instances. There was the case of the Duke of Northumberland, a very good specimen of a duke as dukes go, who owns many acres. They wanted a small plat of this duke's land for a school for the children of the men who worked on his property, who, in due course, would become laborers on that same property. It might be supposed the duke would donate the plat; but he didn't. Instead, he demanded nine hundred pounds an acre for the land, or forty-five hundred dollars; and the duke was paying taxes on that same land at a valuation of thirty shillings, or seven dollars and thirty cents, an acre. Lloyd-George insisted that the Duke of Northumberland should pay taxes on a valuation of nine hundred pounds an acre, inasmuch as the duke had valued the land at that sum himself. The rage of the duke, and of all the other dukes, over the temerity of this suggestion was terrible to see.

That was but one example. Lloyd-George had hundreds of them. He insisted, and still insists, that the rich men of England must pay their fair proportion of the expenses of England, and what the Tories say about him is too shocking to think about, even with a fair working knowledge of the American manner of deprecation of public men. When a Tory gets to talking about Lloyd-George he makes any American who hears him blush for very shame over the feebleness of American criticism of political opponents. We are mere amateurs in denunciation. We do not know the possibilities of our own language.

Grinding the Faces of the Rich

IN ENGLAND the rich are more smugly rich than elsewhere, and the poor are more pathetically poor. Ever since he has been in public life this little Welshman, who is easily the most important, the most impressive and the most interesting figure in England's complicated politics, has been unceasing in his efforts to help the poor. His land tax isn't a fact yet, but he has passed other laws—notably the shop act, which helps the clerks both as to wages and as to hours, and the insurance act, which provides for benefits in sickness for a large section of the working classes by taxation on both employer and employed; and his land tax is likely to be worked out eventually. He isn't a single-taxer, as was his American namesake, Henry George. His point is that the vast and practically untaxed property of the aristocracy of England should pay taxes on an adequate valuation, which seems reasonable to everybody but the dukes and earls and their supporters.

Lloyd-George's career is American in its self-madeness. He was born in 1863, the son of a Unitarian schoolmaster, who died when Lloyd-George was a small boy. His mother took her two children to her brother, who was a shoemaker in Llanystymdwy, South Carnarvon, Wales—a bookish shoemaker whose passion was education, and who was a Baptist. The shoemaker undertook the teaching of the boy; and he not only taught him from books but instilled into him that deep religious fervor that marks the Dissenters of Great Britain. Indeed, it is said of George that, if the necessities of earning money for his mother had not intervened, he would have been a preacher; and he frequently goes into the pulpit. The ministers of his sect get no pay, and Lloyd-George had to have money.

The boy was serious, intense, eager to learn; and the shoemaker developed that spirit of revolt against the condition of the working people of his country that has marked his entire public life. His first protest came when he was in school. They forced him to learn the catechism, and he obeyed; but when examination-time came and they asked him questions obnoxious to the religion of the Nonconformists, he organized a boycott among the other boys, all of whom refused to answer the questions and forced the examiners to change the form of inquiry. Presently he was articled to a firm of solicitors and was admitted, and set up practice when he was twenty-two.

The Little Welshman Wins

HE WORKED at newspaper reporting between times, and had no especial success until he was twenty-five or twenty-six, when he led another revolt and became known all over Wales. A quarryman in Llanfrothan, who was a Dissenter, asked, just before he died, to be buried beside his daughter, who lay in the church burial-place. Dissenters had been denied burial in church grounds; but an act had been passed which compelled church authorities to give such burial if desired. A zealous Nonconformist served notice on the vicar of the church under this act, demanding that the quarryman should be buried beside his daughter. This angered the vicar, and he buried the man in church ground—but in that portion of the ground reserved for outcasts, suicides and the unknown dead. There was much indignation. The Dissenters appealed to Lloyd-George, himself a Dissenter, and he advised them to break down the gates of the burial-ground. There came a long litigation, and Lloyd-George became famous. He was elected to the House of Commons a year or so later.

His first speech was a protest against appointing judges in Wales who did not know the Welsh language, and he has been protesting ever since. Early in his career he opposed Gladstone on an important policy, though he was a follower of the Great Commoner. Always a champion of the people he rose gradually until he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer when the present government came in, and became the most important public man in England.

He is a small man, pale, stooping, with intensely black hair and eyes. He perfected himself in public speaking until he is easily the most effective propagandist in the empire. He is not a flowery orator, but he has a great measure of personal magnetism; and his mastery of intricate details is so complete that he makes his subjects of surpassing interest. He gets his audiences in a few minutes and holds them with unvarying success. As we say in America: "He has the punch." He is by far the best politician in his party, just as he is the most popular and the most unpopular—among the dukes and Tories—member of the ministry; and he is a wonder in debate. His chief characteristic is courage, though he can and does compromise skillfully, being as much of a diplomat as he is a fighter. Personally he is a clever little chap with a very human side; but you can't make the dukes and earls think that. He wants them to pay some taxes. Criminal idea of the lower classes! Eh? What?

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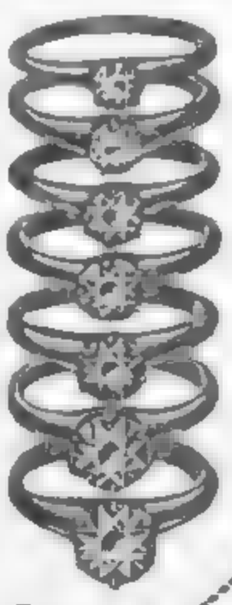

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Sense and Nonsense

The Wind In the Corn

FAR away, far away, some one is going, there—
Some one invisible, rider and horse.
Now a sheaf, now a leaf, tipping and blowing, bear
Naught of his tale to me, only his course.

Riding through lowland corn, riding through highland corn,
Flicking the furrows from seaboard to sea;
Riding through shoreland and river-locked island corn,
Traveler, traveler, who can you be?

Yellow, the sundown; the bright-terraced valley top
Breathes all in silence; and still down the vale,
Far, where the corn-furrows' gold-dappling alleys drop,
Answers the traveler: "Brief is my tale.

"Long have I ridden by cornfield and moorland now;
Out of the bourn of the morning I came—
Ridden the fields where the steeps and the shorelands bow,
Heaped with earth's richnesses. Want is my name."

Yellow, the twilight; the plume-terraced valley lop
Breathes forth its heart from the black, fragrant loam.
Traveler, when will your long, hungry journey stop?
When will the bounty of earth be your home?

Tall stands the corn on the lowlands and highlands now;
Fullfold and fullfold the bottom lands leap
Seaward. The shorelands, the tassel-flocked island's prow,
Wave where close-serried soar prairie and steep.

Thousand-rayed, thousand, the gold-dappling alleys swing;
Comfort me, rock me to peace in their sweep.
Someday, oh, someday, the horseman will hear them sing:
"Drop the rein, traveler! Rest in my deep."

—*Edith Wyatt.*

Pa Jordan's Pay Standards

IN THAT section of West Virginia which is mainly standing on end lives a mountain preacher known as Pa Jordan, who has never stirred from his native hills. In the fall word came to Pa Jordan that a party of Northern men were stopping at a near-by cabin, and that evening he put on his shoes and went over to call on the "furriners" who were spying out coal lands.

As they sat about the log fire Pa Jordan noticed that one of the strangers was wearing glasses and that he used them for reading as well as for other purposes.

"Mister," he asked, "do you wear them specs all the time?"

"Yes."

"Ain't got no other pair?"

"No."

"Well," said Pa Jordan, "it don't seem in nature to have specs that air both fur-lookin' and nigh-seein' at the same time." He pondered over this miracle a moment and then continued musingly: "But, then, times is changin'—they's even changin' up here. I kin remember when you could git a man to work fur you fur four bits a day. Now they won't take less'en a dollar."

One of the party was a famous mining expert, who had been retained to examine and report on certain coal veins at the rate of a hundred dollars a day and his expenses. The man who owned the marvelous glasses pointed to the expert.

"This man gets more than a dollar a day," he said.

"How much do you git, mister?" asked Pa Jordan, turning to him.

"Well," said the expert, "sometimes I get as much as three dollars a day."

"Fur doin' what?"

"For going round and looking at these coal prospects and measuring them."

"You git three dollars a day jest fur lookin' at these here coal banks?" demanded Pa Jordan.

"Yes."

"Well," said Pa Jordan, "all I've got to say is that to earn that much money you must have to work fur into the night."

A Fortunate Parent

IN RURAL Kentucky hopeless idiots are not sent to an institution, there being no institution for them. They are formally awarded into the custody of some one, usually a parent or a guardian, and for the keep of such an unfortunate the state pays one hundred dollars a year. This amount, in certain sections, is regarded as a handsome addition to the family income.

Last summer Judge J. Campbell Flournoy, of Kentucky and New York, was up in the mountains of his native state taking title to coal lands for an Eastern syndicate. In a canoe, with a native to guide him, he was proceeding along a creek that penetrated into one of the wildest and most desolate recesses of the Cumberlands.

They came to a homestead that was infinitely better-looking than any they had seen for days. The house was of clapboards instead of the customary logs, and it was painted. The fences were stout and newly whitewashed. The stock in the barn lot had a well-nourished look.

"Who lives there?" inquired the judge.

The guide told him.

"Judging by the looks of his place," said Flournoy, "he must be a forehanded man."

"He certainly is," said the native. "He's got 'leven children and all of 'em ijiots."

A Mere Slap

A YOUNG lawyer in a Southern town was sitting in his office one day when an old negro who had belonged to the lawyer's father came in and hailed him.

"Mistah Campbell," he said, "Ise done got in a little mess 'count of my ole 'oman, and I wants you please, suh, to come 'long over to de cotehouse and fix it up fur me. It don't 'mount to nothin', but dey is talkin' 'bout swearin' out a writ and sendin' de constables after me."

"What is the matter?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, suh," said the old man, "you know whut a aggervatin' nigger 'oman dat wife o' mine is? Dis mawnin' at breakfus' she kept on argufyin' and 'sputin' wid me ontwell I up and slapped her. Dat's all it is; I des slapped her 'longside de haid once't to correct her."

Leaving the old man in his office, the lawyer crossed to the courthouse. He found that the woman was in a hospital, reported as dangerously injured, and that a charge of assault with intent to kill had been lodged against the husband. He hurried back.

"Now, Uncle Ike," he said, "if you want me to defend you, you've got to tell me the truth about this whole affair. They say your wife is badly hurt—she may not get well. What did you do to her?"

"Mistah Campbell," protested the old man, "I done tole you de truth—I des up and slapped dat 'oman alongside de haid wid my hand."

"With your hand?"

"Yes, suh."

"Was there anything in your hand?"

"Well, suh, since you mentions it," said the accused, "I does seem to recall dat I happened to be holdin' a flatiron in my hand at de time."

The Biting Season

THEY were holding the first rehearsal of a new musical show upon the stage of the new Weber & Fields theater in New York. It was the first time the company had got together and also the first time the new theater had been put to use. Altogether it was regarded along Broadway as considerable of an occasion and the management had invited the press to be present.

The principals were behaving as principals always behave at such a time. The women co-stars were greeting one another with extravagant embraces and resounding smacks; the men were exchanging the correct theatrical handshake.

"Behold them all dwelling together in brotherly and sisterly love," said Acton Davies, dramatic critic for the Evening Sun; "isn't it a refreshing sight? But wait just about two weeks, when the rehearsals are going well or badly—and you won't see all these leading ladies running round hugging and kissing each other then."

"Well," said the press agent reflectively, "they'll still be hugging but they won't be kissing—they'll be biting."

They wear out but they take their time about it.

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TACKLING MATRIMONY

(Continued from Page 23)

"Of course there was other extra expense; we kept a cook for a month, and after that had one of Maggie Denny's little sisters as a sort of assistant cook, nursemaid, dishwasher and errand girl. She was devoted to Kate and the boy, and a great help; yet, because it was her first place and Kate was teaching her things, and also allowed her to study a little in between times, Mrs. Denny said two-fifty a week was 'enough and plenty.'

"Kate's mother was there a good deal at that time. They had begged Kate to go to her mother's home for this occasion, but she had said no—had proudly declared:

"'Sam will take care of me; and I like the idea of the baby coming into his own home.'

"You see that home idea meant much to Kate; and she was so loyal!

"All of Kate's family were shocked that she should insist on Sam for a name, and disgusted that I should insist on Jim. They considered the baby sufficiently aristocratic looking—'rather like our family'—but condemned Jim Sam as a name hopelessly plebeian.

"I don't care; Jim Sam sounds good and honest and American, with some snap and go to it. It ought to make him jump and hustle to have a name like that, and that's what I want him to do.

"We didn't save much money the next few months; but by the twentieth of March, when my seventy-five-dollar note came due, we had the amount ready, besides the twenty-six dollars and twenty-five cents interest money.

"And by careful management we had paid the doctor and nurse and all the little bills, and had kept out of debt for household expenses. It is true I had not gotten a new overcoat and had not bought any clothes, except a good, dark fifteen-dollar suit at a marked-down sale after New Year's.

"Then Kate did not have any new clothes that winter, but she said she did not need them. She devoted a good deal of time to Jim Sam and was as proud of him as could be.

"Jim Sam had been told, if not given to understand, that he, too, must help in this family game. He had the cheapest cradle and little go-cart to be found in the cheapest big store; but he didn't seem to mind at all, and laughed and crowed whenever you looked at him.

"He was such a strong baby, and so jolly! You see we were both young and strong and healthy, had taken life good-humoredly, worked along happily, doing without enough things to keep us toned up and in condition, and feeling constantly encouraged by the way things were working out—all that for overture before Jim Sam joined the family.

"So he had a fine chance, the best possible chance, which every baby deserves. And he came into a home where everything was clean and sanitary, though not fine—and where he was mighty welcome—bless his little old heart!

"Of course things sometimes went wrong and I guess I showed too plainly when I was feeling blue. On one of those days Daddy stopped me as I passed and said:

"'Don't look so glum, Sam! The boss has got you under observation. Liven up and attend to business.'

"I tried to spruce up at that; but it made me feel uneasy, for I had not gotten the raise I had expected in January.

"The next afternoon I saw in the paper the announcement of Dago's engagement to Estelle Westerley, and knew that meant a position with the Westerley people for him and a wedding present to Estelle of a nice little home; the Westerleys had done that for the first son-in-law. I showed the paper to Kate.

"'Your example in matrimony seems to have proved a warning,' I laughed. 'You haven't gotten any of your three couples started yet; in fact, they are farther from it than ever.'

"'Never you mind, sir!' she replied defiantly. 'There are Brains and Bennet left; and if the others can't see what they are missing it is not my fault.'

"Shortly after that I met Bennet one morning, and was going to try him out on the simple married life prospect, but didn't have a chance, for he called as he came up:

"'Hello, Sam—and goodby! I'm going to Seattle tomorrow!'

"'To Seattle!' I exclaimed. 'What do they want with you out there?'

"'Want me to help 'em build up the town. I've got a chance, a rattling good chance—too good to turn down. It came yesterday, and I'm going right off the bat.' Then he told me all about it.

"It was a rattling good chance, from persons who knew him and knew he was a hustler. I did not blame him for going

"'Are you going to take Brains with you?' I asked finally.

"He looked surprised a moment, then said:

"'No, I guess not. She hasn't said anything about it, neither have I.'

"'You didn't expect her to—did you?' I replied.

"'No; nor do I expect to speak to her,' he answered. 'The fact is, Sam, I don't mind telling you she's a nice girl, the nicest kind of a girl; but we don't just hit it off right for partners, life partners. I'm afraid to try it with her—afraid we would get tired. It's nothing against her, you understand. I think she feels that way about me too. There's no sense in two persons marrying just because they are very good friends and their friends think they ought to—is there?'

"I thought of poor Job.

"'No, indeed,' I answered, 'but there are some fools like that.'

"'Isn't that the truth?' he responded fervently.

"'But hurry up, Bennet; every man ought to marry young,' I cautioned.

"'Is it better to marry young and marry the wrong girl, or wait a while and get the right one?' he asked quizzically.

"I retracted at once:

"'Better wait for the right one—if you wait until you're sixty.'

"'Well, I'll find the right one after a while; and then I'll be ready, you bet! I've got eight hundred saved up right now.'

"'Bully for you, old boy!' I replied, slapping him on the shoulder. 'I wish I had saved a little. But I did exactly the right thing, under the circumstances, as it was.' Then I told him how well we had been getting along.

"Brains announced her engagement to Jim on the twenty-ninth of June—Jim Sam's seven-months' birthday—as a tribute to the youngster; for they were both devoted to him. I really think he helped to make the match.

"Brains and Jim were married about six weeks later, in the middle of August—so he could take his vacation time for the wedding trip.

"The wedding was very quiet; and after two weeks at a small mountain resort they settled down to housekeeping in a nice little fifteen-dollar flat, which was the third story—three rooms—of an old house in an excellent neighborhood. There they made their nest of a home, with Brains doing the work; and they seemed almost as happy as we really were.

"That month, a year from the time we bought, I paid the one-hundred-dollar note and the twenty-four dollars interest, and had a little left.

"I had become somewhat discouraged over my salary however; had not had a raise for over a year. I seemed at a standstill, rated and tagged as a ninety-dollar man. That troubled me as well as not getting more money.

"Finally I concluded to speak to Daddy about it—for a superannuated employee he knew more than anybody; there was mighty little that escaped his keen old eyes.

"'Daddy,' I said one day, 'didn't you tell me one day last spring that the boss had me under observation?'

"He nodded—simply nodded—'Yes.'

"'Well, that's discouraging; for I haven't gotten a dollar more salary since,' I continued, trying to speak lightly, but watching him closely.

"'Huh! You oughter be glad you haven't been fired,' Daddy said. 'That's just like the young cubs nowadays; always looking out for more pay, more pay, instead of asking for more work.'

"I had not thought of that, but had done the work assigned me pretty well—very well, I felt.

"'The trouble with too many young married men,' Daddy continued wisely, 'is that they are so taken up with home and wifey and baby they don't think any more about the firm's business than they have to.

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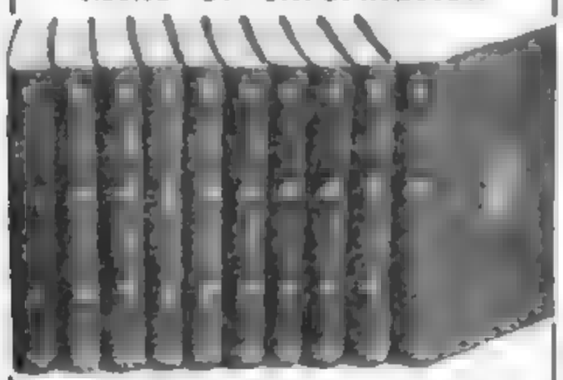

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They don't waste any thought about the firm's getting on; they think only about getting on themselves.'

"For a few minutes that put a crimp into me; I *had* thought more of my own home affairs than of my work those last two years! I hadn't lost any sleep thinking how to make money for the firm or save money for them; how to increase the business or save waste.

"Daddy was watching me keenly and saw how I colored up.

"'You mean,' I finally said, 'that I haven't worn out any gray brain matter in planning ways to improve conditions and get new business—haven't shown any initiative?'

"'Well, you might put it that way,' Daddy agreed with a pleased smile.

"'Then, Daddy,' I blurted out, 'why didn't you tell me? I could have done it if you had.'

"Daddy shook his head.

"'Perhaps you could,' he said; 'but would you? And if so, would it have been *your* initiative after all?'

"Faithful old Daddy, faithful to our employers, had kept quiet—much as he liked me—through all that half-wasted time, to let me show whether or not there was the right stuff in me.

"'What ought I to do, Daddy?' I asked, feeling pretty bad.

"'You'll have to think that out for yourself,' he replied. 'Think twice as much about the business from now on as you have ever done, and then twice as much more after that! Then—take it from me, sonny—you'll get on; and it will be better for you and the family too.'

"I worked harder than ever after that; but I didn't simply work—I thought, thought, thought about my work. I tried to put myself in my employers' place and see how they would look at my work and the business. I tried to see how, with my practical experience, I could suggest improvements to myself and to them, should they ask for suggestions; then, when they didn't ask, I did some suggesting.

"Before long I thought I saw a way to specialize a certain line to advantage with certain customers, and I went to the boss and talked it over. He listened, seemed convinced that I was right and let me try it. The increased sales the next two weeks bore me out.

"Then I suggested another innovation—an exchange, return in four months, of goods unsold still in good condition, goods that proved unsalable in that particular retail shop. They tried that, and by spring doubled their sales to twenty of the small stores, cutting out several of our competitors altogether. The stores we sold to were the cream of the lot, for we gave that exchange privilege only to cash customers. They paid cash for the goods, and if unsold at the end of four months the unsold articles were exchanged under certain conditions for other goods.

"Then I found a young fellow—capable, hustling, with judgment but no capital—who was willing to operate on a reasonable commission basis a bargain outlet store, to work off our left-overs, remnants and shop-worn goods, including exchanges, without expense to our firm.

"By careful figuring I found just how much stuff of that kind we usually lost, and how low we could sell and beat out that loss, making a small profit. I helped the young fellow arrange leaders, and showed him how to make a profit here, cover a loss there, and get business. And this bargain outlet store was all cash too!

"I did not get anything for a lot of extra work in the winter evenings, when I helped the outlet man plan and fix up his store, arrange his stock and work out legitimate selling schemes; but I was anxious my idea should make good—and it did.

"I figured also a debt exchange system, and an advertising scheme—both of which proved good.

"I managed to get these things through by taking them up quietly with the boss at intervals of a few weeks and helping to push each one through as he adopted it. I proposed a few more, which he turned down—not thinking them absolutely fool ideas, but not practical just then.

"I was not exactly surprised when he raised me to ninety-five dollars on the first of January; and when, after getting especially good results from two of my schemes during January and February, he jumped me to one hundred dollars per, maybe I didn't feel good! I could have hugged old Daddy, and told him so.

"He seemed as pleased as I was to see me getting on—pleased for me and pleased for the store. He took as much interest in the house as if he had been a partner.

"'I do hate to see a young fellow going to waste,' he said, 'from lack of hustle and initiative. Go to it, sonny! You've got your start now—push ahead!'

"I took Daddy's advice and pushed. It was hard work of course; but it was worth it.

"Kate understood early in the winter, as I explained it to her; and she never let any of her plans interfere with my work. She became as jealous for my work as some women are of their husbands' work! It's splendid to have a wife that feels that way about it; then she's a—what's that good old word?—helpmate—a sure-enough helpmate.

"I certainly do feel sorry for the man who has even a good, loving wife who can't or doesn't see when she is interfering with the work he has to do and ought to do—a wife who is either too selfish or too blind to help him take his opportunity while he has it.

"Yes, of course I sometimes still got discouraged. I would like to see the man who doesn't—but I wouldn't like to be that man; for if there is any such man he must be without any ambition or try in him. It isn't getting discouraged but staying so that ruins a man.

"We sold our cottage that spring, because we happened to have a chance to sell at a good profit, and built a slightly better one a block away. We sold that the following spring at another two-hundred-dollar profit, when Jim Sam was two and a half years old; funny how a couple will get into the habit of dating everything by the ages of the children, isn't it?

"I had had another increase in salary some months before; and we found, by the time we cashed in our equity in that last cottage and had paid the mortgage, we had on hand, with our savings, about seventeen hundred dollars in cash. We felt so rich it seemed more like seventeen thousand!

"I was getting on at the store, and soon after was raised to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. Kate was as proud and happy over it as I was—prouder and happier if anything.

"After selling we decided to rest that summer, and boarded at a farmhouse in the country on an electric line; I could reach the store from there in fifty minutes. There was nothing especially attractive about the place—they were good, plain people; it was good, plain country board, with good, plain country air, and there was not much to amuse.

"Jim Sam wasn't particular about his amusements however; he was as interested as could be in watching them milk and work in the garden and pull weeds; in playing with the dog and the cats, and the little yellow calf that ran in the front yard; in eating berries and apples and pears and peaches; and in lying on the grass under the shade trees; and—oh, well, in everything that happened; and he wasn't much trouble either.

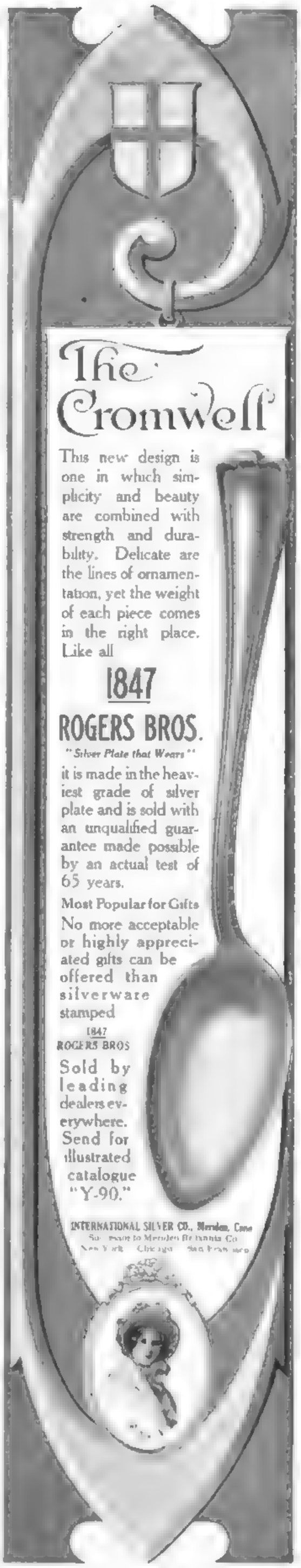
"It wasn't a lively resort—it was just a homelike farmhouse; and the board for the three of us was only sixty dollars a month.

"Kate was free from housekeeping cares and the change was good for all of us. Housekeeping is all right, but a change from it is good for everybody; it gives all a rest, and it should make them more tolerant, keep them from becoming too set in their ways, and make them appreciate home all the more when they get back to it.

"Mary Lula was back that summer on a visit, and Evelyn had us all to dinner one evening to meet her. Evelyn was still unmarried, looking more beautiful than ever, with a fine prospect just ahead. She married him last year and they seem reasonably happy—not so happy as Kate and I, but as happy as most couples.

"Brains and Jim were there, looking prosperous and beaming. Dago was away, and Bennet too; but Howard was on hand—the same old Howard, only a little more elegant, a little more staid, a little more inclined to pose. He is still just that, emphasized a little more—is still a desirable beau.

"Mary Lula was well dressed and talked as much as ever; but there was a restless, strained look in her eyes that did not use to be there. Kate and I, in talking it over, both thought she seemed to be trying to keep her old friends from seeing how miserable she was.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A story from which lot[illegible] but laden with facts

"The physical director of our Club says most of us over-eat—

"That heavy, rich food is not only hard to digest, but dulls the brain and makes the mind logy.

"I hadn't been just right for a while back and it put me thinking, with the result that now my breakfast is generally a bowl of

Post Toasties

served with some rich cream and a sprinkling of sugar—adding a soft-boiled egg and a cup of Instant Postum.

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"We liked it so much at the farmhouse we stayed on all through the next winter and the following summer—fifteen months in all. Our second boy was born there just before Christmas. Yes, we have a second; Bob's his name. He's nearly two years old now, and the finest boy you ever saw!

"What's that? Jim Sam? Oh, well; I guess they both are; so when you think of them one at a time you know he's the finest ever!

"I was getting on well at the store too had kept on that policy of initiative and looking out for their interests, with some good results. They raised me to eighteen hundred dollars last year and seemed to think I was worth it to them.

"Last winter we came back to town and went to housekeeping again in a small house in a good neighborhood we found for twenty-five dollars a month. We are still living there; Kate says she does not mind living in a rented house for a while, now that we can afford to buy one.

"We still keep our living expenses down low and put by a good share of our income. We recently invested our fortune in three good, sound cottages that rent for ten dollars a month apiece, which we will sell when we see a profit.

"This isn't the story of a great fortune, of even a great beginning; but it seems great to us. I wish everybody—all young prospective couples—knew about our experiment and how we worked it out," Sam continued quietly, looking thoughtfully out past the sky-line to the clouds beyond. "It might save them a lot of worry and living beyond their means.

"It might save a lot of failures too—yes, I mean it. I know any number of fellows who just got discouraged and quit because they thought they couldn't make it, couldn't keep up with what their wives wanted, couldn't keep up with the rest. Some of them lost heart, stopped trying and let her parents support them; some got divorces—I mean, let their wives do so.

"It's paralyzing," Sam continued, warming up, "this deadly striving beyond one's means, beyond one's power; it eats up the nerve of a man and his strength. It's like the old inclined-plane churn that the dog had to work—always climbing, climbing, climbing, and never getting anywhere! It's a dog's job, all right; it makes a man lead a dog's life—in spirit, cringing, uncertain; liable to get a kick from fortune any day. And, ten to one, in the end his wife will have to suffer with him."

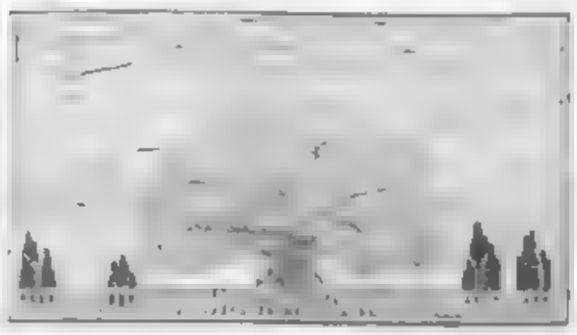
Sam was quiet for some time after that, and as I watched his splendid young face, honest and clean, I admired him more and liked him better than I had ever done. That's the way, often—the better you know a man, the more you see in him to like and admire.

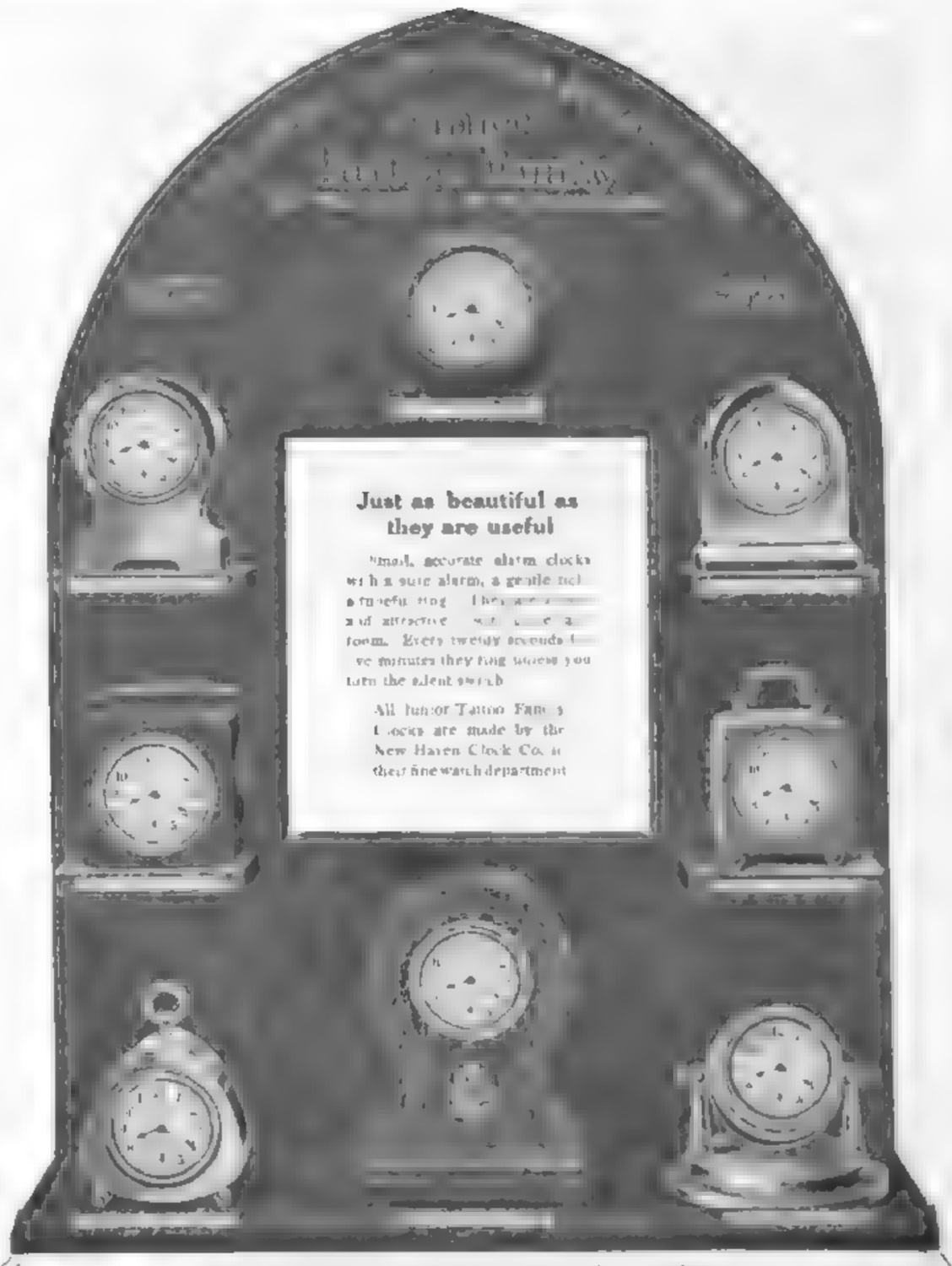
"What does your wife think of poverty marriages, Sam—of experiments in the simple life for girls and youths of culture and position, now that she has tried it?" I finally asked laughingly, to rouse him from his serious meditation.

"What does she? She thinks there is nothing like it; she's a whole simple-life-marriage propaganda all by herself. She says there would be more happy marriages if the girls all followed her example, more early marriages; that then the girls could marry the men they really prefer—instead of the makeshift seconds and thirds, the 'best chances,' which under the old rule are often the only possible chances. And we both feel that early marriages would keep many of the boys from getting spoiled by waiting, as they so often do now.

"Are we satisfied—*satisfied?*" Sam repeated with a slow smile, looking back to the clouds again. "I don't think that is quite the word.

"Kate may be satisfied, but she says she is blissfully happy—and I know I am. We have the finest pair of boys in the country, and Kate is the most loyal soul—the most sensible, the dearest girl you ever saw! Have I told you that before?" he ended quizzically.

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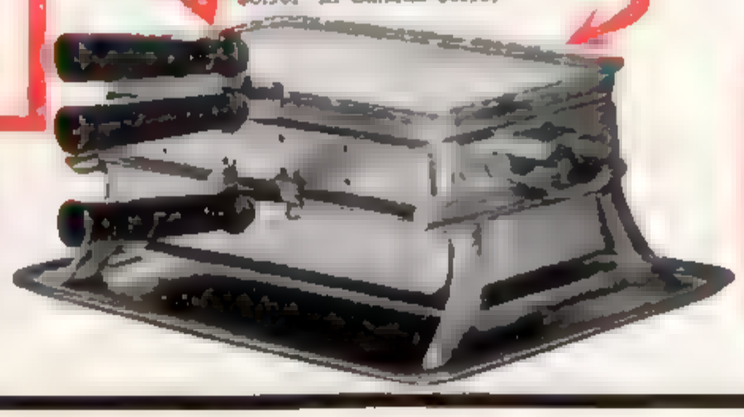

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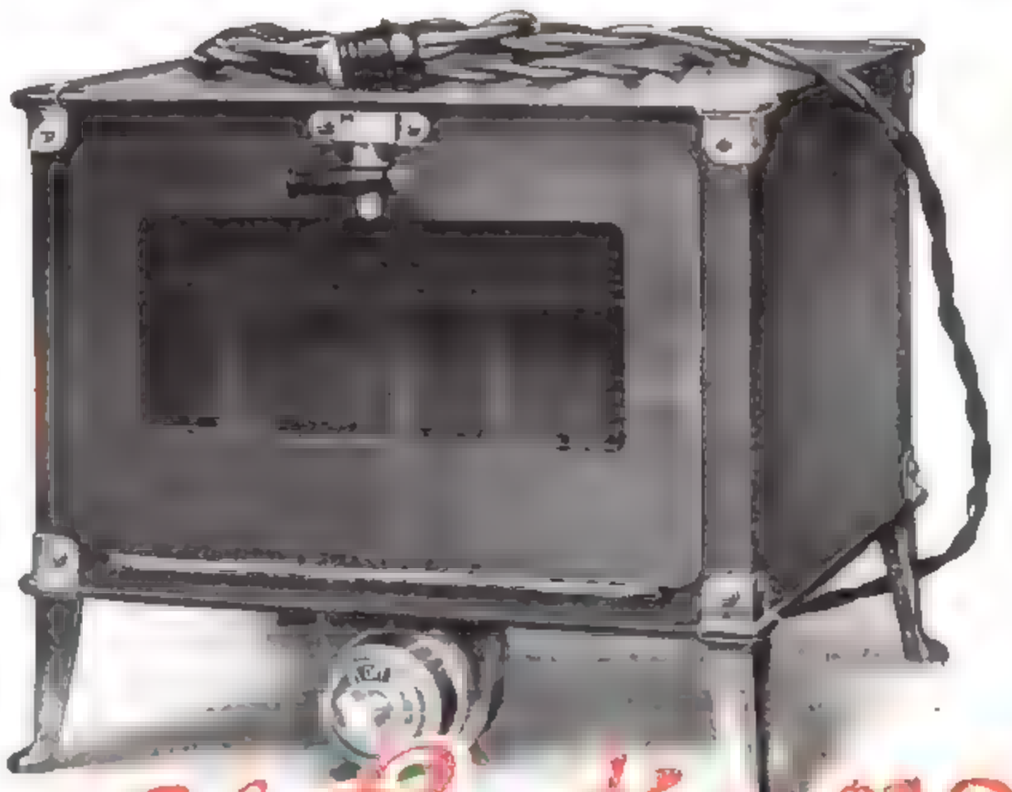

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Use El Bako wherever there is a lamp socket—pick it up and take it anywhere. Just remove light bulb, screw the El Bako plug into place and your oven is ready to use.

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cost—where the rate is 10c per kw. hour it would cost 3½c to bake two large loaves of bread using 350 watt hours as follows—full heat 20 minutes, medium heat 30 minutes. Or if it is a couple of pies—full heat 15 minutes and medium heat 20 minutes, making 250 watt hours,—cost 2½c.

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better food—because of the fireless cooker principle the juices and valuable properties of the food, which would otherwise escape, are conserved. The roast comes out weighing more than if cooked in an ordinary oven.

quick—El Bako combines all of the good points of other methods of baking. It is quick because there are no preliminaries. Simply—*snap*—and the oven begins to heat—*snap*—and the expense is stopped, although the oven remains hot for an hour or so.

slow cooking—for cooking *en casserole* or other styles that require slow heat nothing compares with El Bako on the medium or low heat. The "low" heat gives an ideal warming oven and a cent's worth of current is sufficient to heat it for an hour.

simple—no complications, nothing to learn. Nothing to get out of order, no danger; no fire risk. The grates and heating element can be easily removed so that the interior of the oven can be kept spotless.

guaranteed—the heating element in El Bako is guaranteed against defects and trouble during five years, and we will replace the element free of charge if it burns out within that period.

El Eggo

An Electric Egg Cooker. Boils, poaches, scrambles eggs. May be used right on the breakfast table. A most unique and useful device. Price $9.00. In Canada $11.75.

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Mission Style Electric Chafing Dish. Heavily nickeled—very handsome—always ready. No odor or fumes. No fuel to spill. Price $15.00. In Canada $19.50.

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There are still some communities in which we have no distribution. If interested write us immediately for particulars on our 1913 plans of co-operation with dealers and central station. Something new

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El Tostovo

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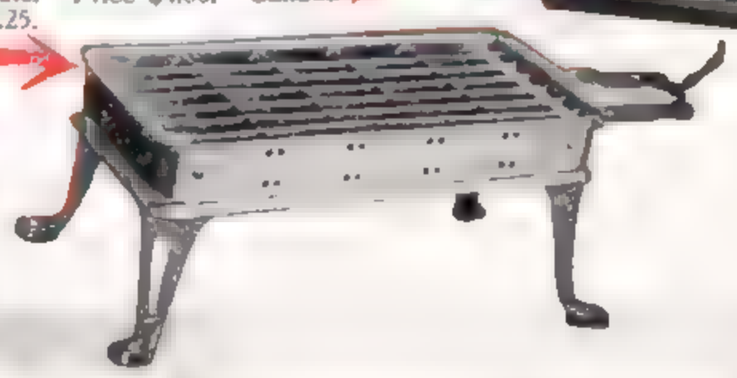

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"BULL" DURHAM
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If you are not a "Bull" Durham smoker, don't you want to learn the "why" of this amazing success?

The contents of that convenient muslin sack—made very plain to give you all the quality in the tobacco—will answer the question. Then *you* will be passing the "good word."

Start today—at the first dealer's you come to.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

CAMPAIGNING FOR A FRIEND

(Concluded from Page 12)

It was beautiful of Cordelia to throw herself with so much enthusiasm into Mrs. Longmere Pierce's campaign; but, after all, why had no one thought of campaigning for Cordelia? It was undeniable that Mrs. Longmere Pierce had a most attractive personality; but so had Cordelia, who was of better family, and prettier, and more stylish, and more clever, and a more flattering representative of the women of their state in every way. Besides all this, she was the wife of the governor and really famous for her conspicuous personal achievements. Had you heard that it was Cordelia who inspired that noble utterance of her distinguished husband: "Strangers shall not butcher my people"?

What had Mrs. Longmere Pierce ever done?

VII

JIM FLEECER met his wife and Cordelia Blossom with grinning enthusiasm at the close of their grand tour, which had been arranged to wind up in the home town where Cordelia, as president of the local Isis Club, had won such endless social honors. He even helped old Aunt Jemimy down from the special car with a throb of joy, for he had not eaten a decent noodle since she had gone with Georgia.

"Lord, girls, I feel like Robinson Crusoe!" he sighed as he tucked the robes round them in his big machine. "How's politics?"

"Splendid!" they both cried with eyes snapping.

"Cordelia's positively the most popular woman in the state!" boasted Georgia happily.

"Georgia's too modest to tell you about herself!" exulted Cordelia. "She has made herself president of the local Isis Club! Everybody is dead in love with her!"

"Of course they are!" heartily agreed Jim, and scandalized three tittering girls on the sidewalk by giving his wife a bearlike hug and a hearty smack.

"The petitions are closed now, Mr. Fleecer," rattled Cordelia gayly. "Every Isis Club member in the state, almost, has signed it, and we want it to go before the legislature on Monday. I hope you have your bill ready?"

"Oh, long ago," returned Fleecer with a chuckle. "It has been framed up and in the hands of the expert retouchers for a week."

"Good!" exclaimed Cordelia. "Then the bill can be put right through and made a law before the first."

"The first of what?" he wanted to know, turning to her slowly.

"Next month," she calmly informed him. "That's the date of the Isis Club convention, you know."

"Why, that's only a week!" he protested, shocked. "The legislature isn't a slot machine."

Cordelia turned on him the widely rounded eyes of an abused child.

"It just has to be done!" she announced.

"I supposed you knew that!" Georgia chided him. "Why else have Cordelia and I been running round like mad?"

"To make it more exciting, I supposed," he chuckled. "Wasn't that it?"

"What a stupid idea!" laughed Georgia, tweaking his ear. "Jim, this is really very important!"

"You must come right home with us to the capital in our private car this very night," insisted Cordelia; "then you can tell whoever it is that they have to hurry! Watt will sign my bill the minute it comes to him, I'm sure. He won't even stop to read it."

"That might help some!" conceded Jim, grinning. "I know Hoggsworth and the boys will be glad to hear it; but that won't help any. Legislative railroading isn't geared so fast."

Cordelia was nonplused and distressed for about one minute.

"Then it simply has to be geared up!" she decided. "This bill must be a law on the very day of the Isis Club convention, and you and Watt have to see to it—that's all! We've done our part."

"All right, boss!" agreed Jim, but without much animation.

He was silent for the rest of the drive and silent after they had arrived at home. He locked himself in his den the minute Aunt Jemimy headed for the kitchen. It was about five minutes before dinner when a loud whanging on a never-used Japanese gong brought the women running to his most sacred sanctum. They had been worried during this intensely silent hour, but now they were laughing.

"What is it?" they demanded breathlessly. "How will you do it?"

"Simple little trick," said Jim nonchalantly. "Do you suppose the Colonel will recall his veto if we make your fifty-million-dollar Isis Club speedway an amendment to the Hoggsworth Bill?"

VIII

THE radiant Cordelia found Governor Watterson Blossom waiting for her in the big library when she came home on the night of the first.

"I have been trying to get you by 'phone since three o'clock this afternoon, my dear," he told her as he handed her wraps to her maid. "I wanted to be the first to tell you the good news."

"That's so dear of you, Watt!" she smiled up at him. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were sparkling.

"Others may have congratulated you," the Colonel went on, "but no living human being could rejoice so earnestly in anything that pleases you as your still devoted suitor." And he gallantly kissed her hand. "My dear, your speedway bill is now a law!"

"Thank you, Watt!" she delightedly replied, feeling her fevered cheeks. "This has been a day of tremendous triumph for me! We had an extremely animated session tonight—and I was elected president of the State Federation of Isis Clubs. The office was forced on me."

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester.

THE CUB

(Continued from Page 15)

of hair and clear brown eyes was so extravagantly, daringly, almost mysteriously beautiful that the Cub, brought to a sudden stop, remained on one leg a moment before it.

"The tournament," he said, recovering, "is it over?"

She nodded. In the depths of her brown eyes a little devil like a golden dot danced discreetly. The Cub, in truth, presented a singular appearance. He had no hat now—which was his sole redemption, in that it left his boyish, waving hair to view, and his make up was scandalous.

"Where can I get the scores—the results? I represent the Star."

The little golden devil danced a jig, then abruptly was still, examining him intently. The Cub was an eager young man just then; there was a fine animation to his face and in his eyes a candid hunger.

"Why, I'll give them to you," she said. The timbre of her voice was warm and harmonized with her brown eyes. "I saw it all. I played, you know. I won the Women's Coast Championship," she added confidentially.

There leaped instantly to the Cub's mind a vision of a beautiful story he could write about the winning of the Women's Championship. Then they sat down on a bench beneath an oak tree.

The girl now looked long at her shoes. They seemed to amuse her.

"May I ask," she said at length, "if that is your horse—the little black one there?"

"Yes; it's my horse."

She looked again at her amusing shoes.

"And do you always do your details on horseback, without saddle or bridle?"

"I stole that horse," he said boldly—"stole it to get to you."

"Ah!" she exclaimed vaguely as though it were quite the custom to come to her on stolen horses without saddles. "And did you—did you fall into a puddle?"

"It wasn't a puddle—it was a river. I swam it to get to you."

"Very well," she said. There was in her cheek a slight ripple. Not a dimple, but the ghost of one—the ghost, the spirit, the soul, of a dimple. "Very well; since you have been so resolute I shall give you the results of the tournament."

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THEY are: 1st, a straight or blunt feed tube; 2nd, ink evaporating in the feed tube after you stop writing; 3rd, heated air that expands and goes up.

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First the Cub had to go into the writing room of the hotel to steal stationery—for his copy paper by that time was papier-mâché. Meanwhile she must have gone into the kitchen or the dining room, for when he returned he found her feeding white lumps of sugar to the little black horse.

They came back to the bench: she sat demurely near him and gave him an account of the tennis tournament; and then told him how she had won the championship by standing up to the sly cross-drives of that horrid Miss Curlew and smashing them to smithereens at the net. The Cub, during the narrative writhed a little with enthusiasm; in his mind, a perfect and glowing edifice, rose the structure of what he would write about that.

They sat a while together afterward in the slanting, soft sunlight. The Cub, for the first time, was discovering that his lot was hard. "Get the thing, and then come back!" Mike O'Flanigan had said. Obedience to the first half of this advice had been fun; the second part was proving a tremendous nuisance. They sat there together in an atmosphere of dream and old-gold dust. They said little—little sentences that came far apart, made up of words with slight dictionary meaning, and yet which, heavy with a mystic significance, plumped into a sea of silence with a rippling sound like a harp's. Once in a while his glance fell into the clear brown depths of her eyes, and then he said nothing at all for a long while. But all the time something tolled within him like a muffled bell: "You've got to go, Cub—you've got to go!"

A small incident happily came to the support of his sense of duty.

"What are these men," she said—"these men coming on horses?"

The Cub gave one look at the men coming on horseback and vanished silently behind the oak. His whisper came from behind, as if from within the bark of the tree: "Goodby! Goodby!" Then he was gone into the small woods that descended into the gulch. When the men arrived, at a gallop, they found a little black horse sagely munching the top of his post, and a young woman on a bench, who regarded them with enigmatic and haughty languor.

The Cub followed the gulch until it came to the road, and followed the road until it became the Appleville main street. At the first store—the Appleville Drug Store—several vehicles were waiting, the horses tied with noses against the high board sidewalk; among these was a rakish buggy to which two shaggy three-year-olds were loosely harnessed. The Cub unhitched calmly, got in and drove leisurely away. He had reflected that the railroad was possibly still blocked by the wreck, and that it was a surer maneuver to make for the station of the parallel and rival railroad a few miles away.

Once out of sight, he drove very fast. The buggy lurched, the harness rattled. He reached the station, rehitched the horses to the nearest post, and boarded the train that conveniently came along a few minutes later. When he arrived at the ferry he found the cars standing in immobile file as he had left them. He ran all the way up to the paper, so that he was panting as well as triumphant when he burst into the inner sanctum. He wanted to wave his copy in the air and shout; but he waved nothing in the air and did not shout; for, most evidently, no one was giving the least attention to him.

The city editor, calm but tense, was conferring with three of his men. These turned away soon and went out with the air of being on an important mission. The city editor called three more men, conferred, sent them out in the same way; then three more. Finally the Cub was able to approach. "I've got it!" he said with some emphasis, though not at all in the tone he would have used at first.

"Got what?" said the city editor without looking up.

"Why, the results—of the tennis tournament."

"Give it a brev."

The Cub stood still, nonplused.

"Give it a brev.," the editor repeated, with some asperity; and the Cub went out very fast into the reporters' room. "What's a brev.?" he asked of Mike O'Flanigan.

"Brev.? Brevities! In the brev. column! Write about six lines."

Six lines! All the way back on the train the Cub had been polishing mentally the story of the winning of the Women's Championship. He took up a copy of the Star

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Look at that elastic collarette that snuggles up around the neck and keeps out the cold. Look at that shoulder, reinforced with a narrow strip of cloth running across the wale to prevent stretching and dropping down. Look at that improved, firmly knit cuff which hugs the wrist and won't flare, and note that example of thorough workmanship in the waistband. *There's* extra value for your money, plain as daylight, and these are only a few of the many superiorities of this bang-up men's underwear.

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now and counted the words that appeared in a line—about seven. Six times seven, forty-two! Forty-two words to tell how Miss Gladys Hunt had won the Women's Championship!

Mike O'Flanigan was now behind him, whispering consolingly.

You see, there's hell to pay! The mayor gets murdered at the ferry; we've been fighting the police—we don't hear about it for hours. There's a wreck on the B. O. L.; we're fighting that road—and we hear nothing about that wreck. Casey the desperado, has broken out of the state prison; we've been fighting the warden—we hear nothing about that. We're about three hours behind on these three stories and probably getting scooped by the other papers. All our men are out on them now; the stuff will be coming in by the pailful—and a tennis tournament cuts little ice today. Don't you care!" His eyes, as he said this, fell upon the Cub and he changed tone abruptly. "What's happened to you? What's the matter with your clothes?"

"Oh, it's the river," said the Cub negligently. "I had to swim it after the train was wrecked—to get to the tennis tournament."

Mike O'Flanigan sat down. He shut his eyes and gulped. When he reopened his eyes it was to fix them upon the Cub with a look of weakness, of awe and reproach.

"For Heaven's sake!" he whispered. "For Heaven's sake!" He became suddenly alert. "Sneak! Run! Scoot!" he hissed. "Go to your room and change your clothes before any one sees. And say nothing about anything. We'll keep it to ourselves. Sneak, run, scoot; change your clothes!"

The Cub sneaked, ran and scooted. When he returned, his clothes changed, he found the financial editor more calm. Mike pumped him shrewdly about the wreck and, when he had drawn from him the story of the wager and the loose spikes, began to smile.

"Maybe we won't keep the thing to ourselves after all," he said. The more he thought, the more he smiled. "We've been looking long for just such a story about the B. O. L. Gee! Won't that fix them? Won't that fix them!" Rubbing his hands he went into the inner office.

Through the glass door the Cub could see him engaged with the city editor in what seemed a delicate negotiation. Finally the city editor called the Cub.

"Write that about the loose spikes, the farmer and the manager," he said.

The Cub went out and wrote. When he had finished he felt rather important and, coming in, said to the city editor:

"If that story is interesting I have another one that may be. I saw the stabbing of the mayor at the ferry. I was only a few feet away."

He had time to see the city editor, the assistant city editor, the financial editor, two copy readers staring at him in a mixture of admiration and consternation; then was rushed back to the typewriter.

When he got through with this he said: "I have something else that may be interesting: I met Casey, the escaped convict, and stole his horse."

Again he was hustled to a typewriter. When he had finished this he said:

"Now I had better write up the tennis tournament, hadn't I?"

The city editor seemed to reflect a long time. Then he said:

"I'll tell you. I've changed my mind about that. It's worth a longer story. Write two columns about that tennis tournament."

The Cub did, with gusto and with joy—two paragraphs about the men and sixteen about Miss Gladys! When, the next day, though, after a feverish hunt through the twenty pages of the Star, he found the story at last, it had shrunken mysteriously to a brev.—a brev. in which Miss Gladys was not even mentioned.

He asked the financial editor about it. Mike O'Flanigan said:

"You see, there was so much important news last night that this did not cut much ice; so they cut it down."

"But why didn't they mention the winner of the Women's Championship?"

"I don't know. Who was it?"

"Miss Gladys Hunt."

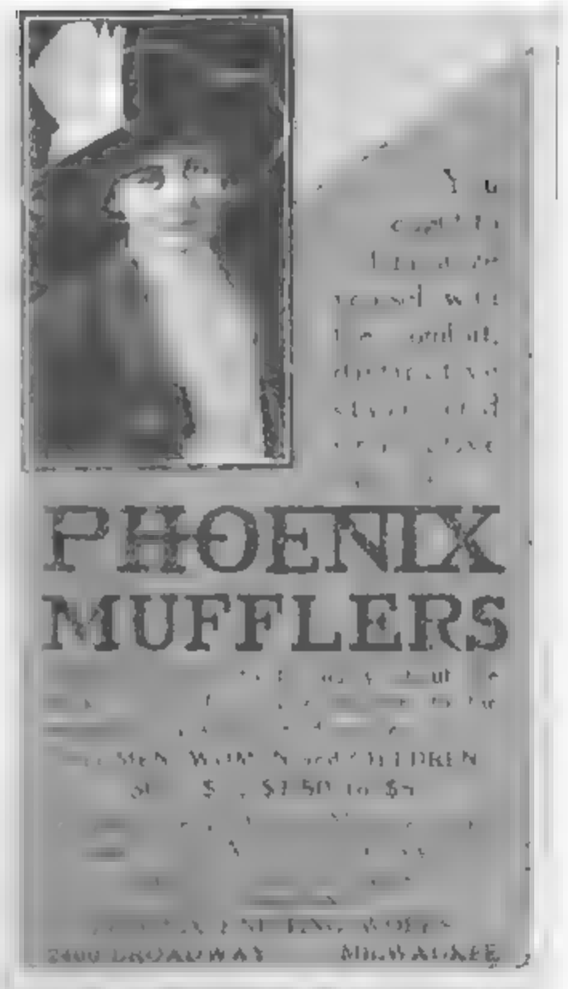
"Miss Gladys Hunt!"

"Yes; Miss Gladys Hunt."

"Don't you know who she is?"

"No."

"She's the daughter of the proprietor of this paper. Her name never appears in print, you know!"



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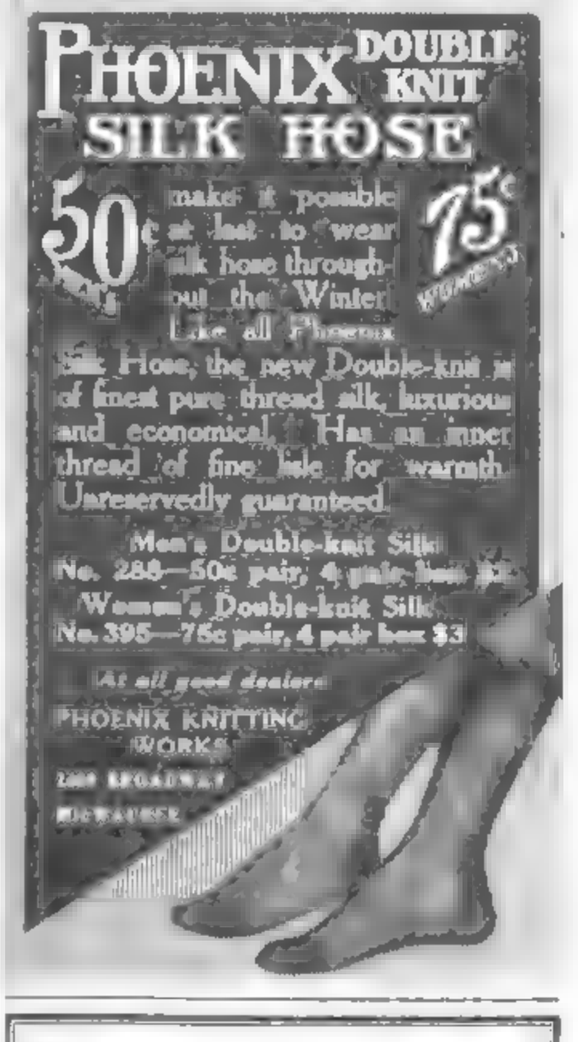

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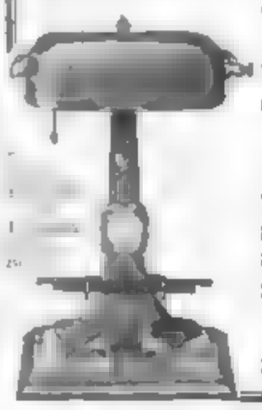

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Cinderella Upside Down

By CORINNE LOWE

A Woman Who Was a Wage-Earner in Spite of Herself

IT WAS not until they seized our three trunks for an unpaid boardbill that the idea of getting to work ever entered my mind. When it did I said over and over to myself, "I've got to earn my own bread," in the same tone with which another girl might have whispered, "I'm to become the sultan's bride." Indeed it was a fantastic idea for anybody brought up as I had been.

My family was a traditionally wealthy and prominent one and, though father, skimping along on his three thousand a year, was notoriously its poor member, we all firmly believed that by the time I was ready to be introduced to society he would have made a million. I was, therefore, not prepared for any kind of work. My education, in fact, was of the skimpiest, for my parents did not believe in blighting a girl with bookish notions.

As a result, I was sent to cosmetic schools—schools where they put on your knowledge instead of bringing it out. From the time I was seven until I was seventeen I received a finishing at several fashionable establishments, was lightly powdered with French verbs, touched up with history, and rouged with a dab of pianoforte. Yet I had decided talent for both drawing and music and, with the right sort of training, doubtless could have reached a point of professional skill.

To make my early discipline even more stingy, I had not had any of the domestic atmosphere that gives many girls, otherwise as foolishly brought up as I, a certain invaluable poise. The fact is that father and mother and I had never lived in a house; not being able to afford an establishment in the fashionable part of the city we had done the next best thing and boarded there.

I was about nineteen and had just decided that my first ball gown should be of sea-green, with silver trimmings, when father's business began to wabble. Instead of having a suite this year, mother and I lived in a single room; and when summer came father's remittances were so delayed that we never got out of the city until July. Mother and I, sitting round in our silk negligees and Turkish slippers, were very indignant at father, and very critical of a Providence that withheld sea-breezes and good times from us.

Then, after two years of anxiety and humiliation, of bickering with landladies and of dressing from the bargain counters, the crash came. Father's business went absolutely to pieces. He had no hope of recovering himself and—old man as he already was—we foresaw that he would have trouble in getting even the smallest salaried position.

Worst of all, we were owing at this time for three months' board; and when we attempted to leave the house the landlady seized our three trunks.

We Move Without Our Trunks

"Why, Mrs. MacAlpine," remonstrated I with the burly figure that opposed our passage through the hallway, "you surely can't mean you're going to seize our trunks?"

"Why not?" she replied, glaring at me. "I guess you're no better than any other dishonest people!"

Aflame with indignation at the rapacity of a woman who tried to get what belonged to her, mother and I walked out of the house. When we did so, our sole worldly assets were a valise of toilet articles, an oil portrait of my great-great-grandfather, who had been one of Washington's generals, and four hand-illumined coats-of-arms borne by various branches of my family. To add to our feeling of desolation we had not a single friend or relative to whom we could appeal, for during the financial trials of the past few years we had let drop, one by one, the associations of more prosperous times. In spite of all this it was characteristic of us that we engaged a new room in the fashionable residential section at five dollars a week.

"I simply won't go into a common part of town!" my mother announced. "It would kill me to be thrown with all sorts of working people." Needless to say I agreed with her thoroughly on that point.

One thing at least however had become clear to us; and when I said that first day of the catastrophe, "I've got to work," I was only reading out loud something that had been written on both our minds all through these last horrible hours.

"But what shall you do?" asked my mother faintly.

Ah, that was indeed a question! How was a girl who had never been brought up to do a single useful thing going to support herself and perhaps her mother? It was exactly as though Fate had said to some brittle-legged little lapdog: "Here, doggums, suppose you join this team of Alaskan sledgedogs, and pull like sixty."

A Call on the Curious Clem

Well, well, the only answer to the problem seemed being a shopgirl. Selling ribbons at five dollars a week was one thing that even I might master. True, the idea filled me with horror. To stand long hours behind a counter, waiting on people as snippy as I myself had been, to get up early and come home late, to sell where it was my right to buy—ugh! how I shuddered at such a prospect. Besides, how would a shopgirl's wage pay even the rent of our fashionably situated room? Brought to a standstill by this question I resolved to hunt up Clem Rodgers and ask for her advice.

Clem is the one boarding-school friend I have kept up with these past few years. She is also the one great curiosity of my life—stranger to me than the fish that blooms like a flower, or the flower that barks like a dog. Clem works because she wants to work!

Instead of staying at home in a beautiful old colonial dwelling, with an automobile one afternoon and a game of bridge the next, she coops herself up all the year round in a hall bedroom and slaves on a newspaper for eighteen dollars a week.

When I reached the top of Clem's four weary flights of stairs on this particular day of which I speak I found Clem herself on the landing. She was dressed in her usual uniform—a battered old beaver hat and a new, shiny book—and she seemed in a great hurry. At sight of her my lip began to tremble—I think because I remembered how she had known me all through the years when I was a crown princess waiting to come into my kingdom.

"Oh, Clem!" I cried, and could not say another word.

"Why, you poor child!" said Clem in alarm, and she drew me back into her little bedroom. "What is the matter?"

"Father's business has failed—he'll never be able to make a cent—I've got to get to work. I ——" Here I burst into a wild sob.

"Well, well," replied Clem soothingly as she put an arm about me, "what if you do have to work? It'll be the best thing in this world for you. It'll give you some interest in life besides powdering your nose."

I was used to Clem's eccentric theories and I knew there was no use contradicting them, so I just sat there mopping my eyes and looking at her in mournful silence.

"But," I said at last, "what am I going to do?"

Clem moved off from me a little and looked at me just as she might have looked at the rabbit on her college dissecting table.

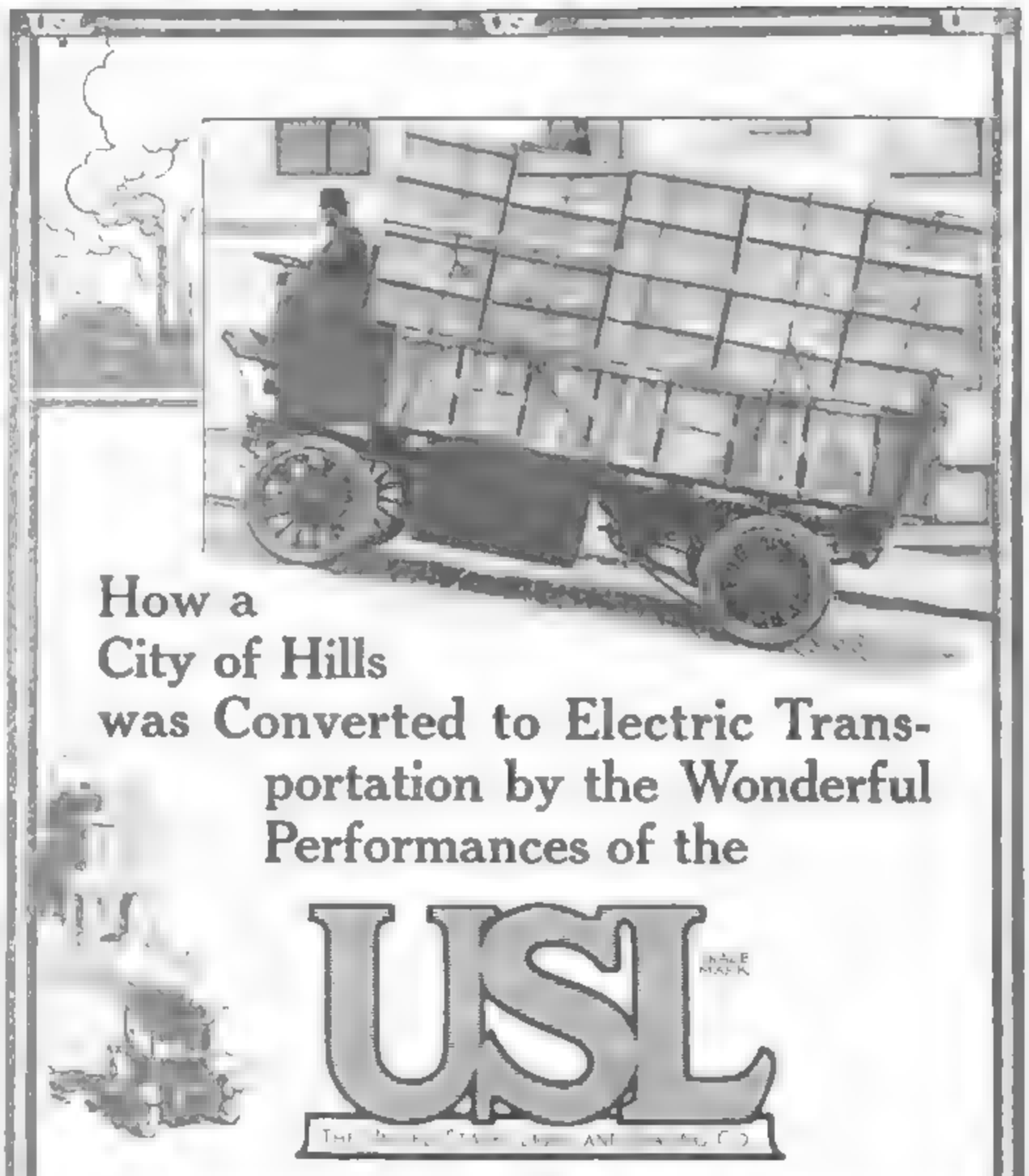
"Let me see," said she in a kind of laboratory voice. "Age, twenty-two; type, lingerie and pretty; antecedents, hammock and a novel; brain, papier-mâché with a few French knots! No," she admitted; "it isn't promising." A moment later she jumped up from the chair into which she had fallen. "I have it," she cried. "You can do that—hands down."

"Do what?" I asked, trembling all over.

"Why, be our assistant society editor. There is a vacancy now—pays ten dollars a week. I'll fix it up for you to see the editors, and you come down tomorrow."

"But I can't write," protested I in dismay.

"Write!" she echoed scornfully. "Who's talking about writing? All you have to do



How a City of Hills was Converted to Electric Transportation by the Wonderful Performances of the

USL

Storage Battery

Pittsburgh is known as one of the hardest communities in the country on electric vehicles. Two or three years ago transportation by this means was regarded as impracticable in that city on account of the hills and general traffic difficulties.

The people had to be shown. The **U-S-L** Storage Battery did it. By its remarkable power maintenance and sustained voltage capacity it *proved* to Pittsburgh that, with the *right* battery, electric transportation is the economical, dependable and clean method for either commercial or pleasure uses.

The result was that last year hundreds of electric vehicles were sold in the Smoky City and 75 per cent. of them were equipped with **U-S-L** Batteries. In spite of the number and steepness of the hills and rough streets, these batteries are giving 65 to 70 miles on a charge, with far longer life than the ordinary battery gives under such extreme conditions. Users consider that **U-S-L** Batteries are about 25 per cent. more efficient than any other battery on the market.

This Pittsburgh story is one of the greatest reasons in the world why you should *specify* that your electric truck or pleasure car be equipped with **U-S-L** Batteries. On all renewals, get **U-S-L** plates. A battery that makes good on hills makes good on the level.

U-S-L Service Co-operation

insures maximum working efficiency of all **U-S-L** products through constant co-operation by experts working from eight service stations located in principal cities. Spare parts in stock at these points.

Note the Coupon. Fill it out and Send it in for information

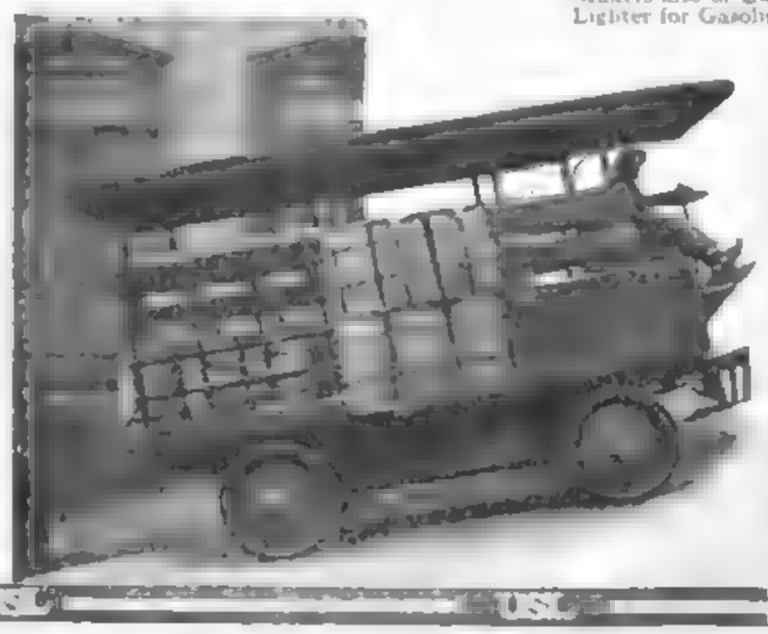
The U. S. Light & Heating Company

General Offices: **30 Church St., New York** *Factory:* **Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

Branch Offices and Service Stations:

Chicago, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis

Makers also of **U-S-L** Electric Starter and Lighter for Gasoline Automobiles



SEP 11-30 12

The U. S. Light & Heating Co.
30 Church St., New York

Gentlemen—Please send me the U-S-L Booklet as checked below

1. Power for Electric Vehicles—Pleasure and Commercial.
2. Electric Light for Railroad Cars.
3. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Stationary Service.
4. U-S-L Storage Batteries for Independent Electric Lighting.
5. U-S-L Electric Starter and Lighter for Automobiles.

(NOTE—With the bulletins will go forward the U-S-L Book Illustrating and describing the U-S-L facilities, service and products.)

Name

Address

City State

A Carbon Copy as Readable as it was Nineteen Years Ago

Send for a FREE Trial Sheet of MultiKopy (good for copying 100 letters)

Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons are guaranteed to give 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

A COPY of a letter, made 19 years ago with black MULTIKOPY carbon paper, was recently brought out as evidence in a lawsuit. It was as legible as the day it was made; just as legible as your records will be 25 years hence, if you make them with

TRADE MULTIKOPY CARBON PAPER

MultiKopy will make 20 clean, distinct copies at one writing; and *one* sheet will make copies of 100 letters. Compare the smoothness of MultiKopy with the uneven surface of any other carbon paper, you will understand why every character of every letter is MultiKopied with uniform, even distinctness.

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.
Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh

Use Plenty of Butter for that Noon Lunch

Wives and mothers, the noonday meal is the one you dread to prepare. It is the "pick-up" meal of the day, and made of the "left-overs." The man of the house is off downtown, but the children come in "starved to death." Plenty of ***MEADOW-GOLD BUTTER***—that is the life-saver for them. Watch their enjoyment as they eat this appetizing, nourishing butter. There is nothing better to make them hale and hearty—nothing better for you, either.

Meadow-Gold Butter is made only from pure, rich, pasteurized cream. No butter can be purer or more wholesome. Three times wrapped to preserve it. Sent to you in sealed cartons.

Distributing Branches in Principal Cities

To Dealers:
Dealers find their customers quick to distinguish between Meadow Gold Butter and ordinary butter. It brings permanent customers. Write for address of nearest distributing house.

Address:
East of the Mississippi River,
THE FOX RIVER BUTTER CO.
Chicago, Ill.

West of the Mississippi River,
BEATRICE CREAMERY CO.
Lincoln, Neb.

on this job is to woo photographs from the real society folks and shoo photographs from the would-be ones—that and a little bit of gathering news about Mrs. Van Slim's! I tell you it doesn't require a single bit of brains."

In spite of this comforting assurance, I was trembling a little bit when I sought next morning the editorial offices of the Courier; and I felt extremely foolish when I told that young sub-editor that I wanted a position. It seemed to me that his shrewd, amused gray eyes could see to the very bottom of my incompetent self.

"Huh!" he said briskly when he had heard me falter my request. "You've never been in an office, you say?"

"No," responded I very humbly.

"Then please take my advice and don't try it. You're not the sort of girl for business. Why, you wouldn't last for a minute knocking at doors where you're not wanted getting out copy."

"Copy?" interpolated I with wondering eyes. "I thought all newspaper work was original!"

Yes, I said just that; and as I look back on it I always envy that young newspaperman. The dry toast of daily applications is so seldom buttered by any such cream of ingénue as that. Yet he behaved with the utmost self-control, as he explained to me that copy was only a technical term used in newspaper offices.

"Copy," he concluded, allowing himself at last the luxury of a little smile, "is one newspaper mannerism you'd soon get accustomed to; but there are a whole lot of others a girl like you would find troublesome. How, for instance, will you like to sit round in a smoky, free-and-easy atmosphere with a lot of men in their shirt-sleeves? And what will you think when you have to stay down here until late in the evening?"

Afraid to Go Home in the Dark

"How late—how late do you mean?" I asked rather faintly.

"Oh, when there's any feature stuff it may be eight—nine—even eleven before we let you off."

That ended it. If he had told me one of my daily duties would be to address a mob of revolutionary soldiers or to take provisions down a mine-shaft, I could not have been more decisive.

"Of course," said I, rising, "that would never do. I've never been allowed to be out on the streets after dark. Mother doesn't think it's proper." And with a little bow I went out the door.

Outside, in the dark cobwebby corridor, Clem pulled me by the arm.

"Well," she cried impatiently, "did you get it?"

"I didn't want it," said I haughtily; "and I'd like to know what you meant, Clem Rodgers, by not telling me that I'd have to sit round with men in their shirt-sleeves and go home by myself after dark!"

She let go of me in angry bewilderment.

"You don't mean to say," she gasped, "that you've refused a ten-dollar-a-week job when you're starving, just because you're too nice to do a little nightwork. Now, what will you do?"

"I don't know!" said I stubbornly.

She did not say anything, but took me by the arm and pushed me into an elevator. Then, as we went together out into the street, I turned and said:

"What's his name?"

"Whose name?" snapped Clem.

"The editor I just saw. He's an awfully cute fellow," I commented. "Do you ever go out with him?"

Clem roared as though her paw had been caught in a trap.

"Go out with him! Of course not, you silly little fool! I look on those men in the office with about the same tender and sentimental regard that I bestow on a revolving oak chair."

It did seem to me too bad that college and a career had made Clem so unfeminine.

Well, Clem was very angry with me—most unreasonably angry. She refused to answer my questions. She refused to be conciliated; and when she parted from me a few moments afterward she said witheringly:

"Well, when I hear of some nice job adjusting doilies, with hours between ten and three, and with two hours off for lunch, I'll call you up."

It was mean of her, but I knew very well that Clem was too good-hearted to desert me for long. Sure enough, the very next morning the telephone rang and Clem's voice fairly bubbled and ran over the receiver.

"Say," she said, "I've got the very thing for you now—assistant advertisement writer at Porlick & Jones' department store, salary about fifteen dollars a week to start with. I've arranged with Miss Gibson, the head writer, to see you tomorrow morning."

"Write advertisements!" I gasped. "Why, I can't write."

"You can do anything you make up your mind to. Those little jingles and kids' stories you showed me were great."

"Yes," I wailed; "but I have to be just in the right mood."

"Nonsense!" cut in Clem. "Writing's an overalls job now. You go to see Miss Gibson."

I did not, of course, dare disobey Clem a second time; so the next morning at ten I presented myself at the advertisement offices of Porlick & Jones. As I was ushered in I heard a woman's voice saying over the 'phone: "Yes; please set that ad in forty-two point." A moment after the owner of the voice had risen to receive me. She was a tall, handsome blond woman of not more than thirty, and very beautifully gowned. Her frock was of the most exquisite clinging silk and she wore at throat and wrists the daintiest, snowiest of frills. Yet, somehow, she did not look one bit softer for all these soft feminine things. It was exactly as though you bound a business ledger in fine white vellum and set the entry—"5000 steel rails at $50 each"—in beautiful hand-illumined script.

"Well, Miss DeMar," she commenced in a rapid, not unkind voice, "Miss Rodgers tells me you want to join our advertising force. I know, of course, that you are inexperienced; but you will soon get over being that. What we are looking for is some one who will take a real interest in our organization. We can get lots of brilliance in this world, but genuine loyalty is hard to find. Do you understand what I mean?"

Overwhelmed with the feeling that there lurked in me not the tiniest germ of a captain of industry, I nodded my head.

"Very well, then," said she. "We will give you a trial of three weeks at fifteen dollars a week. If you make good, of course your salary will be raised. You can start in right away? Very good then; let us say tomorrow at nine o'clock."

A Bright Outlook Ahead

When I got out into the street my head was spinning with triumph. How easy it was, after all, to make money! How silly I had been to think of selling ribbons—I who had walked right into a good salary like this! Why, in a little time I might be making twenty-five—even thirty—dollars a week, and in a little more time I should probably be dressing as beautifully as Miss Gibson herself! I could hardly wait to tell mother the joyous news.

As for mother, she was as delighted as I. Neither of us had the slightest fear that I could not make good; and determined, like the true Choctaws we were, to provide nothing for the future, we promptly engaged board across the street from our room at five dollars each. This, with the five we were already paying for the room, completely used up my promised wage.

When I arrived at Porlick & Jones' the next morning I found Miss Gibson already there. She was dictating to a stenographer; and as, sitting down beside her, I listened to that flow of business details, I felt more than ever like the little poodle dog whose lot has been cast with sturdy sledgedogs. Here was a woman to whom business was the breath of life. How could I ever hope to become like her? In a moment that big salary, those beautiful clothes of which I had dreamed yesterday, seemed very far away.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," I heard Miss Gibson say at last, and knew that she was addressing me. "Now," she said, coming over and sitting down beside me, "I'll explain what we want. You are to help me out with advertising the women's departments. The things you will probably handle first are waists, children's wear, trimmings and ——"

She was interrupted here by a cloud of white stuff which floated through the doorway and from which presently unraveled himself a small shrewd-looking man.

"Hello, Miss Gibson!" said this apparition familiarly. "These are the waists I've been promising you. Beauts—aren't

they? Three thousand I'm having for Friday's selling—every one to sell at two-fifty! Think of that, will you!—waists I've sold out of stock for eight and twelve dollars!"

Miss Gibson's face became radiant, alight, transfigured. She looked as another woman might when told that her love had come back from the wars. Her voice became a sort of cooing click.

"Good!" she cried, holding up one of the waists before her. "You ought to go ahead of last year's figures with these." Then, remembering my presence, she interposed: "Miss DeMar, I want to present Mr. Kauffman, our waist-buyer. Mr. Kauffman, this is the young lady who will handle your advertising for a while."

It was my first inkling that there were any buyers in a store except the customers. In the next few days, however, I became thoroughly accustomed to this truth, as well as to many others more strange and curious. They were, in fact, rather pleasant—those next few days—in the same way that one of Haroun-al-Raschid's incognito trips must have been. After a fashion, too, I was fitted for this work among merchandise, for all the years when I had pressed my nose longingly against the shop counters, when I had snooped among bargain counters in order to dress like a society woman, had made me rather a good judge of values. At any rate Miss Gibson seemed pleased with my progress.

The Instincts of a Dahlia

After about a week, however, the agreeable sense of adventuring in strange places wore off. I became conscious that the strange places were in reality my life's prison. I fretted at the necessity of being at a given place at a given time. I fretted above all that I, with my birth and traditions, should be serving where I had a right to be served. For the thousands of toilers about me I had little if any feeling. They, I thought bitterly, were born to that position. They were not DeMars.

The most irritating thing about my whole day was that I had to be in the office whether I was working or not. My work was nearly all finished before lunchtime and there were often two hours after when I had not a single thing to do. Happening to meet Clem Rodgers on the street one day, I spoke of this annoyance.

"Well, Anita," inquired Clem, "how do you like your job?"

"Pretty well," said I. "Only," I added ruefully, "I don't get time to do anything else during the day."

Clem gave an alkaline laugh.

"Now that is strange!" she conceded. "I generally get time to make my clothes, go to teas, and attend to my correspondence in the long intervals of the day's job."

"Well, I don't care!" I answered stubbornly. "I think it's mighty mean I have to stay in that office from two until four when there's nothing for me to do!"

Clem grabbed me by the shoulder.

"See here, Anita," she said roughly, "you weren't born with the business instincts of a dahlia, but won't you take it from me that the main thing about a job is being there whether needed or not?"

I was not yet persuaded however. Even if there had been nobody to counsel me, I should have done just what I did. As it happened, though, there was a Mr. Osborne. Indeed it is my firm conviction that for every girl of my temperament who is just starting to work there is a Mr. Osborne. He is the eternal type of office man—talky, loungy, limp as a tapemeasure—who does his own work in a jiffy and goes about advising greenhorns, who cannot possibly imitate his ability, to imitate his indifference. My Mr. Osborne, I may add, was employed at Porlick & Jones' in discussing baseball with the office boys. His avocation, however, was writing the men's-wear and house-wear advertisements.

"Hello!" said he, strolling into my office the day after I had met Clem. "What you doing round here? There isn't any work. Why don't you go out and buy yourself a sundae? Trouble about most of you women is you're too conscientious—you don't know how to soldier. I'll tell you one thing, though—the less you do the more you get paid! Look at that slob of a store manager, Rankin—gets ten thousand a year, I bet; yet he doesn't do enough real work to keep a pinwheel in motion!"

Here, at last, was sensible advice and I was not slow in taking it. The next morning I appeared at the office a quarter of an hour later than usual. The same day I took longer at my lunch. By the end of this week I was snipping off time, not with cuticle scissors but with garden shears.

The climax to this career came at the beginning of my third week, when I accepted an invitation for an automobile ride from a Western cousin, who was staying in the city over night. The only time he could arrange for it was after lunch; and so, on the promise that we should be back by three, I started off with him. Of course it was an hour later than three when we drew up in front of Porlick & Jones' main entrance. Of course, too, Miss Gibson was just going in the doorway as I dismounted. Oh, yes; there could be no doubt about it—all the arching-backed black cats, all the friskiest broomsticks and all the most crabbed of steeple-hatted witches were sitting in congress the day I took that automobile ride!

"Why, Miss DeMar!" said Miss Gibson sharply when I had caught up with her inside the door. "Do you mean to say you are just getting back to the office? Here I've been depending upon you to be on hand to write up Mr. Kauffman's big waist ad for tomorrow's paper! He has an important sale and now I'm afraid we can't get it to the printer in time."

Without making any reply I followed her meekly to the office and sat down at my desk. I watched her as she fumbled angrily among her notes, and I trembled as she started over to my desk.

"Here," said she, shoving several papers toward me, "are the items for that waist sale—I guess we'll still have time to get it in. Do it rapidly and make it cross two."

"Cross two!" Now I ask you, Hatty Sharp, who learned with me how to drool Narcissus on the piano, and you, Molly Long, who can paint thingumbobs so beautifully on meat plates—I appeal, in fact, to all the other slighted intellects who went with me to Miss Denim's fashionable boarding school—would you have known how to act at this command of "Cross two"? Can any of you blame me for looking bewildered?

Straight Talk From Miss Gibson

Miss Gibson saw my dismay.

"I mean two columns across instead of one," she explained impatiently.

"Oh!" said I with a look of relief. "Then I'll just write it across the broad side of the page instead of lengthwise." And I was actually physically turning that paper round in my hand when Miss Gibson grabbed it away from me.

"See here, Miss DeMar," said she with the air of one who has been tried beyond all endurance, "I don't want to be unkind, but I might just as well tell you that you won't go at Porlick & Jones'."

I opened my mouth to speak, but she anticipated me.

"No," said she, "it isn't that you're not apt enough at writing ads. You get along at that all right, but the plain, unvarnished truth is you've got no business ethics. You want to take from your employer all the time instead of giving to him. You enjoy coming late to your work and staying as short a time as possible. When you are working you give the most perfunctory sort of service. Mind you, I don't blame you for this. I suppose you and most women are the result of long years of domestic service—long years when we women have been our own bosses; when all the work we've ever done has been in our own households. We're not used to working for others, and we resent it. That's why women like you try to get the best of their employers. Get over this way of thinking, Miss DeMar, for your own good; and until you've succeeded in making your services valuable to a firm don't lie down on the job. Time enough to think of cutting hours when you've become indispensable." With this Miss Gibson swept majestically out.

While she had been speaking I had been biting my lip to keep back tears of wonder and indignation. I had not meant to be a cheat. I had simply meant to make a hard position more palatable. I had simply —— But, oh, if only—only Miss Gibson had not happened to catch me coming back from that automobile ride! I gave way to bitter sobs at thought of my misfortune, and lay there with my head on the desk for a long time after Miss Gibson had left the room.

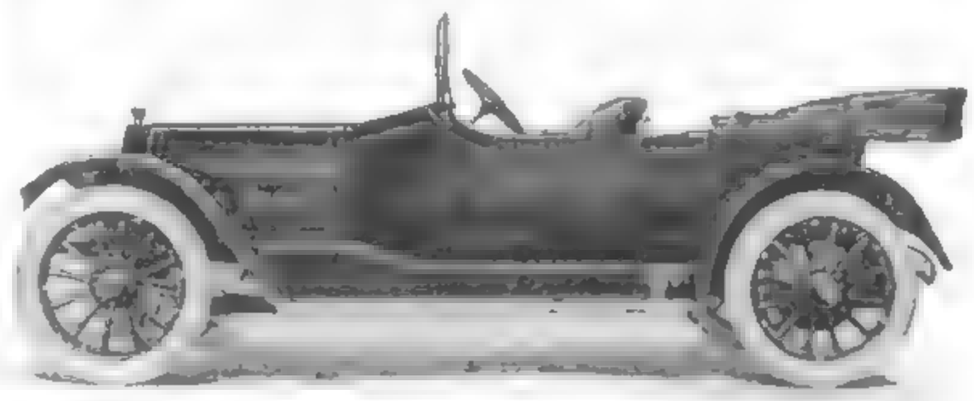
However, though I was wounded by the woman's words I was by no means in despair regarding my prospects. Surely, if it had been so easy to walk into a job when

Mitchell

The biggest value of all!

1913 MITCHELL

$1500 $1850 $2500



THERE IT IS! There is the whole thing about this wonderful new Mitchell car—the value. There is nothing equal to it, nothing like it has ever been produced, to give the buyer so much for his money.

What does he get? First of all—best of all—the *real*, long-stroke, T-head motor—the motor that is going to revolutionize motor building. The Mitchell motors have a 6 and 7 inch stroke; the stroke that gives tremendous power—nothing can match it.

The T-head Motor

We know that this improvement—the T-head motor with 6 and 7 inch stroke, and properly balanced bore—is the right idea at last, and the most valuable improvement that has ever been developed in automobile mechanics. Think of an engine like this in a moderate price car. Do more than think about it. Ask people who know, and see the car yourself. It is a revelation.

Other Mitchell Features

There are some more things that make the big value in the 1913 Mitchell: The extra long wheel base; the new, French Belaise springs; the complete electric lighting system; electric starter—independent of each other, and both operating from driver's seat.

We want to emphasize the fact that this big value of the Mitchell 1913 cars has been obtained without any sacrifice of the high standard of material and workmanship always maintained in our plant.

All Mitchell 1913 cars have left drive and center control; Bosch ignition; Firestone demountable rims; rain-vision wind-shield; Jones speedometer; silk mohair top and covers; Turkish upholstered cushions; Timken front axle bearings; gauges on the dash to show air pressure and oil pressure; gauge in the gasoline tank which shows the amount of gasoline it contains; and a portable "trouble-finding" electric lamp which can be conveniently attached.

PRICES

All with T-head motor, electric self-starter, electric lighting system, and 36-inch wheels

		Wheel Base	Stroke	Prices F. O. B. Racine
7-passenger Six	60 H. P.,	144-in.	4¼ x 7 in.	$2500
5-passenger Six	50 H. P.,	132-in.	3¾ x 6 in.	1850
2-passenger Six	50 H. P.,	132-in.	3¾ x 6 in.	1850
5-passenger Four	40 H. P.,	120-in.	4¼ x 7 in.	1500
2-passenger Four	40 H. P.,	120-in.	4¼ x 7 in.	1500

For Canadian prices and name of nearest Canadian dealer write to us

We've been making vehicles for 78 years.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City London Paris

Give "Him" $75 for $5

IF "he" doesn't shave himself, his shaves cost him 15c each at the barber shop.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor costs $5. The package of 12 blades which comes with it is guaranteed to give 500 shaves. Therefore, if you give "him" an AutoStrop Safety Razor for Christmas you are giving "him" 500 shaves, which, at 15c each, are worth $75. And as you pay only $5 for the said 500 shaves, you are actually giving him $75 for $5.

Every package of 12 AutoStrop blades is not only guaranteed to give 500 shaves but 500 *finest Head Barber shaves*. There isn't a Head Barber in the world who wouldn't guarantee to give you 500 Head Barber shaves from 12 of *his* blades, because his expert stropping not only sharpens the keenest edge possible, but keeps it sharp for scores of shaves.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor is a *mechanical Head Barber*, which makes everyone able to strop as expertly as the Head Barber, and as speedily and easily, because both stropping and shaving are done *without detaching blade*.

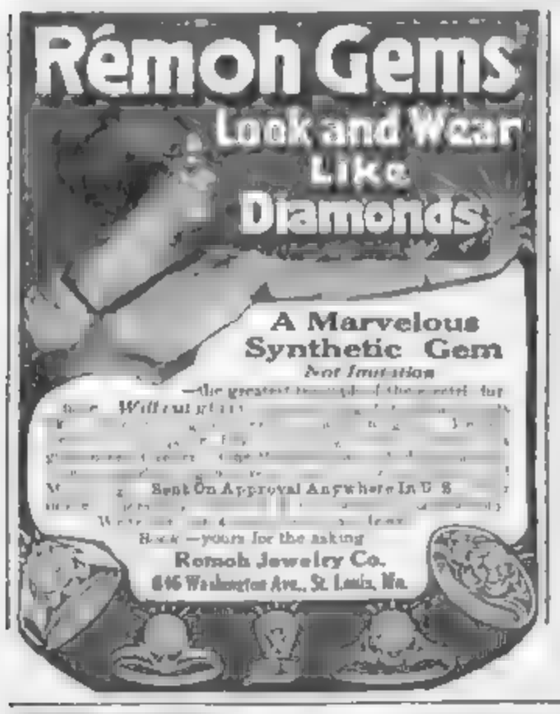
The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 blades, and strop in smart case, $5. Fancy combination gift sets, $6.50 to $25. Prices same in Canada and United States. Factories in both countries. Send for catalog.

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 327 Fifth Avenue, New York; Toronto; London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF STROPS ITSELF

Remoh Gems
Look and Wear Like Diamonds



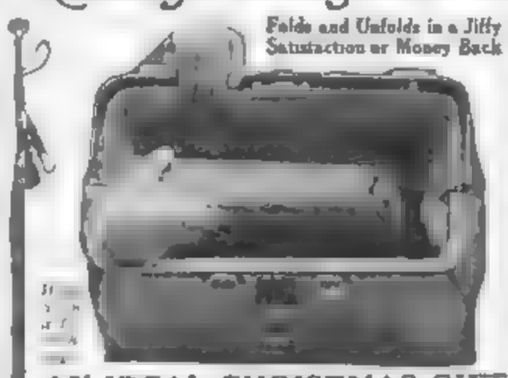
A Marvelous Synthetic Gem
Not Imitation

Sent On Approval Anywhere In U S

Remoh Jewelry Co.
846 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

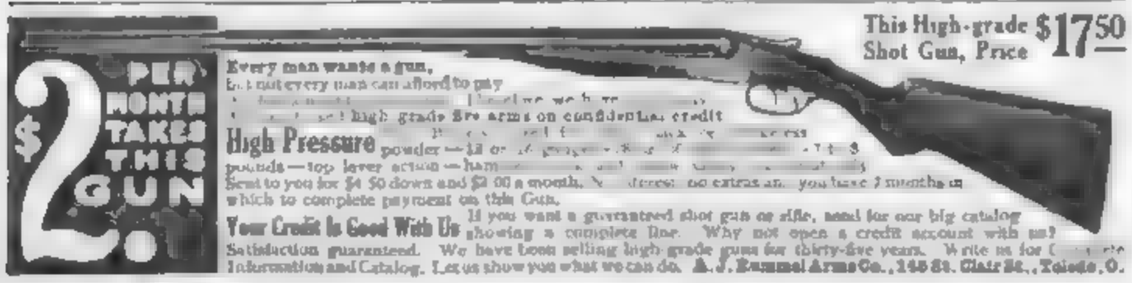
Manning's Folding Umbrella

Folds and Unfolds in a Jiffy
Satisfaction or Money Back



AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
Put one in your grip, or slip it in your pocket.
It solves the umbrella carrying nuisance. Indispensable [illegible]
Light Strong Simple Practical
Most umbrellas are lost when not in use. This is safe in your grip-sack, suitcase or [illegible]
Complete in neat traveling case. Prices $[illegible] $5.00. Sent [illegible]
Send for illustrated catalogue. Write to-day
JOHN T. MANNING, Umbrella Manufacturer
48 Winter Street *Mail Order Dept.* Boston, Mass.

$2 PER MONTH TAKES THIS GUN



This High-grade Shot Gun, Price $17.50

Every man wants a gun,
but not every man can afford to pay [illegible]
[illegible] high grade fire arms on confidential credit
High Pressure powder—12 or [illegible] pounds—top lever action—ham[illegible]
Sent to you for $4.50 down and $2.00 a month. No interest, no extras at all, you have 7 months in which to complete payment on this Gun.
If you want a guaranteed shot gun or rifle, send for our big catalog showing a complete line. Why not open a credit account with us? Satisfaction guaranteed. We have been selling high grade guns for thirty-five years. Write us for [illegible] Information and Catalog. Let us show you what we can do. A. J. Rummel Arms Co., 145 St. Clair St., Toledo, O.

you had no experience whatsoever, it would be a simple matter to get another now; so I resolved not to tell either mother or Clem—I would go to them, I thought, when I had found a higher-priced job.

Why, so firm was my belief that there was a constant, unanswered demand for untrained, unbusinesslike young women that I never even bothered to go out and look for a job until the very last day of my three weeks at Porlick & Jones'! That Saturday at lunchtime I walked into Hawkins & Holden's, the big department store right across the street from Porlick & Jones', and was told, to my great surprise, that they were not tempted by the array of dazzling qualifications I presented. Nor did the next store I tried that afternoon encourage me more; and by the time I went home that night I had been turned down at four different places.

What could it mean? Tired and choking back tears of discouragement, I climbed up the four flights of our fashionable apartment house. When I opened the door of the room I found my mother lying unconscious on the bed. And oh, how I did bless, then, the instinct that had prevented me from telling her I had lost my position—for when I opened out the crumpled letter in her hand I found it contained the information that my father had died at sea on the ship he had taken to escape legal prosecution for one of his late business enterprises! I realized then that I, a helpless woman, was now the sole support of the more helpless woman on the bed, and that from this time forward it was my duty to keep the hard things of life from mother.

I have made myself out so far to be what I really am—a good deal of a fool and a snip. Yet I do have some little courage—even the most foolish and frailest of cobwebs is able to stand a pelting rainstorm, you know, and I shared the strength of many other weak things. At any rate, what I did during the next week required a good deal of courage; in looking back on it, in fact, I do not understand how I ever was able to keep up such a hard, loving, heroic falsehood. For I did not, in these next six days, tell my mother anything about losing my job with Porlick & Jones. Afraid of the effect it might have on nerves already shattered by my father's death, I used to go and come every day just as though I were still at my post. I used to invent amusing little stories about the buyers and the salespeople for her; and when she asked me anxiously, as she sometimes did, whether I was sure of being retained, I always answered jauntily as a sleigh bell that I was. Do not think, though, that it was not tough; do not think that my smile was not forced.

On the Payroll at Last

While I was supposed to be engaged by my duties at Porlick & Jones' I was, of course, tramping the streets in search of work. In these days I left no stones unturned. I appealed to Clem; I answered newspaper advertisements; I promised myself to be content with the humblest and most exacting of positions. In these days I learned what it was—the gnawing, sickening anxiety, the care for another, the despair of success, all the things I had so complacently assigned to man's burden.

At last, just when I had given up all hope of anything but the dreaded behind-the-counter position, Miss Gibson wrote me a little note requesting me to call. This was on Friday. The next day I was in possession of a twelve-dollar-a-week job in Porlick & Jones' comparison department.

When she suggested it to me Miss Gibson said: "I feel, Miss DeMar, that you are particularly well fitted for this work, for it requires an excellent eye for store values—which you have—and no business initiative—which you haven't."

I did not mind about the slam she gave me—not one little bit. I was radiantly, gratefully happy at having work again. Think of it—that I should ever be glad for the mere privilege of working! The only thing that troubled me, indeed, was the need for readjustment in our living. I knew we could not afford to go right on boarding and rooming at the same expensive places; and in this dilemma I was, of course, obliged to confess to mother the deception I had practiced and the change in my pay envelope.

"Never mind," responded mother sportily; "I'm tired of boarding-house cooking anyway. We'll just get up some nice little meals in our room."

So while we stuffed rags round the door to keep from the landlady's nose the smell of the prohibited cooking, we got up those dreadful meals. We bought an alcohol stove and over it produced a sickening and ever-returning pageant of eggs, oysters and coffee. In the morning I sat down to one soft-boiled egg drifting vaguely about in a large flowered teacup, and in the evening I came home to an ocean of oyster broth surging tempestuously over this same flowered teacup. During these meals we were frightened to death lest the landlady discover our cooking operations and put us out of the house. At a step on the stairs outside we trembled, and at a knock on the locked door we shoved all our dishes and things under the lid of the writing desk.

Oh, yes, the scene would have been amusing enough if I had watched it from a parquet seat! I realize that quite well, and even at the time mother and I had our brave little giggles over these expedients. Yet the reality of it was horrible; at the end of two months, in fact, I was starved and my face had become pinched and white under its mop of brown hair.

By this time I had become thoroughly used to my position in the comparison department of Porlick & Jones, and was doing very satisfactorily. Yet how tantalizing were the duties of this position! Every day I was obliged to go out and buy the fine things I had all my life expected to buy—not, however, for myself. These purchases all went to Porlick & Jones, to assure the heads of departments that there was nothing in any other store cheaper or better than their own stock.

Matrimonial Temptations

One day about this time I was sent to Hawkins & Holden's to buy one of the imported evening wraps they had advertised at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Ah, me! Ah, me!—I, in my faded purple-blue suit and the hat I had picked up on a bargain counter at a dollar and twenty-five cents and trimmed with an old quill and rosette!—I was not surprised when the woman who waited on me said sneeringly:

"For yourself, madam?"

"No," replied I sternly; "for a friend!" And I told them to send the brocade cloak to my address.

As I went out I heard one saleswoman say in a purposely loud voice: "She's a store-shopper; I bet you that. I've seen her nosing round here a lot lately."

My cheeks burned. Somehow or other this remark brought home the whole shabbiness and humiliation of my life. I was "nosing," I had no legitimate place in this world of sumptuous things. As I went out in the mellow October afternoon I was in a passion of rebellion.

It was, as I say, October; and it seemed to be so for the sole purpose of saying: "Just see—here are all of us rich folks back from the country! Look at our beautiful new furs and our expensive hats and the glossy wheels of our automobiles under this beautiful autumn sunlight!" The message was more than I could stand and, in a frenzy that you, Clem, could never appreciate, I went into the Biltoria Hotel and sat down along the famous Promenade.

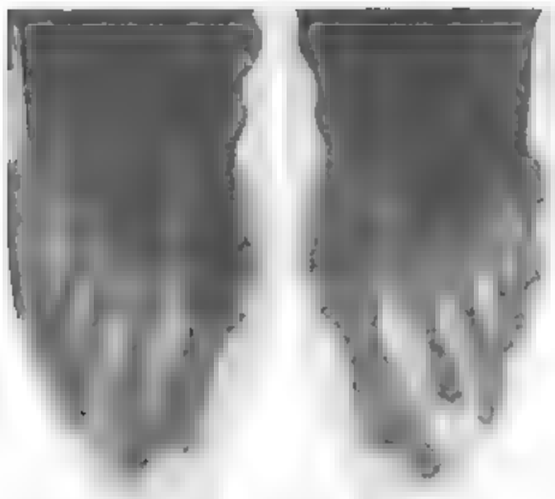
The air staggered under the weight of gardenias; the women who went by staggered under the weight of their enormous hats and trailing furs; the strains of an orchestra came to me from the tearoom. Everything was heavy-carpeted, luxurious, soft, expensive.

I was just about to get up and go out from the Biltoria when I was conscious of a strange, irrelevant little figure among the promenaders. It was Mr. Kauffman, the waist-buyer at Porlick & Jones', and, though I tried to get back of a column so he would not see me, he came right up to me.

"Hello, Miss DeMar!" he cried. "You look down and out. Why not come and have a cocktail?"

Now, in the days when I was in the advertising department of the store Mr. Kauffman bothered me almost to death by invitations to go to dinner and the theater. These I had snubbed unmercifully. Yet I had never seemed able to give Mr. Kauffman any inkling of the social difference between us.

Today, when he asked me to come with him, a wild temptation seized me. I had never taken a cocktail; and I had never been out with Mr. Kauffman. Well, what of that—when I was starving for some little mite of a good time! As I wavered, "Oh, come on; don't be stiff!" urged the buyer.



Bent Bones

U.S. Army Board Rejects

WHOEVER has bent feet-bones, as in this X-ray photo, has been wearing pointed shoes.

The U. S. Army Board has found that such feet cause a loss of 20% in soldiers' efficiency The Board has recommended to the War Department a shoe like the *Educator*. Write us for New York Sun's interesting account of this Board's 4-year investigation. Free

Educator shoes straighten out the bent toe-bones of grownups. Educators "let the child's feet grow as they should." Educators have a "good sense" shape, yet a fine boot maker's look

If your dealer doesn't keep genuine Educators, with name branded on sole, write us for catalog. We'll see that you are supplied Prices from $1.35 for Infants' to $5.50 for Men's Specials

We also make All America and Signet shoes for men, and Mayfair for women

EDUCATOR SHOE

TRADE MARK REG

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

"Comfortable As an Old Shoe. Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.
14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, U. S. A.

Safe guard Your Boy — This Way!

Temptation for boys is born every minute. None is more seductive, more dangerous, than impure, suggestive reading. Introduce new and good influences into his life. Guide his mind gently but surely with the right kind of books and with

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Read by 500,000 boys

Don't think your boy is unlike other boys and that he'll pick only clean reading. He won't; *he's a boy!* And he's human!

Don't hesitate! Even tomorrow may see that boy headed wrong. Will you let $1.00 stand between you and *his* future? Send that boy's subscription today

Subscription Price, $1.00 a Year
All news-stands, 10c
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
153 American Building, Detroit, Michigan

I was not stiff. I drained the masterful topaz-tinted drink; and then, noting curiously everything I did and said, I yielded to his persuasion and had chicken salad and dessert. It was the first real food I had eaten for two months. Further than this, that cocktail had sent little tingling messages of gay irresponsibility to every part of my body. Nevertheless, in spite of all this glow, I could not quite forget one thing—all the time I ate I was ashamed of my entertainer.

I noted that he tucked his napkin in at his collar; I noted that he held his fork like a cello; and I shrank at the sound of his loud voice talking about "makers" and "the trade" and "wholesale prices." What if some of the girls who used to go to school with me at Miss Denim's should come in and discover me with this impossible man!

Still, it was pleasant sitting there in that lovely room, with the snowy napery—so pleasant that I could not keep my cocktailly thoughts from ticking: "Why not? Perhaps you can get used to his manners and his friends. He must get three thousand a year at the very least. I know you could get him. After all, it's better than going on like this!" At the end of that repast I had, in fact, promised to go to a show with him the next evening.

That I did not do so, that I did not go farther with this calculating, entirely ignoble affair, was due entirely to the man who sits at the desk next mine in the comparison bureau. I have not told you about him? No, of course not. Yet for the last week or so he has been assuming the most important place in my life.

This particular man was very nice, but he was absolutely unsuitable. Indeed, I think wherever there is a Man at the Next Desk you will find him prohibited. Sometimes he is married; sometimes he gets a tiny salary on which he has to support a dozen helpless relatives; at the best he is engaged to a girl in his home town. As for mine he fell under the second category. He supported a mother, an aunt and a sister. He got a salary of thirty-five dollars a week. Perhaps sometime he may even get forty.

The Man at the Next Desk

For the rest, he was as far from being the rich and sophisticated clubman of whom I had dreamed as I was from being the society butterfly for which I had trained. He was not sporty in his dress; he had never gone through college; he had no particular "family." What he had was deep-set, wistful eyes, a furrowed face, and an urchin lock of gray-streaked black hair down over his forehead. All his thirty years' hard struggle was in his look. He was the most gnarled and rumpled and blue-penciled bit of copy ever passed on by that stern editor, Life. Yet it made me better—and sadder—to look at him. That is why, as soon as I saw him after that day at the Biltoria, I knew I could not go on with Mr. Kauffman. This man's face would not let me be mean; and that, at least, is one thing gone right with my crooked life.

"Of course," Clem used to say, "you'll marry him."

I have not so far, though, and I do not think I ever shall. I realize too clearly now that I was not brought up to be a wife. I was brought up to be married and a beneficiary—a very different thing. I could no more sew and bake and clean and be cheerful than I could be a business woman like Miss Gibson, or love a career like Clem.

So I am afraid my tale must have no end. How could it? I am not a born wage-earner and I have no interest in my work. In this respect I am like thousands of other women who have been thrust into offices and stores by that pompous, grinning fact, Economic Necessity. In another respect, however, I am not like them, for I have none of the hope of marriage that flickers along the darkened way of many a reluctant stenographer and salesgirl and accountant. As I have already told you, I am not fitted to be the wife of a poor man, and I meet no other kind.

I know, therefore, that I shall go right on all my life making fifteen or eighteen dollars a week. I know I shall always be going down to work in the morning while the maids are scrubbing the marble doorsteps, and I shall always be envying the women inside who are just turning over for their morning nap. And the knowledge that I am only one out of thousands does not, after all, make things much easier.

I'm on my way to call on you with a trial jar of a famous product which introduces men and women to their handsomer selves. I am the original "Pompeian Beauty." I stand nearly three feet high on the 1913 Pompeian Art Calendar. Place, and what Pompeian will do for you, so now good-bye till I come with a trial jar of Pompeian. The coupon brings us both.

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

does many things to promote good looks that ordinary face creams can not.

1. Pompeian gives a clear, fresh skin by cleansing pores completely.
2. Pompeian Massage brings rosy blood to sallow cheeks by stimulating the circulation.
3. Prevents flabbiness by keeping muscles of face young and strong through exercise of face.
4. Subdues tired lines of face through refreshing massage action and by inducing a natural glow.
5. Pompeian tones up the skin generally because of the mild, invigorating friction caused by the cream rubbing in and out.

In short, cold creams have their uses, but please understand that Pompeian Massage Cream is not a cold cream, but is a massage cream entirely different in purpose, use and results.

IMPORTANT Do you realize why a cheaply-made imitation or substitute is offered? Because it costs the dealer less and he makes more—at your expense. Shun imitations! Get the original and standard massage cream. Get Pompeian. 50,000 dealers sell it, 50c, 75c and $1.

Trial Jar & Art Calendar

sent for 10c (coin or stamps, but a 10c piece, please, if convenient). For years you have heard about Pompeian. You have meant to try it, but have delayed. Act now

1913 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar (only partly shown here) is 32x8 inches. No advertising on front Reproduced in exquisite colors—pink and gold. In four years, "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendars have become most popular of all. Clip coupon now.

Send 10c in stamps, but a 10c coin piece prefer if convenient

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed find 10 cents (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and a 1913 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar

Name

Address

City _____ State

When you finally realize how much of your yearly tire expense is due directly to "*oil disease*" you'll lose no time in ordering a set of

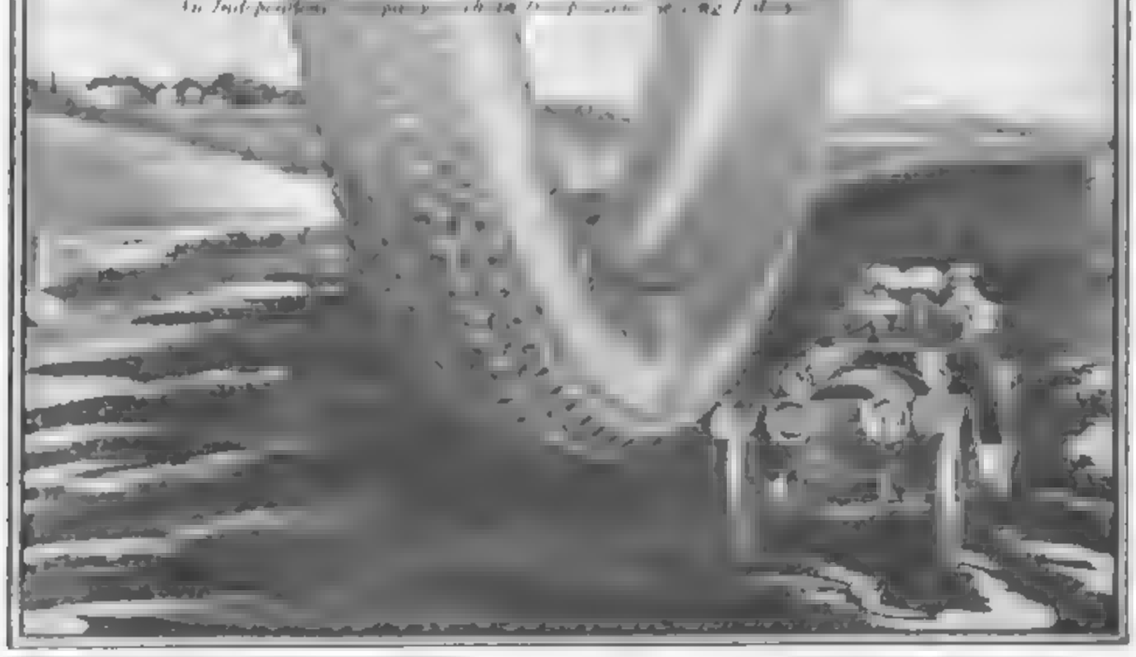
PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUP TIRES

Not every motorist is awake to the effects of oil. Tires take up oil from roads and pavements, motor standings and garage floors. It soaks into the pores and small cuts. Road friction does the rest. A very great percentage of tire deterioration is due to "*oil disease*," which no other tires are guaranteed against. Do away with it. Equip your car with the tires that positively resist oil.

In addition to this crowning oilproof feature, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires are guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements and are further guaranteed to give efficient service for 4,000 miles under definite, printed conditions of car weights. Three seasons of success and growing popularity claim your attention. One trial of these tires will convince you.

At your own dealer's, or write us.

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO., Jeannette, Pa.
Reorganized February 1, 1910 Branches in all Principal Cities



Do You Want a Better Position Next Year?

Do you fill a position of responsibility without earning the salary that such a position deserves? Are you eager for a chance to draw "a live man's salary"?

We are going to appoint an agent in every town and in each section of every large city in the country to represent *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. We want active people, either men or women, though we do not insist upon getting their entire time.

We pay salary and a stated commission on all orders, whether renewals or new business. You can work either in your own town or in some place adjoining. The work is always interesting; it is out of doors and offers a splendid training in salesmanship.

If you will write us today, we will give you all details. You cannot help earning a fair salary and you can make the amount just as large as you wish.

Of all seasons of the year, this is the best in which to start. More than three-fourths of our subscriptions will be renewed next month.

Agents' Division—Circulation Department

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

MEDICINE

(Continued from Page 7)

should be offered up as a sacrifice upon the operating table and leave behind him a large and dependent family of little Belgian heirs and heiresses—dependent upon the charity of a cruel world—than that I should have something painful which can be avoided through making him a martyr. Or, in other words, I would rather any white rabbit on earth should have the Asiatic cholera twice than that I should have it only once. These are my sincere convictions, and I will not attempt to disguise them.

Besides, we must all concede that it was through experimenting that medical science has been able to make such tremendous progress; that to these very things we owe the discoveries of so many new and expensive diseases, and so many new and expensive ways of curing them after the diseases are discovered and sorted out, and properly classified and branded. Besides, when we stop to think about it, what a boon all this has been to womankind! The stern dictates of fashion restrict a woman to certain modes in dress, no matter how unbecoming they may be; but, in the matter of being a confirmed invalid, any moderately well-to-do woman can enjoy a range of selections that is practically unbounded. When the conversation flags she can always fall back on her symptoms. And what is easier or more convenient than to fix the time of past events by the date of her last operation! Women in particular owe much to modern medical research; you can't deny that, no matter whether you oppose vivisection or approve of it.

There is just one thing in connection with this interesting subject that I could never bring myself to understand, and I've given to it a good deal of study and reflection too. We know now that the perpetuation of our race depends upon a proper regard to the principles of sanitation and sterilization, hygiene and isolation, and the like. We know that the housefly goes round carrying on his feet a list of things calculated to take the strongest appetite, and we have organized against him. We know that only a trifle less deadly than the fly is his cousin, the malaria mosquito; and that his other cousin, the yellow-fever mosquito, is just as deadly as he is, or even more so. So we've put the mosquito on the black list too. We know that there are bacteria lurking in everything, from Bactrian camels to back files of the newspapers. We know all about the germ theory, realizing fully that unboiled drinking water is an aquarium, and unscreened food is a zoo, and unfiltered air is an aviary. We know that the only safe place to have an appendix is in a bottle. We know that without proper diet we can never have proper health. We know that fresh air is essential to our well-being. We know that never does the sun go down at night without the discovery of at least one previously unsuspected malady, which all through the centuries has been garnering in its millions of victims.

In the Good Old Days

We know all about these things and recognize their importance; but our forefathers didn't know them. They were fogged in ignorance. They were unacquainted with the simplest rules of hygiene. They didn't care whether the housefly wiped his feet before he came into the house or not. The gentleman with the drooping, cream-separator mustache was at perfect liberty to use the common drinking cup on the railroad train. The appendix lurked in its lair, undisturbed by the prying fingers of curiosity. The fever-bearing skeeter buzzed and flitted, stinging where he pleased. The germ theory was unknown. Suitable food for an invalid was anything that the invalid could afford to buy. Fresh air, and more especially fresh night air, was regarded as dangerous, and people hermetically sealed themselves in before retiring. Not daily was the world gladdened by the tidings that science had unearthed some fresh disease. It never occurred to a mother that she should sterilize the slipper before spanking her offspring. Babies were not reared antiseptically, but just so. Nobody was aware of microbes. If you had told a man the air he breathed was full of bugs he'd have taken you for one yourself.

In short, our forebears lived in the midst of perils; they were surrounded on all sides

No Winter Delays in Building

You Can Get Better Walls and Ceilings in Quick Time at Half Plastering Cost

Rid yourself of the delay and expense of lath and plaster. Get your winter job done quickly. There is no waiting on cold weather when Bishopric Wall Board is used for walls and ceilings—no waiting for plaster to dry. Bishopric board is ready for use—goes on dry. It is easy to apply. Just nail it to the studding and it is ready at once for any kind of decoration. Lasts as long as the building.

For New Buildings or Remodeling

Bishopric Wall Board saves a month's time in building. In superseding lath and plaster for finishing fine homes, country clubs, bungalows, stores, garages and all kinds of buildings. With Bishopric Wall Board you can build partitions or turn waste basement or attic space into splendid, usable rooms without the delay, dampness, dirt or expense of plastering. Makes warm, cozy interiors.

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD

Bishopric Board is the only wall board with lath [illegible] Bishopric lath are moulded in long, even [illegible] moisture proof, sound proof and fire resisting.

$5,000 Anti-Warp Bond

This bond guarantees that Bishopric Wall Board will not crack, shrink, warp or pull loose. Comes in sheets 4 ft. x 4 ft., ready to apply. Price $2.50 for 100 sq. ft., $6.40 per crate of 16 sheets, 256 sq. ft.

Users Are Pleased

"It is with great pleasure that I write you in regard to your Bishopric Wall Board, also roofing which two of my brothers have used with more than good results, and find it the handsomest and best. Dealers also [illegible] a number of their friends in our town, and are more than pleased with results." Mrs. Anna Meyer, 1005 E. Second St., Lima, O.

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Send 6c. for mailing [illegible] complete working architectural plan for building a model [illegible] Bishopric Wall Board. This plan is a special help to all [illegible] thinking of building. It will give you ideas. It may save you money. Don't fail to get it. Write today.

Free Sample

The Mastic Wall Board and Roofing Mfg. Co.
48 East Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Dealers: Write for Exclusive Agency Proposition

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"No nurse can afford to be without the course."
—*Martha E. Rare, Harper, Kan.* (portrait)

WOULD you adopt the most attractive profession open to women today—a profession which will be of advantage to you, whether you practice it or not? Then let us teach you to become a nurse.

Thousands of our graduates, without previous experience, are today earning **$10** to **$25** a week. Write for "How I Became a Nurse" and our Year Book, explaining our correspondence and home practice method; 370 pages with the experiences of our graduates.

48 specimen lesson pages sent free to all enquirers.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
305 Main St. Eleventh Year Jamestown, N. Y.

A Bill-Fold You Can't Lose

This bill fold insures your money against loss, or pickpockets. It is made of fine leather, with useful pockets, and [illegible] mica window for identification card, together with a patent attachment, that absolutely prevents loss.

As a Christmas or birthday gift, it is bound to be appreciated.

Sent prepaid upon receipt of price—$2. Money refunded if not as represented.

The Security Bill-Fold Co.
ATWATER, OHIO

No. 4523—Karpen Arm Chair

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Reasonably Priced

In Karpen Furniture we have set a standard of quality which is accepted as the highest in America by dealers who sell and the people who care for articles of intrinsic worth. Karpen Furniture is not high priced.

Every piece, whatever the price, represents the greatest possible value in beauty of design, in materials and in construction.

You will never regret any purchase you make of

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That you may identify it when purchasing and to protect you against faulty construction, we place our trade mark, shown below, on every piece. That mark means we stand back of our dealers with a guarantee of money back if your purchase is not as represented.

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At last—the ideal electric table toaster

Handsome polished solid aluminum—fit for the dainties table. Toasts evenly without scorching in 45 seconds. Has any heating socket attached, instantly, uses least amount of current and will last a lifetime. Heating Coil is indestructible. Turns itself off when toast is ready. Nothing else like it. The ideal Christmas or Birthday gift for women. Guaranteed—money back in 10 days if you want it. Sent safely packed with 6 feet of cord and plug, ready for instant use, $3. In Canada, duty paid, $4

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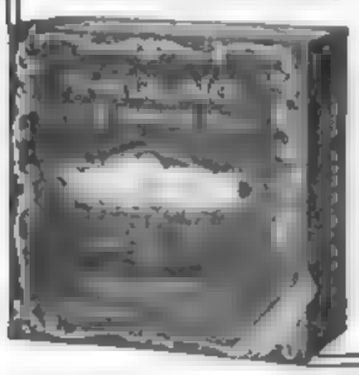
THE MONARCH ELEC. MFG. CO.
1102 Prospect Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

·U-ALLE-NO·

·AFTER DINNER MINT·

A delicious, creamy candy with a flavor all its own.



Sold in tins only, never in bulk.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
Philadelphia U. S. A.

WHO'S COBB & WHY

You have been reading Irvin S. Cobb's stories in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Don't you want his portrait and a sketch telling all about him? A booklet called **WHO'S COBB and WHY** will be sent for the asking by his publishers,

George H. Doran Company, 38 West 32d St., N. Y.

by things that are immediately fatal to the human system. Not a single one of them had a right to pass his second birthday. In the light of what we know, we realize that by now this world should be but a barren waste, dotted at frequent intervals with large graveyards and populated only by a few dispossessed and hungry bacteria, hanging on the cemetery fence, singing: Driven From Home!

And yet, marvelous to say, some of our forefathers lived—indeed, some of them are still living. It has been but a few months since the man who, as a boy, saved Abraham Lincoln from drowning was reported as being in excellent health, all over the Union. Henry Clay's last surviving body-servant, eight in number, was mainly alive at last accounts; and, as soon as the new pension law goes into effect, it will undoubtedly be shown that the official and authentic Drummer Boy of Shiloh exists to the number of forty thousand, more or less. I cannot understand it. They should all have been dead long ago—along with everybody else.

In the conditions generally prevalent up to twenty years ago, most of us never had any license, really, to be born at all. Yet look how many of us are still here! In this age of research I hesitate to attempt to account for it, on the entirely unscientific theory that what you don't know doesn't hurt you. Doubtless a physician could give you a better explanation, but his explanation would cost you more than mine has.

In conclusion, I wish to state that I have penned these few lines while enjoying the best of health. At this writing I am feeling bully!

I have just read a prospectus of some of the new and improved diseases that will be featured by the medical profession during the coming year, without experiencing a single symptom—which I regard as the ultimate test.

If I should fall ill any time soon, however, these remarks will be liable to immediate and voluntary revision on my part. I may even withdraw them altogether. From past experience I know that when a man takes to his bed, uttering loud groans and feeling that possibly he should have ordered silver handles on his new overcoat instead of patch pockets, he begins—right that very minute—to develop a deep craving for the frequent society of one or more persons prominently connected with the medical profession.

No matter what we may say in our idler moments, there is a time when a doctor looks like an angel to us. It is when we are afraid we are about to break into the angel class ourselves!

His Ruling Passion

SEVERAL years ago Champ Clark was on his way to Lebanon, in the Ozarks, to make a political speech. Several seats in front of him in the Frisco train he saw the side face and shoulder of a man he thought he knew. He puzzled over him a while, fearing the man would turn round, recognize him, and find him at a disadvantage. After awhile the man got up and went to the end of the car to get a drink of water. As he walked, Clark placed his man. When the man came back he saw Clark and came up to him.

"You don't know me, Mr. Clark!" he said.

"Oh, yes, I do," said Clark.

"You can't know me, Mr. Clark," the other insisted, "because you've never met me."

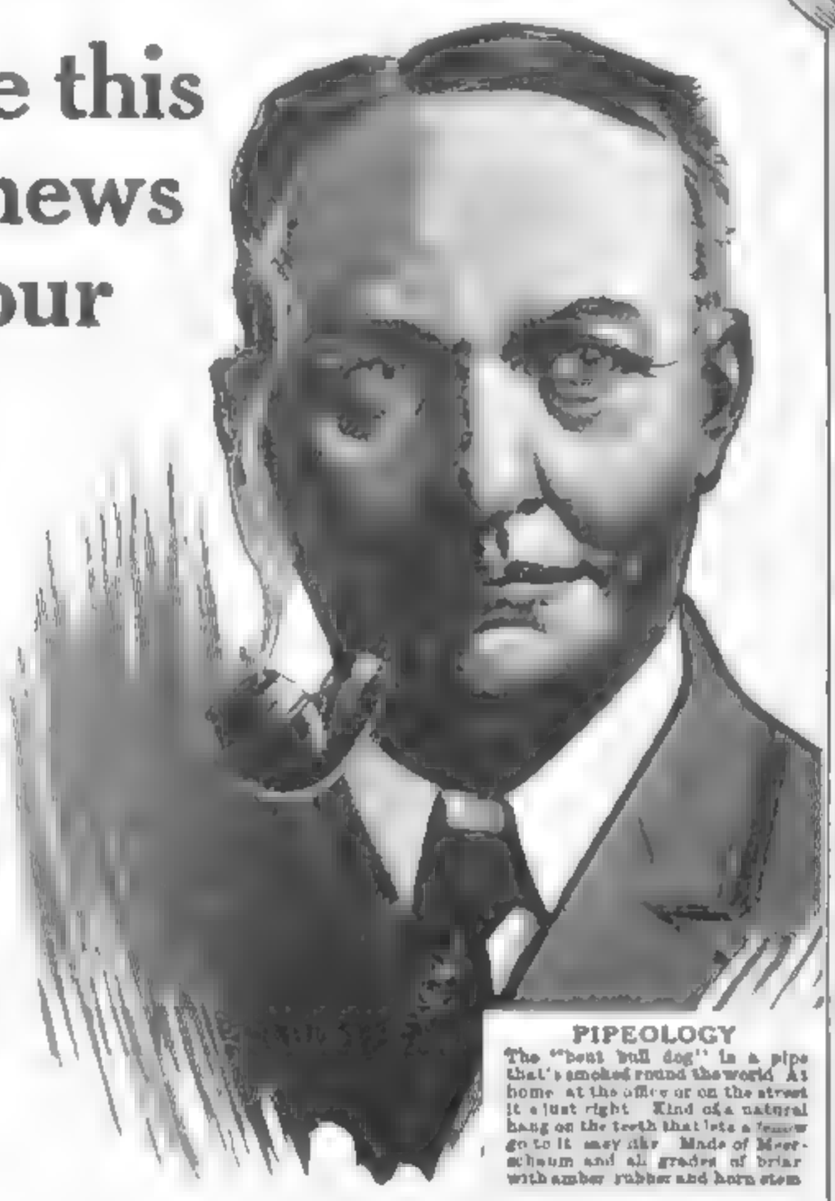
"You're Ben Hopkins, of Monroe County," said the Speaker-to-be.

"That's right," said Ben, swelling with pride; "but how under the sun do you know it?"

"By your walk. When you went down the car for a drink of water I remembered you. I was standing on the veranda of a hotel up in Lincoln County when we had a rally. There was a torchlight procession. One of the committee, standing next to me, said that every man in the procession was a voter in the county except one. He pointed you out and said you were over visiting from Monroe County and that you just couldn't keep out of torchlight processions."

Ben Hopkins has been for Clark ever since.

Paste this joy news in your hat!



There's *one* tobacco that can't bite your tongue *—Prince Albert!*

One tobacco that *will* hit your taste dead right *—Prince Albert!*

One tobacco you can smoke anywhere, everywhere and be *in right*, because it's fragrant *—Prince Albert!*

PIPEOLOGY

The "best bull dog" is a pipe that's smoked round the world. At home at the office or on the street it's just right. Kind of a natural hang on the teeth that lets a feller go to it easy like. Made of Meerschaum and all grades of briar with amber rubber and horn stem

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

makes it a delight for any man to smoke a jimmy pipe, *because it can't* bite tongues! The process that removes the sting is patented. No other tobacco can be like Prince Albert.

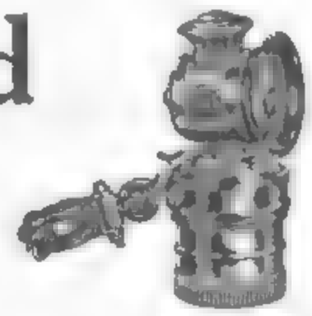
You just sort of cut loose with Prince Albert on the first fire-up. Go to it like you knew a sure thing. Smoke it fast and red hot, or mild and easy—any old way, fair or unfair—P. A.'s as true as steel. *It won't burn your tongue!*

And you'll be on the P. A. band wagon sounding the cymbals before a day's over, surest thing you know!

For your convenience, Prince Albert is sold in every tobacco store in the nation. Buy it as you like, in the tidy 10c tins, toppy 5c cloth bags and handsome pound and half-pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

One hundred sixty-eight boys



have within the last few weeks secured acetylene-gas bicycle lamps by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. One hundred thirty-eight have received fine, warm sweater-coats. Six hundred forty-six have obtained splendid watches. Hundreds of others have been given rifles, microscopes, complete suits of clothes, tool chests, musical instruments, printing presses and the 500 other articles offered to our boy agents.

Hundreds of our boys are receiving prizes each week—cost free. Over sixteen thousand prizes have been awarded within a few weeks.

If you want a chance to secure some of these fine prizes, write us a letter. Just as soon as we receive it, we'll send you, postage prepaid, a copy of our Book of Rebates and tell you how, by "playing the game" during your spare time on Thursday and Friday afternoons, you can get a lot of things which you want.

And bear this in mind, that the prizes are all in addition to handsome cash profits. In addition to all the prizes many hundreds of our boys all over the country are earning from two to five dollars a week—out-of-doors in their spare time and without interfering with school duties.

Address your letter to

SALES DIVISION
The Curtis Publishing Company
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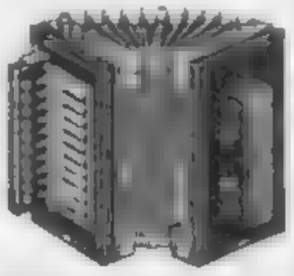

GOING TO SCHOOL AT THE "MOVIES"

(Concluded from Page 18)

"Now I'll tell you how we plan to work the business side of it: We'll have an office here and we'll send out the films. These films will go to schools, be kept there for two or three days—or more if necessary; then they will be sent on to other schools. After a certain time they will come back to the office. There they will be looked over, and if they are all right—not marred or scratched—they will be started on another trip.

"Of course if they are hurt they will have to be replaced by new ones. And, do you know, the whole service will cost less for the rent of it than the salary of a janitor! This isn't a theoretical dream. It's a dream that's coming true.

"We are going to have it pretty well worked out before we put it in the schools. About the first of December we are going to get some children—six boys and six girls under ten years of age—and have them come in every day to see the films. Then after they have seen the pictures they are to go home and write out the parts of them they understand.

"If we find out there is any part of that picture they do not understand we will change it until they do. The teachers ought not to have any difficulty with it then. They ought to be able to understand it if those small children can.

"Easy to work? I should say so! Going to have the boys work it themselves. Have one boy, say, work it for a week, and then another boy.

"It might be used as a sort of reward," said the inventor to himself as if the idea had just struck him. "And we'll have boys do the experiments in the pictures too. It's all for the children.

"There is another plan in connection with this that I am very anxious to see carried out—very anxious indeed. I suggested to the school authorities here that twice a week the parents of the children should come to the school and see the same films that the children have been studying. They'd be entertained and interested, and they'd learn, too, just as those steel men did. I don't see any reason why they should sit at home all the time, having a dull, stupid time, just exchanging one drudgery for another. They own the schoolhouses. Why not let them come and enjoy themselves, and at the same time learn what their children are learning? They should be always young enough to learn. The schoolhouse belongs to them for their use, no matter what age they are. We'd get better Americans, then, and better citizens! I am very anxious to see this carried out," said Mr. Edison as he looked at me seriously.

"Well, this will certainly change education—will it not?"

"Change education? It will revolutionize education!" concluded Mr. Edison.

Hunting by Canoe

FOR the man who is planning to spend his vacation in the open, and who is looking for excitement and thrills and a spice of real adventure on the water and in big game hunting and fishing, a trip along the Churchill waterway to Hudson's Bay will offer just what he wants. Along this canoe route there are between forty and fifty waterfalls, innumerable whirlpools and many rapids, which even the most skillful and daring of canoemen hesitate to make without portaging. Both rivers pass through a country filled with moose, caribou and bear. The deer keep farther south.

There are probably a score of northern canoe routes ranging in length from one to two hundred miles which the hunter with a month's limit of time—and a smaller pocketbook—may take along the lines of rail. The finest deer, bear and fish country in Canada is found among the thousand lakes and waterways of the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River districts.

For example, one may strike off into the Rainy River country from almost any stopping point between Atikokan and Fort Francis. Another line of rail runs along the northern limit of this big hunting and fishing ground, and one may outfit at several places between Wabigoon and Kenora.

Saves

Time—Ready cooked—instantly available for preparing many dishes.

Trouble—No inconvenience—no soaking—no picking—no boiling—

Money—Nothing but fish—no bones—no waste—no spoilage—

B. & M. Fish Flakes are caught in the deep cold sea waters—cleaned—cooked—slightly salted—placed in parchment lined containers—Not a speck of preservative used.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c—SIZES—15c
(Except in Far West)

Choicest parts of the fish that delight every member of the family and can be used for almost countless ways of preparation, but they are certainly good in

Codfish Balls *Creamed Fish*
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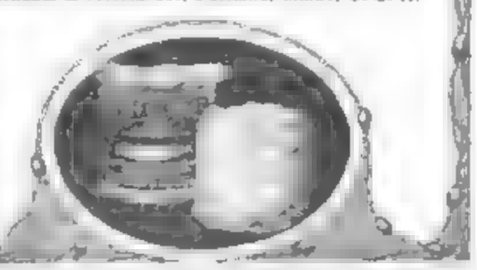

A Train Load of Books

I started my mail order book business ten years ago, and during the last eight years I have sold more than a train load of books each year—more books than any other man in America. Why? Because I buy so I can sell cheaper than the others, and every book is shipped subject to return at my expense if not satisfactory.

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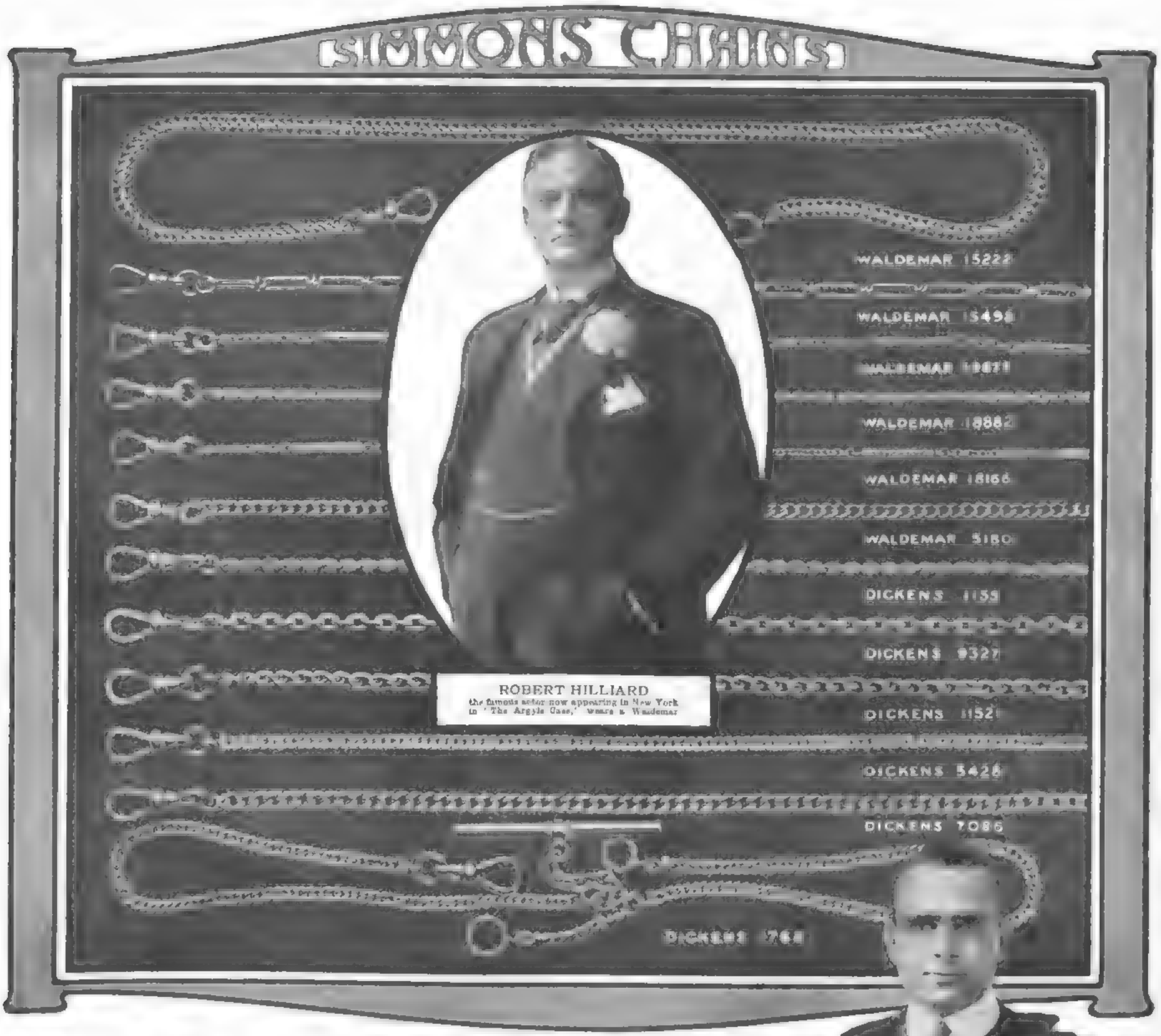

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
the popular actor who made a great New York success in 'Officer 666,' wearing a Dickens

These are the watch chains now worn by men who set the styles

WHEN a man buys a watch chain, he chooses a *pattern* to suit his individual taste—but he wants a *style* which will always be in good taste. A watch chain is the only piece of jewelry worn universally by men. It is the most prominent piece a man can wear. Some men wear no other jewelry. Every man with regard for his personal appearance wants his watch chain right.

SIMMONS CHAINS

TRADE MARK

in all the various patterns are always "correct" in style. That is one reason why first-class jewelers have handled them for forty years. They know the current styles and are glad to advise their customers. A man in the smaller cities and towns can be just as sure as a New Yorker that he is getting the "proper thing" if he buys a *Simmons Chain*.

Waldemar and Dickens are the most popular styles this year. Lapels, vests and fobs are also in good taste. For women there are chatelaines, neck, eyeglass and guard chains and bracelets.

The beauty of design and finish, the many pleasing patterns and the satisfactory service of the *Simmons Chains*, have made them a standard among well-dressed men and women.

The surface of a *Simmons Chain* is not a wash or plate which will wear off with use. It is a rolled tube of 12 or 14 karat *solid gold*, of sufficient thickness to withstand the wear of years.

If your jeweler hasn't *Simmons Chains* **write us for free Style Book**—make your selection and we'll see that you are supplied. R. F. SIMMONS CO., 191 N. MAIN ST., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

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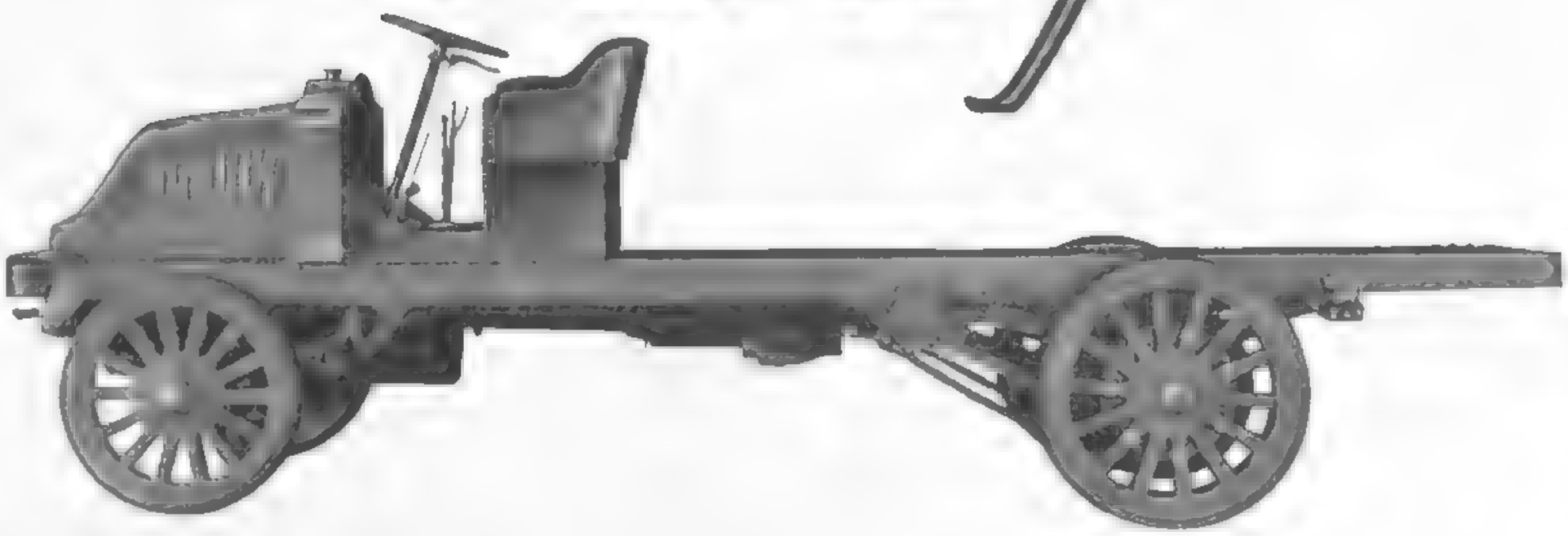
Look for SIMMONS, stamped on each piece—your protection and guarantee for wear.

Kelly



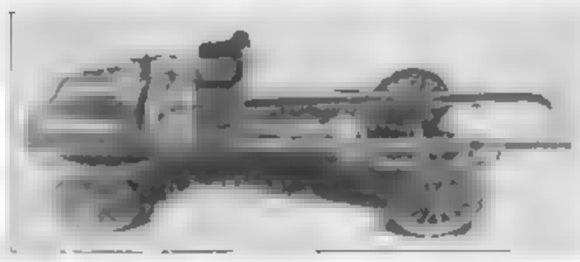
The new water-cooled trucks

For efficient work under the severest conditions—day after day and season after season—there is no truck made that will give more dependable and more economical service than the Kelly. This is so because of the fact that the new Kelly Water-cooled 3-ton and 1-ton Trucks are built with:

A motor that has fewer parts than any other made
High alloy Vanadium and nickel steels
A center spring clip on both axles
Semi-elliptic springs
Artillery wheels
Heavier tire equipment than any other trucks of equal rating
Kelly cone clutch
Sliding gear selective transmission
Double internal expanding brakes
and

Flexible Frame

THIS frame sets the Kelly Truck apart from other commercial vehicles. Experience has taught the lesson that a truck should be elastic. Under heavy loads the body receives a continuous twisting, and if the frame is heavily trussed the rivets soon work loose. In the new model 3-ton and 1-ton Kelly we use a specially designed type of flexible frame, with only three cross members—front, center and rear.



The motor is mounted on a three-point suspension, with jack shaft, clutch and drive shaft in one unit, fastened to the frame by a combination of universal joints which allows the truck to twist without strain over the roughest roads. The new Kelly 3-ton or 1-ton is the best truck for any use to which carriers of these capacities may be put. If you want to know why, our booklet will tell you, point for point. Simply address

The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Company, 200 Burt St., Springfield, Ohio

Factory Branches—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Kansas City, San Francisco

THE PAINTED LADY

(Continued from Page 9)

Annie under just by the bare sticks of her; and we were glad of even that much shelter. And the second night, after the wind had about blown itself out, I went ashore to a little box of a bungalow above the beach to find him—Luther Smith—a-sittin' in the shade of a bit of palm-fiber porch.

"He'd changed I've told you that; but it's more'n I'm capable of to tell you how big or how bad that change was. The meat was all gone off the frame of him till the skin of his face was stretched like tobacco-colored parchment over nothing but sharp bones. Man, it brought a lump to your throat, just seein' him so and rememberin' the man he had been once!

"I knew then just what had happened since that night in Spanish Lascar's—knew it without his havin' to tell me. He'd been followin'—followin' her and that big white yacht from port to port, always close enough to keep on hopin' and never quite catchin' up. And all that time she had been fleein' from him and always managin' to keep a bit ahead, till the chase had left him nothing much but a broken wreck of a man, stranded on Wiki-wiki, with just the company of two English-speakin' Chinese pearl-traders and a half-breed beachcomber, prospectin' the Islands for guano, to hold him sane.

"He was hungry to talk with some one of his own kind—some one whose skin was white under the tan—and so we sat there in the shadow till the sun dropped like a wheelin' gull behind the palms, and it went from light to dark like that!"

Eben Bacon snapped his fingers softly. "I was sorry for the man—sorry for the man he had been.

"About everything we could talk of we touched on, I reckon, till the conversation sort o' petered out. Just once he mentioned her—not directly by name, but just hinted—like as if he was tryin' to give me a chance to tell him where she'd last been sighted; but I'd not heard from her in months. Don't know's I'd have told him anyhow. There is a limit to any man's endurance.

"So there we sat silent, watchin' the bay silver under a risin' moon, with the two Chinks who'd come down to the shack and the half-breed – Harkness his name was—squattin' quiet in the shadow, when a second schooner come swingin' in through the channel that was scarce wider'n a man's hand and snubbed up short to the anchor. She'd felt the big blow; that was easy to see, for there wan't much left on her aloft.

"Strange it was, two craft a-lyin' there in that little sinkhole of a harbor that didn't see an average of three sails a year. Right there I think I knew that something was comin'—something goin' to happen. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe it was just the silence of the tropics and the rotten heat gettin' in my head, and those sleek dirty Chinks gruntin' and waggin' their heads at the newcomer out there in the moonlight. Just the same I know I felt it deep inside, like almost any man feels the quiet before a big blow.

"We heard them put a boat over the side and the chunk of the oars, and watched the little puddles of phosphorescence and heard the boatkeel grate on the beach—common-enough sounds and sights, all of them; and yet I caught myself stiffenin' and strainin' to hear. I tell you I was waitin' for something!

"He—Smith—felt it, too, for there in the dark I saw him stretch his legs and lean back as if he was fightin' to stay calm. And then—and then a scream brought us both up standin'! A woman's scream it was—not loud, but low and hopeless and full of woman-pain. And then a man's voice cursin' some one—cursin' vilely. That man—that, in the black shadow of Wiki-wiki, at the world's end! And both of us knew that voice!

"Yes, of course you could guess it now. I'd heard it often enough to know the ring of Cap'n Harry Sutton's dirty tongue—and—well, Luther Smith hadn't any reason to forget it. That big body of his began to stiffen and straighten where it had been loose and slack before, and step by step he shrank back into the darkest corner of the screenin', his breath comin' and goin' soft and short through his teeth—for he had heard and half recognized something that I'd not understood.

"Back into the shadow Smith slipped and a minute later two figures come up to us where we waited—I and the two Chinks and Harkness, the half-breed. A short, squat man, one of them – yes, Cap'n Harry, of the Hattie Anderson And—and the other was a woman.

"It was her—you know it now without my tellin' you; her, with her heavy hair hangin' loose to her waist and her feet bare. There were marks on her face and arms, dirty blue and red welts that it takes a hard beatin' to raise.

"She didn't walk—she just shuffled along as if each step was about the last she'd take; and Cap'n Harry shoved her along from behind and cursed her for hangin' back.

"About six feet in front of us he stopped—half felt the presence of us there in the dark.

"'Who's about?' he called; and then, 'Why in hell don't you show a light?' he growled. A second later he slid a match along his leg and in the light of that bit of flame cupped in his hand he stood and looked us over; and we—we stood and looked at them till the match went out.

"No, he didn't recognize me—there wan't light enough for that. But there was light enough for me to see that there was a dirty, blood-stiffened rag round his head, though, and that the knuckles of one hand had been laid open to the bone; a wet wound and recent, and clean-cut, too, like it takes a sharp knife to make.

"Then—then suddenly I understood, just as clear as I did after I heard the story that come from her own mouth, just what had happened.

"Out to the north, where the storm-center had caught them, that big white yacht had foundered and gone down with all on board but her; and Cap'n Harry in the Hattie—he'd weathered it, for I told you he could sail—sighted her a day later, floatin' about half dead on a bit of splintered spar, and he took her aboard.

"Maybe you can picture for yourself what those next few days were aboard the Hattie, when he—he who men called the worst captain out of hell—found out who it was he'd picked up. Two days she kept him off; and then, when he finally did corner her she fought him like some wild thing, and he beat her black and blue. Then it was she slipped his own knife from his belt and got him with it, once across the forehead—that was the stained rag—and once over his knuckles when he snapped the blade short in his hand.

"At the sight of that blood—his own blood—he went stark mad, I reckon, for no sane man could have thought of the thing he set out to do then. Passage he swore she'd pay him—and stood in for Wiki-wiki. There he was, there in the thick, too-sweet darkness, chucklin' because his plan was about worked to a finish—chucklin' to himself and lookin' us over, I and the two Chinks and Harkness, till the match burned his fingers and he grunted and dropped it.

"Then he turned to her.

"'Yellow dogs!' he taunted her. 'Did you see them, you ——?' And he laughed soft and contented to himself.

"He growled again for us to show a light, and at a word from me Harkness touched off a fiber torch and stuck it upright in the sand. Then there, with the black wall of the jungle at our backs and the torch spittin' and flarin' at our feet, Cap'n Harry commenced to carry out the plan that was to be his revenge on that bit of a woman; a plan, too, that could never have sprung from any brain but his.

"He commenced to auction her off—her whose beauty men had fought for and died for, I reckon, the length of the whole East coast—to me and Harkness, the half-breed, and the two yellow Mongolians, for payment of her passage.

"Payment he swore he'd have out of her—and when he finished he shoved her toward us—toward me first for I was white. And 'What'll you bid for this ——?' he asked.

"I—I hardly heard the words. I reckon I only half heard his voice. Thinkin' I was, thinkin' of the man that had slunk back into the shadow of that screen a minute before; that man who'd beat Cap'n Harry close to death once because he spat upon his Bible—and had gone half round the world, hungry for that slip of a girl who was rockin' dizzily there in the flarin' torchlight, cut and marked and half dead from that cap'n's fists.

"You know what it is to wait for the thunderclap after a particularly bad flash of lightnin'. Well, I was waitin' that way,

It is indeed rare to find strength and fineness combined in a sock. But to find a sock reinforced from the beginning of the toe, along the sole to and including the heel and above the shoe line—a marvel of strength, yet made of such fine yarn that electric light is needed to bring out the reinforcing—this is truly extraordinary. Such are Bachelors' Friend Hosiery.
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These socks are foot-strong, silk-soft, cool, and dressy. Sizes from 9's to 12's—all leading colors. If unable to get them from your dealer, order direct, giving size and color.
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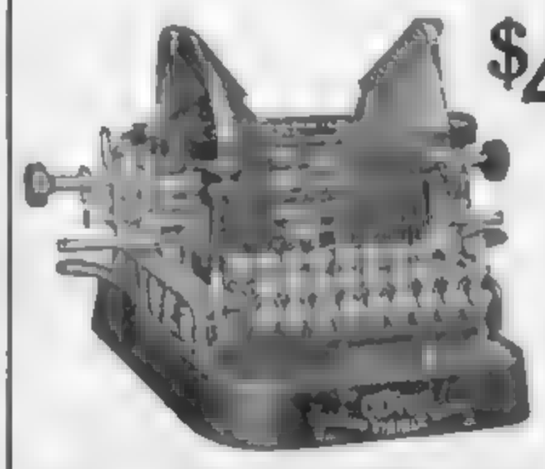

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every nerve a-tingle. 'What'll you start the witch at?' he repeated.

"So—she just moaned, and she begged him and—and then it happened.

"Like a wild beast Luther Smith leaped from that black shadow—like a huge soft-footed cat. His breath so loud that it sounded like a croonin' singsong. Cap'n Harry saw him comin'—saw his face and recognized it—and he screamed—and went down under him.

"How do I know how we got him off? Almost at the start they trampled the torch into the sand and the moon made nothing but huge knotted shadows of their bodies. Hours we worked, it seemed, to drag him away after Cap'n Harry's body had gone limp. Hours it seemed, and then suddenly Luther Smith's hand let go its grip of its own accord and he swung to his feet.

"Man, he was huge; and only a short hour before I'd thought him nothing much but just the shell of a man.

"'There!' he said, just talkin' to the empty air in front of him. 'There! He'll stay dead this time, I reckon.' And Smith dropped to his knees in the sand and commenced huntin' blindly for the torch.

"Harkness took it from his hand—the Chinks had slipped off like shadows—and lit it. Aloft he held it, and—and then we turned, the three of us, to where she had stood.

"She was starin' down at the spot where Cap'n Harry lay crumpled up in an ugly heap—starin' as if she'd never see anything else. One step Luther Smith took toward her and then he stopped, his hands outstretched. He tried to speak, I reckon, for there was a bit of a soft sound come from his lips like the words were choked back from the very dryness of his throat; and—and at that sound she turned. A long time she stood, a long time, with those lost-dog eyes of hers clingin' to his face, until a sudden fear that she would never know any one again took me by the throat and well-nigh strangled me. And then—and then she knew him.

"I—I never heard a woman's voice quite like that woman's was.

"'You!' she cried aloud—'You!' Not like I say it to you now. Man, man, all her woman's heart and soul and body—and hope of life—were in just that one word! 'You!' she said with her eyes shinin' like bits of crystal and her head thrown back and the red lips of her that had given her her name half parted. 'I—I prayed you'd come in time.'

"Her voice broke and she threw her arms out to him and swayed and would have fallen but for his arms about her. Little she was, little and slender; and when he swung her up against the huge chest of him and turned to carry her into the bungalow, her head lay buried in his shoulder, eyes closed like a mighty tired child's."

This time I knew it was the end. And so, when Eben Bacon lifted his still untouched glass toward his lips, I stayed his hand an instant, for I knew that once he had drunk he would talk no more. All our argument of the early evening, and the haunting bit of melody that had set it going, I had forgotten. Even Lascar's and the lights and the ribald merriment, which was growing steadily shriller and shriller about our table, seemed far-away and unreal.

"They're happy?" I asked him. "You know them still?"

The old skipper gazed at me across the rim of his glass and I thought I caught the faintest glimmer of a smile in his bleached eyes.

"Often I stop at the house for a bit of a smoke and a bit of gossip when I touch his island for a cargo of tobacco," he said. "He's a planter now; and—yes, they're happy. They're surely all of that!"

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"Mister," he said, "what are all them fellers diggin' fur?"

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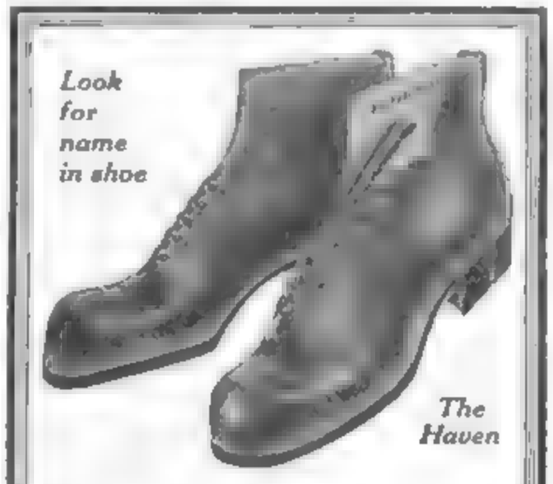

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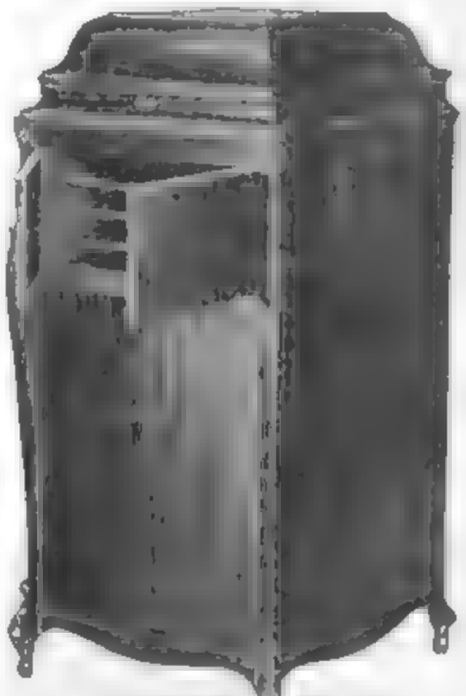
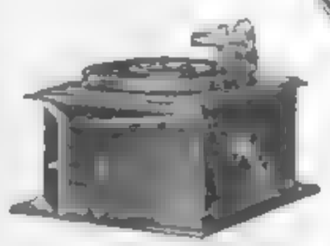


Victor-Victrola XVI, $200
Mahogany or quartered oak



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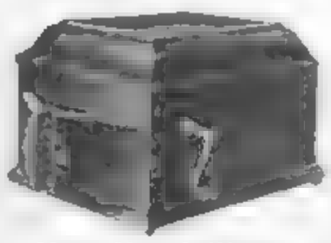
Oak



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HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN

(Continued from Page 20)

"'Lo! Well? What! Run off? Stop nonsense! Busy!" He hung up the receiver. "Also mus' be stipulated that case of div'dend bein' passed . . ."

The desk telephone again rang: this time more emphatically. Bean was chilled by a premonition that the Flapper meant to pull off that funny stunt which was to cause him quite deliciously to die laughing.

Breede grasped the receiver impatiently again.

"Busy, tell you! No time nonsense! What! . . . *What!* . . . W-h-a-t!!"

He listened another moment; then lessening his tone production, but losing nothing of intensity, he ripped out:

"Gur-reat Godfrey!"

His eyes, narrowed as he listened, now widened upon Bean, who determinedly stared at the cuffs.

"You know what she says?"

"Yes!" said Bean doggedly.

Then his eyes met Breede's and gave them blaze for blaze. The great reorganizer knew it not, but he no longer looked at Bunker Bean. Instead, he was trying to shrivel with his glare a veritable king of old Egypt, who had enjoyed the power of life and death over his remotest subject. Bean did not shrivel. Breede glared his deadliest only a moment. He felt the sway of the great Ramtah without identifying it. He divined that mere glaring would not shrivel this presumptuous atom. In truth, Bean outglared him. Breede leaned again to the telephone, listening. Bean lowered his eyes to the cuffs. He sneered at them now. The intention of the lifted upper lip was too palpable.

"Gur-reat stars above!" murmured Breede. "She says she's got it all reasoned out!" There was something almost plaintive in his tones; he shuddered. Then he rallied bravely once more.

"Tell you no time nonsense. Busy——"

But he seemed to know he was beaten. He listened again; then wilted.

"What next?" he demanded of Bean.

"Ask her!"

"Nice mess you got me into!"

Bean sneered resolutely at the cuffs. Again the telephone tinkled.

Breede listened and horror grew on his face.

"Now she's told her mother!" he muttered.

The transmitter was an excellent one and Bean caught notes of hysteria. Julia was fussing back there.

"Now, now!" urged Breede. "No good. Better lie down. She says she's got it all reasoned out, don't I tell you?" He put a throttling hand over the anguished voice and looked dumbly at Bean. He noted the evil sneer and traced it to the cuffs. Slowly he hung up the receiver and took one of the cuffs in his hand.

"Wha's matter these cuffs?" he demanded with a show of his true spirit.

"Right enough—cuffs all right if you like that kind. But why don't you wear 'em on like this?"

Bean luminously exposed his left forearm. It was by intention the one that carried the purple monogram.

"Sewed on like that!" he added almost sharply.

Breede seemed to be impressed by the exhibit.

"Well," he began awkwardly, as a man knowing himself in the wrong but still defiant, "I won't do it. Tha's all! Not for anybody."

Still, he seemed to consider that something more than mere apparent perverseness would become him.

"They get down round m' hands all the time. Can't think when they get down that way. Bother me. 'Take m' mind off. I won't do it, tha's all. I don't care. Not for anybody 'tall!" He replaced the cuff beside its mate. He seemed to be saying that he had settled the matter—no good talking any more about it.

Bean was silent and dignified. His own air seemed to disclose that when once you warned people in plain words you could no longer be held responsible.

"Say," Breede suddenly exploded, "I wish you'd tell me just how many kinds of a—— No matter! Where was I? . . . This reserve fund may be subject to draft f'r repairs an' betterment durin' 'suin' quarter or 'ntil such time as ——"

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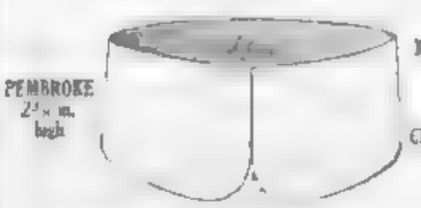

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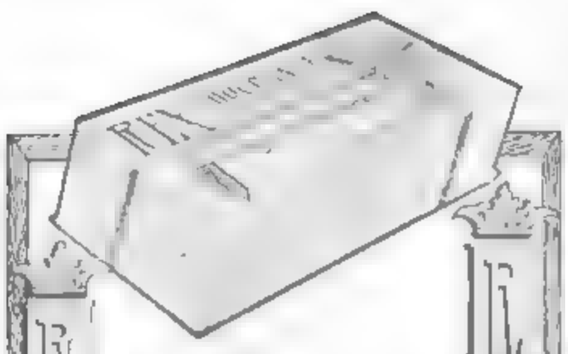

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The telephone again rang its alarm. Breede took the receiver and allowed dismay to be read on his face as he listened.

"Well, well, well," he at length began soothingly; "go lie down; take something take something! Well, send over t' White Plains f'r s'more. Putcha t' sleep. What can I do?" Again the throttling hand.

He ruefully surveyed his littered desk; then drew the long sigh of the baffled.

"'Take telegram m' wife: Sorry can't be home late; 'port'n board meet'n. May be called out of town."

The telephone rang, but was ignored.

"Send it off," he directed Bean above the bell's clear call. "Then c'mon; go ball game. G'wup 'n subway."

"Got car downstairs," suggested Bean.

"You got your work cut out f'r you, 's all I got t' say," growled Breede.

"'S little old last year's car," said Bean.

XVI

AS THE little old last year's car bore them to the north some long-sleeping image seemed to stir in Breede's mind.

"Got car like this m'self somewheres," he remarked.

Bean was relieved. He didn't want the name of a woman to be brought into the matter just then.

"'S all right for town work," he said. "Good enough for all I want of a car."

"'S awful!" said Breede, obviously forgetting the car for another subject.

"What can I do? She says she's got the right," suggested Bean.

"She'd take it anyway. I know her. Pack a suitcase. Had times with her already. Takes it from her mother."

"Can't be too rough at the start," declared Bean. "Manage 'em, of course, but 'thout their finding it out—velvet glove." He looked quietly confident and Breede glanced at him almost respectfully.

"When?" he asked.

"Haven't made up my mind yet," said Bean firmly. "I may consult her; then again —— Don't believe in long engagements."

Breede's glance this time was wholly respectful.

"You're a puzzle to me," he conceded.

Bean's shrug eloquently seemed to retort: "That's what they all say sooner or later."

They were silent upon this. Bean wondered if Julia was still fussing back there. Or had she sent to White Plains for some more? And what was the Flapper just perfectly doing at that moment? Life was wonderful! Here he was to witness a ball game on Friday!

They were in the grandstand, each willing and glad to forget, for the moment, just how weirdly wonderful life was. A bell clanged twice; the plate was swept with a stubby broom; the home team scurried to their places.

"There he is!" exclaimed Breede. "That's him!" Breede leaned out over the railing and pointed to the Greatest Pitcher the World Has Ever Seen. Bean sat coolly back.

The Pitcher scanned the first rows of faces in the grandstand. His glance came to rest on a slight, becomingly attired young man, who betrayed no emotion, and in the presence of twenty thousand people the Pitcher unmistakably saluted Bunker Bean. Bean gracefully acknowledged the attention.

"He know you?" queried Breede with animation.

"Know me!" He looked at Breede almost pityingly; then turned away.

The Pitcher sent the ball fairly over the plate.

"Stur-r-r-r-ike one!" bellowed the umpire.

"With him all morning," said Bean condescendingly to his admiring companion. "Get shirts same place," he added.

His cup had run over. He was on the point of confiding to his companion the supreme felicity in store for Breede as a grandfather. But the batter struck out and the moment was only for raw rejoicing. They forgot. Bean ceased to be a puzzle to any one and Breede lapsed into unconsciousness of Julia.

The game held them for eleven innings. The Greatest Pitcher saved it to the home team.

"He was saying to me only this morning ——" began Bean as the Pitcher fielded the last bunt. But the prized quotation was lost in the uproar. Pandemonium truly reigned and the scene was unquestionably one of indescribable confusion.

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offers 350 class-room courses to non-resident students. One may thus do part work for a Bachelor's degree ... courses in many subjects for Teachers, Writers, Actors, Bankers, Business Men, Ministers, Social Workers, Etc. Begin any time.
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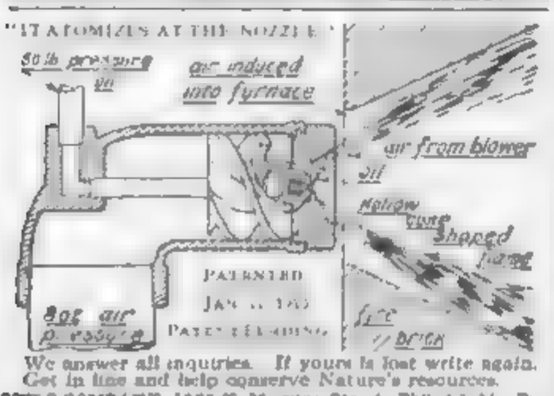
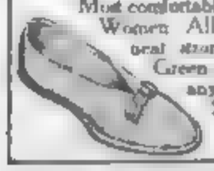


We answer all inquiries. If yours is lost write again. Get in line and help conserve Nature's resources.
STYLE COMPANY, 1935 N. Marvine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

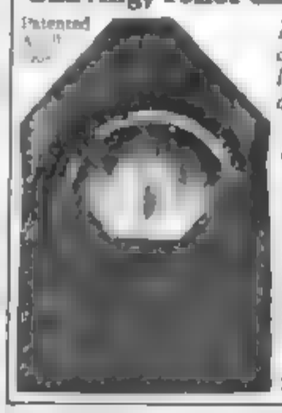
35c FOR A PAIR OF FAMOUS Ever-Ezy Slippers



Most comfortable bath and house slipper for Men and Women. All sizes. Flexible leather sole. Uppers neat, strong and durable. Colors: Tan, Red, Green and White. At all good stores, or sent anywhere, postpaid, on receipt of price. State size and color. Order now.
SHINN MF'G CO., Paducah, Ky.

If You Are a Boy and want to earn money drop us a line. Thousands of boys all over the country are doing it now by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*.
Sales Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia

An Ideal Christmas Present, the New Shaving, Toilet and Traveling Glass



Held by air on your window, where you get the best light. Will not break if dropped.

Aero Safety Mirror

is a comfort for shaving, a handy toilet requisite.

Price, bevelled mirror in box $1.00, bevelled mirror with leather case, $1.50. French bevelled mirror with pigskin case, $2.00. Special magnifier in case, $2.50. Same in pigskin case, $3.00. By dealers or sent postpaid.
Aero Safety Mirror
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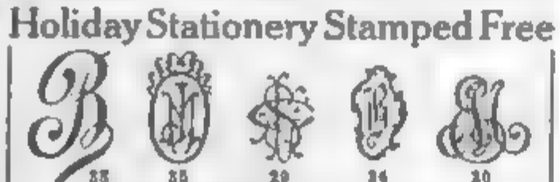

You have your choice of one of these styles in one, two or three initials. We will stamp them for you in ... Centre of White Linen Finish ... Paper ... Envelopes to match. ... Beautifully boxed and sent post paid for 50c.
2 quires, in one box, post paid, $1.00
Send draft, money order or stamps. No checks.
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FOR YOUR BOY'S X'MAS

... Parts to ... Ideal "Bleriot Monoplane ... Ideal "3 foot Racer ... with Pat. Winder $3.50. Send stamp for Price List of other successful flyers, 5c for 40 pp. ill. Catalog.
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GET MORE EGGS

Twice as many by feeding green cut bone
MANN'S BONE CUTTER 10 Days Free Trial
No money in advance. Catalog free.
F. W. Mann Co., Box 368, Milford, Mass.

RITE-LITE adjustable Shaving and Toilet Glass

Solves the Light Problem for Men and Women

Ever Watch Your Husband While He Was Shaving?

Turning and twisting to get the light—to avoid the shadows? Using an ordinary mirror is the most exasperating part of shaving. It would please him if you would give him a Rite-Lite.

"No Shadows Shaving"

Makes the shave easier and quicker. Women need it in their Boudoir. Swings ... ways, turns on swivel around ... the day or artificial light ... features. Best quality French ...

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Money back if not satisfied. Illustrated booklet free. Price delivered
6-inch, $2.00; 7-inch, $3.00
Seven-inch fitted with magnifying mirror one side, flat mirror reverse side, $5.00.) Dealers write for Terms
RITE-LITE GLASS CO.
244 N. Salina St., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Outside the gate they were again Breede and Bean—or, rather, Bean and Breede. The latter could not so quickly forget that public recognition by the Greatest Pitcher.

"You're a puzzle t' me," said Breede. "Lord! I can't g'ome yet. Have t' take me club."

"Can't make y'out," admitted Breede once more, as they parted before the sanctuary he had indicated.

"Often puzzle myself," confessed the inscrutable one, as the little old last year's car started on. Breede stood on the pavement, looking after it. For some reason the car puzzled him too.

Bean was wondering if Julia herself wouldn't have been a little appeased if she could have seen the Pitcher single him out of that throng. Some day he might crush her by actually taking the Pitcher to call.

At his door he dismissed the car. He wanted quiet. He wanted to think it all out. That morning it had seemed probable that by this time he would have been occupying a felon's cell, inspecting the magazines and fruit sent to him. Instead, he was not only free, but he was keeping a man worth a hundred millions from his own home, and perhaps he had caused that man's wife to send over to White Plains for some more. It was all Ramtah. If only every one could find his Ramtah!

. . . . . .

Cassidy was reading his favorite evening paper, the one that shrieked to the extreme limits of its first page in scarlet headlines and mammoth type. It was a paper that Bean never bought, because the red ink rubbed off to the peril of one's eighteen-dollar suit.

Cassidy, who for thirty years had voted as the ward boss directed, was for the moment believing himself to be a rabid socialist.

"Wall Street crooks!" he began in a fine orative frenzy. "Dur-r-rinkin' their champagne whilst th' honest poor's lucky t' git a shell av hops! Ruh-hobbin' th' taxpay'r f'r t' buy floozie gowns an' joold bresslets f'r their women folk. I know th' kind well—not wan cud do a day's bakin' or windy-washin'!"

He held the noisy sheet before Bean and accusingly pointed a blunt forefinger. "A Burly Blonde Divorcée Routed Society Burglar" across the first two columns, but the proceeding was rather tamely typed, and the Burly Blonde's portrait in evening dress was inconspicuous beside the headlines: "Flurry in Federal Express! Wild Scenes on Stock Exchange. Millions Made by Gentlemen's Agreement."

"Gentlemin!" hissed Cassidy. "The sem agreemint that two gentlemin porch-climbers has whin wan climbs whilst th' other watches t' see is th' cop at th' upper ind av th' beat! Millions med whilst I'm wur-r-kin' f'r twinty per month an' what's slipped me—the sem not buyin' manny jools ner private steamboats! Millions med! I know th' kind well!"

Bean felt his own indignation rise with Cassidy's. He was seeing why they had feared to have him on that board of directors. Apparently they were bent on wrecking the company by a campaign of extravagance. The substance of what he gleaned from Cassidy's newspaper was that those directors "had declared a stock dividend of two hundred per cent and a cash dividend of one hundred per cent."

They were madly wrecking the company in which he had invested his savings. Such was his first thought. And they were crooks, as Cassidy said, because for two years they had been quietly, through discreet agents, buying in the stock from unsuspecting holders.

"Rascals, every one," agreed Bean with Cassidy, having but slight gifts for character analysis.

"Tellin' th' poor dubs th' stock was goin' down with one hand an' buyin' it in with th' other," said the janitor lucidly.

Bean was suddenly troubled by a cross-current of thought. When you wrecked a company you didn't buy in the stock, you sold. He viewed the headlines from a new angle. Those directors were undoubtedly rascals, but was he not a rascal himself? What about his own shares?

"Maybe there's something we don't understand about it," he ventured to Cassidy.

"I know th' kind well," persisted Cassidy. "Th' idle rich! Small use have they f'r th' wor-r-r-kin' man! Souls no wider than th' black av y'r nail!"

"Might have had good reasons," said Bean cautiously.

"Millions av thim," assented Cassidy with a pointed cynicism. "An' me own father dyin' twinty-three years ago fr'm ixposure contracted in County Mayo!"

Bean returned the paper to its owner and went slowly in to Ramtah. One of the idle rich! Well, that is what kings mostly were if you came down to it. At least they had to be rich to buy all those palaces. But not necessarily idle. The renewed Ramtah would not be idle. It was not idleness to own a major-league club.

For the first time in their intercourse he felt that he faced the dead king almost as an equal. He was confronted by problems of administration, as Ramtah must often have been. He must think.

If the Flapper quite madly brought about an immediate marriage they would, for their honeymoon, follow the home club on its Western trip, and the groom would not be idle. He would be looking over the ground. Then he would buy one of the clubs. If he proved to be not rich enough for that—not quite so rich as one of the idle rich—he would buy stock and become a director. He was feeling now that he knew how to be a director; that his experience with the express company had qualified him. He wondered how rich he would prove to be. Maybe he would have as much as thirty thousand dollars.

And he was a puzzle to Breede. He looked knowingly at Ramtah when he remembered this. Ramtah had probably puzzled people too.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Treating the Soil

ONE of the demonstrators employed by a certain association of bankers in their campaign for the promotion of farming was talking to a group of farmers about the particular needs and problems of their section.

"In the matter of oats and other cereal grains," he said, "the farmers of this county have been losing thousands of dollars a year because of the prevalence of smut. On one farm alone smut has caused the loss of more than a thousand bushels of oats in one season. Here is a margin of three hundred dollars that could have been put into that farmer's pocket by an intelligent outlay of three dollars for formalin for treating the seed.

"Of course some of the more progressive farmers understand that the presence of ants in the cornfield indicates cornlice, and that the sickly look of the lower leaves on the stalks suggests that the cornroot worms are at work; but where one farmer knows this and understands the remedy to be applied, a dozen farmers simply know that their corn is sick and have little or no idea of how to cope with this situation. But I shall be disappointed if, in another year, there is a single farmer in the county who does not understand these things. It is my job to make this information so general that none can escape it.

"The basis for permanent agriculture, however, lies in the soil itself; and I feel that I am fortunate in having had years of work under Dr. C. G. Hopkins, of the Illinois Experiment Station, who is held by many to be one of the greatest soil experts of this country.

"Always the first thing to be done on visiting any farm is to determine the types of the soil in the various fields. For example, black clay loam is common in this county. It is as rich a soil as can be found, but clover is failing every year on this very soil because it is low in nitrogen and phosphorus. The remedy is to apply crushed limestone that will correct the acidity and sweeten the soil, so that clover or some other leguminous, nitrogen-gathering crop can be grown on it.

"In treating black clay loam I always advise the use of crushed limestone instead of burned lime because I am convinced that burned lime will ultimately damage or destroy the soil, and that it has repeatedly served to make one generation rich, leaving an impoverished soil for the next generation.

"To supply phosphorus we are using rock phosphate instead of acid phosphate, believing it to be more economical and effective."

Already the farmers of this county are applying many carloads of rock phosphate. They have spread upon their fields twenty-five carloads of limestone already, and before the next season opens fully fifty carloads will have been applied.

Christmas Gifts Electrical

WHEN a man likes a rarebit or grilled steak or percolated coffee, he can't be blamed for giving his wife an electric chafing dish, radiant grill or percolator. Especially when he knows that she is sure to be pleased with anything electrical.

Nothing can delight her or your friends more than these gifts electrical, especially those illustrated—the very latest things in gift-ware.

Your Family's Xmas Present

Of all modern comforts, the greatest is electric light. If your house isn't wired, you will find that electric lighting is the most satisfactory Christmas present you can give your family.

If you already have electric lighting, then put in a set of Edison Mazda Lamps for the family Xmas. Replace the old-style lamps and you can enjoy using these electrical appliances without any increase in the monthly bills for current. That's because Edison Mazdas require only about ⅓ as much electricity as less modern lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Largest Electrical Manufacturer in the World

Sales Offices in all Large Cities Agencies Everywhere

Take this "ad" to your lighting company or nearest electrical dealer, who will be glad to show you the articles themselves. They all bear the G-E trade-mark— The Guarantee of Excellence on Goods Electrical.

APPLE WORSHIP

The little red god of the famous Hood River apple district is known around the world. The secret of this wonderful success is revealed by a personal visit to the district and intimate talks with the men who are producing the apples. You can make this trip with Randall R. Howard, who knows apples as well as the Northwest, in the personal experience account of his visits to the growers, which appears this week.

You Will Also Find in This Issue

Fortunes From Fertilizer: How fertility bought in bags has proved the deliverance of the sand belts of several states. An effective way of getting big crops without delay.

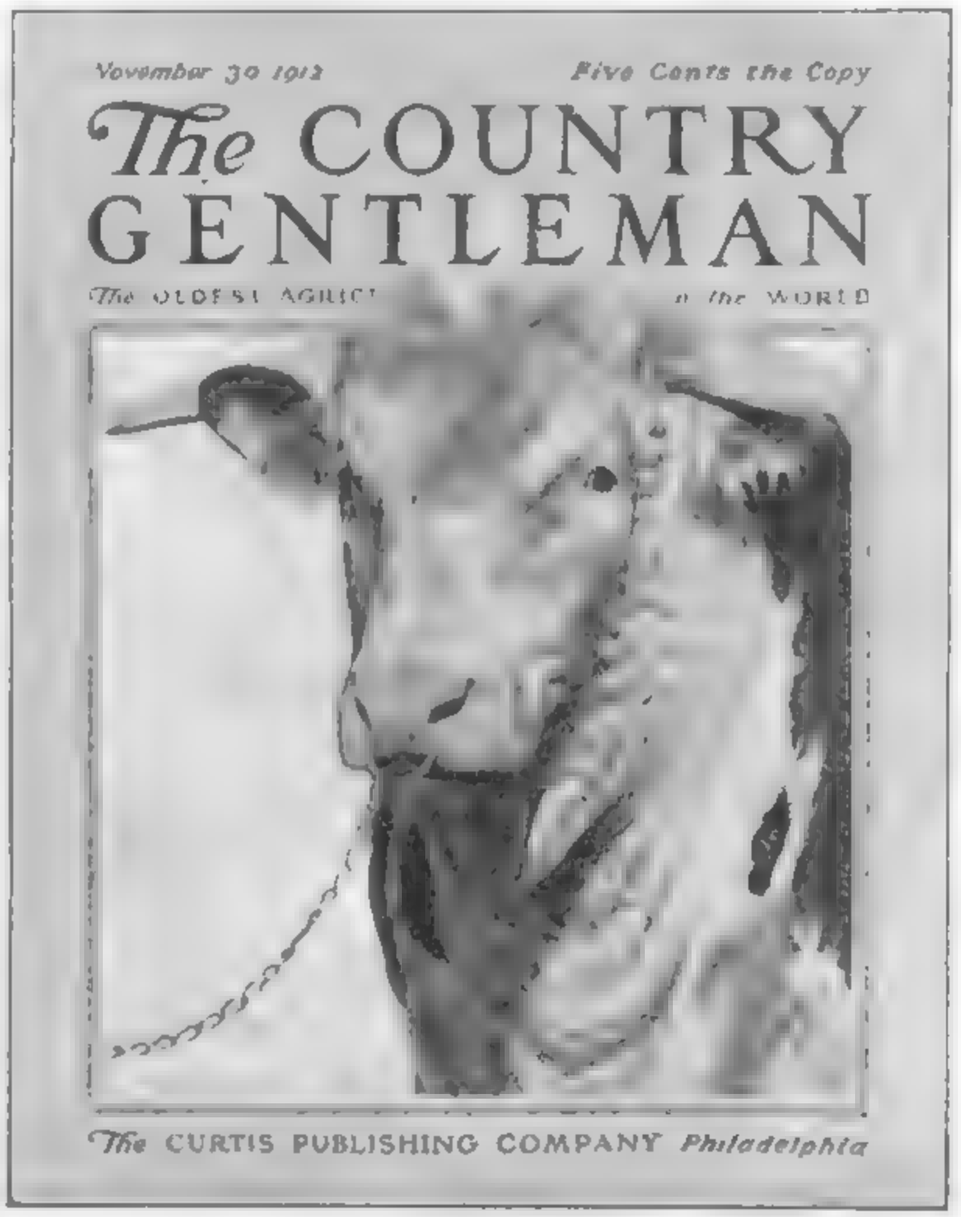
The Proxy Farm: What it costs for the business man to maintain a farm and make it grow into insurance against the blue envelope in old age.

Where Blue Ribbons Blow: An intimate account of the National Dairy Show, its purposes and prize-winners.

Insurance at Cost: How coöperative insurance carries the farmer's risk at the minimum cost with the maximum safety.

New Life for Rural Schools: The first of a series of articles by William A. McKeever on the Reorganization of the Country School to meet the demands of the modern time.

Revamping Old Gore: A story of the clash between the old and the new in the open country and how love found the way out.



IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE OF

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

NOW READY

In the Departments you will find: The Country Gentlewoman's Talk on the Farm Wife's Personal Appearance; Fixing Up Our Attic; Tasty Recipes From Other Lands; Work Before Congress; What to Grow in the Hotbed; Feeding the Laying Hen; The Farm Business Forecast; Selling Asparagus to High-Class Trade; Forcing Cucumbers Under Glass; A Page of Portraits of Champion Animals; Kernels and Chaff that Amuse.

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE BUSINESS MAINSPRING

(Concluded from Page 13)

How far employees can see through the boss' eyes makes all the difference in the world in many practical ways.

Look into one factory. Start among the wage-earners and work toward the boss. All sorts of things are wrong. The men skeptically oppose time and work saving devices, and restrict the output as much as possible, because they feel that the amount of employment is restricted. Foremen drive the men for quantity and cheap production, and suspect one another of playing shop politics for the superintendent's favor. The superintendent is intent chiefly on getting for himself all credit for results, whether entitled to it or not, and is cautious about praising people. If he praised a foreman it might lead the latter to assume that he was indispensable or to ask for more pay—at least, it would give him the swelled head.

Finally the boss is reached—an executive with no intelligent interest in his plant or industry, and no faculty for transmitting it if he had it.

Now in another type of factory will be found just the opposite state of affairs. Production records are constantly being beaten. Time and labor saving devices are welcomed because the place is crowded with orders, and new devices are often suggested by the men.

Commendation and substantial rewards are freely given to anybody who effects an improvement in methods or product—praise is actually hunting round for its man. There is good understanding between men and departments—confidence and teamwork everywhere.

Talk with the boss and he is found to be an interested man, with views of his business that transcend all limitations, and a skill at imparting something of those views so that subordinates see ample room for growth and development.

Ways of transmitting interest are many. The interested man makes his own. If his interest is keen enough he can hardly keep it to himself.

Some executives accomplish the purpose by organization.

The head of one great manufacturing company began to think about letting his people see the business as he did when a shipment of goods was sent back from London on account of defective workmanship. That plant was then in charge of a superintendent. His office was abolished and a committee of half a dozen department heads chosen to do the supervising instead. Thus responsibility was split up and the capacity of the supervising power to be everywhere was augmented. Methods and policy were threshed out in committee meetings. By-and-by special committees were appointed to investigate and solve special problems arising, and that, in turn, led to the organizing of wage-earners, so information about the business could be communicated to them. Eventually the entire force became a sort of committee of the whole, so that information started at the top traveled down to individual employees, and suggestions from the rank and file could travel up.

How Publicity Helps

The president of this concern found out one thing that seems to be fundamental in large business organizations, and a clew to interest. Employees appreciated the fullest possible information about the company's business. So long as no explanation of policies and projects was volunteered, there was apparently nothing but indifference; but when the company began explaining itself, even unskilled laborers were keenly interested. Employees like to form their own opinions as to the company's policies and motives.

They take pride in its volume of output and growth, its activity in different countries, and its service to the public. They can be stimulated by being shown how the work of various departments dovetails, and have a most practical concern in the technical details governing the product and processes, for when they grasp that they are able to improve their own condition by study, and to judge whether the company offers opportunities for their children to rise to good positions.

The president of another large company depends more on personality to transmit interest. His organization is run by department managers. Two or three nights each week, about five o'clock, when employees are leaving the general offices for home, these managers drop into the boss' office. He puts a box of cigars on his desk and they sit and talk. There is no set discussion of business matters—that is reserved for regular conferences. Stories are told, jokes cracked, and the talk is not half so serious as many of the political arguments round the stove in a country store, but it is at such gatherings that the boss feels the temper of his organization and gets its gossip.

The boss knows, if one of his subordinates is worried or stays away, that probably something is wrong, and can locate and clear up the trouble. Likewise the managers see what is on the boss' mind, get his outlook on the future, and catch his spirit and interest.

The interested man is often gifted with the Napoleonic imagination. He has the knack of putting the main issue clearly in pictures. Napoleon was a remarkable writer of general orders. His talks to the army are still model statements to a working organization. He told the ragged troops of the Republic, for instance, that they were hungry, naked and had not been paid, but he said in the next sentence that before them lay Italy, with rich provinces, opulent towns, and the most fertile plains in the world.

With such a prospect before them, could they fail in courage? The army's reply was to oversweep Italy.

In business the interested man often takes hold of a lukewarm, job-holding force and puts energy into it by drawing the issue as clearly.

The Tonic of Competition

A certain manufacturing company had enjoyed almost a monopoly in its product for many years. It was the pioneer concern and no competitor had ever gained a foothold. Its position with the trade and the public was so commanding that its salesforce rather went to sleep. The president of the company occupied himself chiefly with social affairs, and the sales manager was his cousin.

Suddenly a new concern bounded into the field and attacked this old company along the line where it was weakest—that of sales and distribution. With young men and vigorous work its success was great. Within a year it had secured new trade amounting to more than half of the old concern's whole volume.

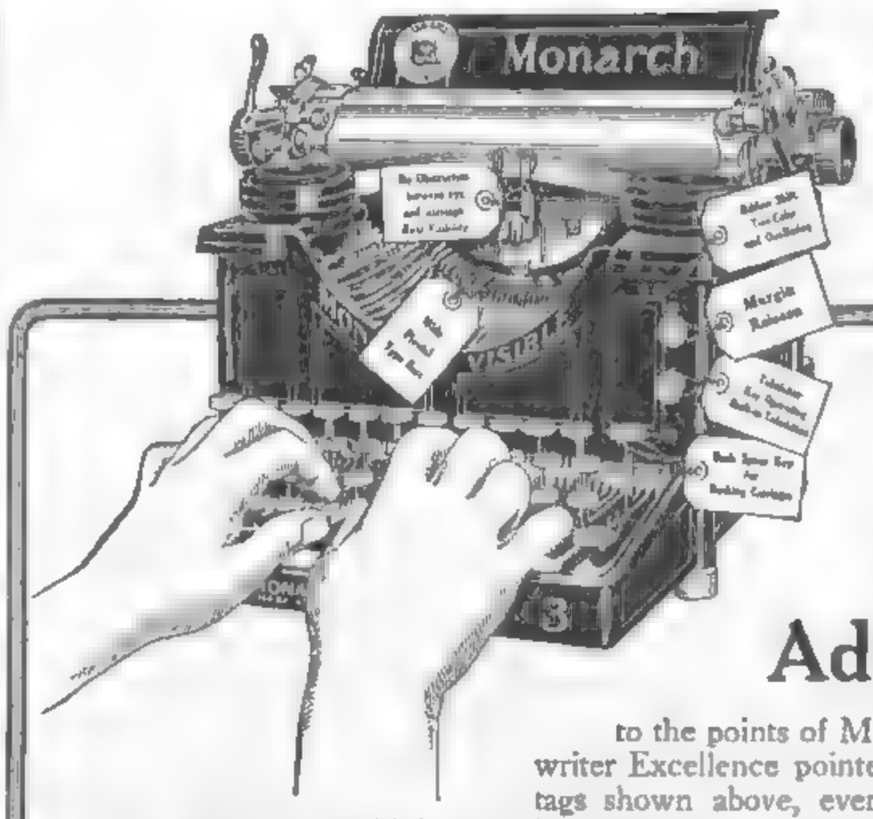
The latter's sales manager was not able to meet the emergency; but his assistant, a man with a deeper interest in the business than the president's cousin, had a plan. Managers of sales branches were called in for a conference.

They came with doubts and fears, expecting a scolding on top of the tremendous drubbing the new concern had been giving them for twelve months. Some of them were planning to get into other lines of business, believing that possibilities were exhausted in their present one.

The assistant sales manager drew the situation clearly in a picture. He had made a study of the new company's business and found that, far from being disheartened by its success, men with the old company had every reason to feel encouraged. It was remarkable to see so much trade massed together in so short a time. It showed what could be done in that business—the possibilities for growth. The demand must be far greater than any of them had ever suspected. They would go after it. They would take a year for the work, and each man in his territory would strengthen present connections and see what he could do to extend them. The company would help. After showing them Italy, with its smiling plains, as it were, he called for volunteers; and in response to this clear appeal man after man rose and pledged a definite percentage of new business from his territory for the coming twelve-month.

The aggregate promised far exceeded any increase the company had ever known, and the pledges were kept so well that the actual new business turned in exceeded what had been promised.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.



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to the points of Monarch Typewriter Excellence pointed out by the tags shown above, every owner and every operator should be keenly interested in that great typewriter advantage of the Monarch, the

Monarch *Light Touch*

which is a wonderful saver of human energy. More work and better work with greater ease is the net result of this feature of the Monarch machine.

To the operator it means "No 3-o'clock Fatigue," but steady work with ease right up to closing time. To the employer it results in more work accomplished, therefore a distinct saving.

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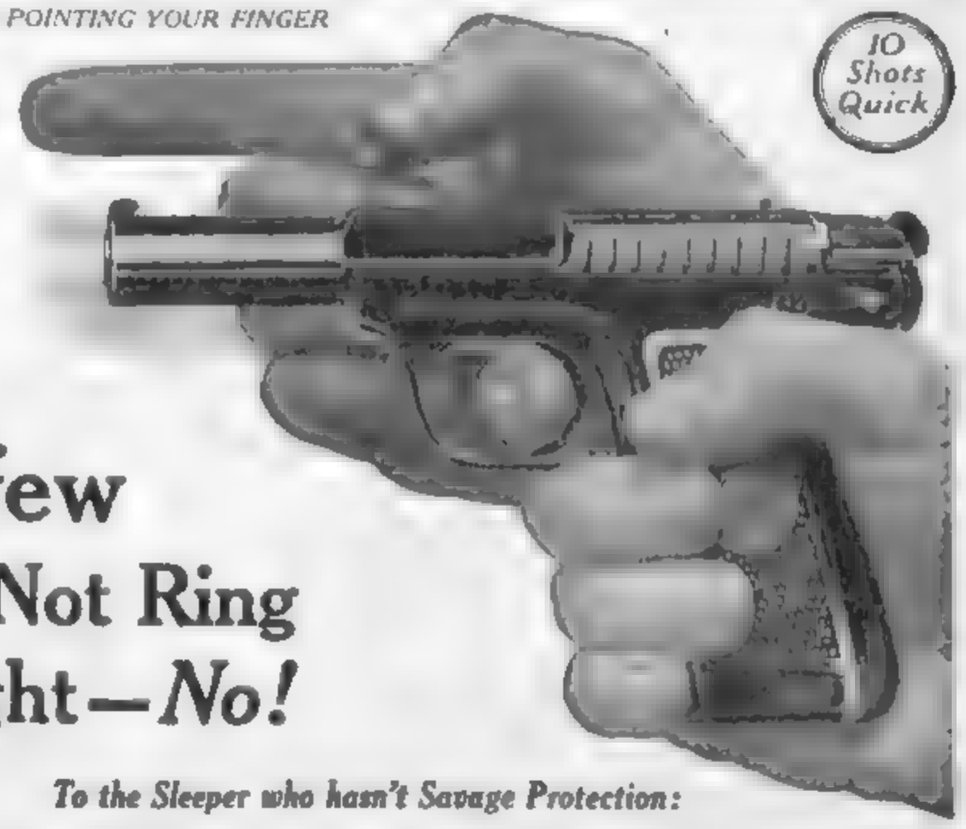


Curfew Will Not Ring Tonight—*No!*

To the Sleeper who hasn't Savage Protection:

CURFEW will not ring tonight—nor any night—to drive loiterers and criminals off the streets. You will not hear the policeman hourly calling out "All's well."

All is not well. The twentieth century burglar, the cunning criminal, and the vicious ex-convict are abroad from nightfall till dawn. *Therefore, you must protect your home from within.*

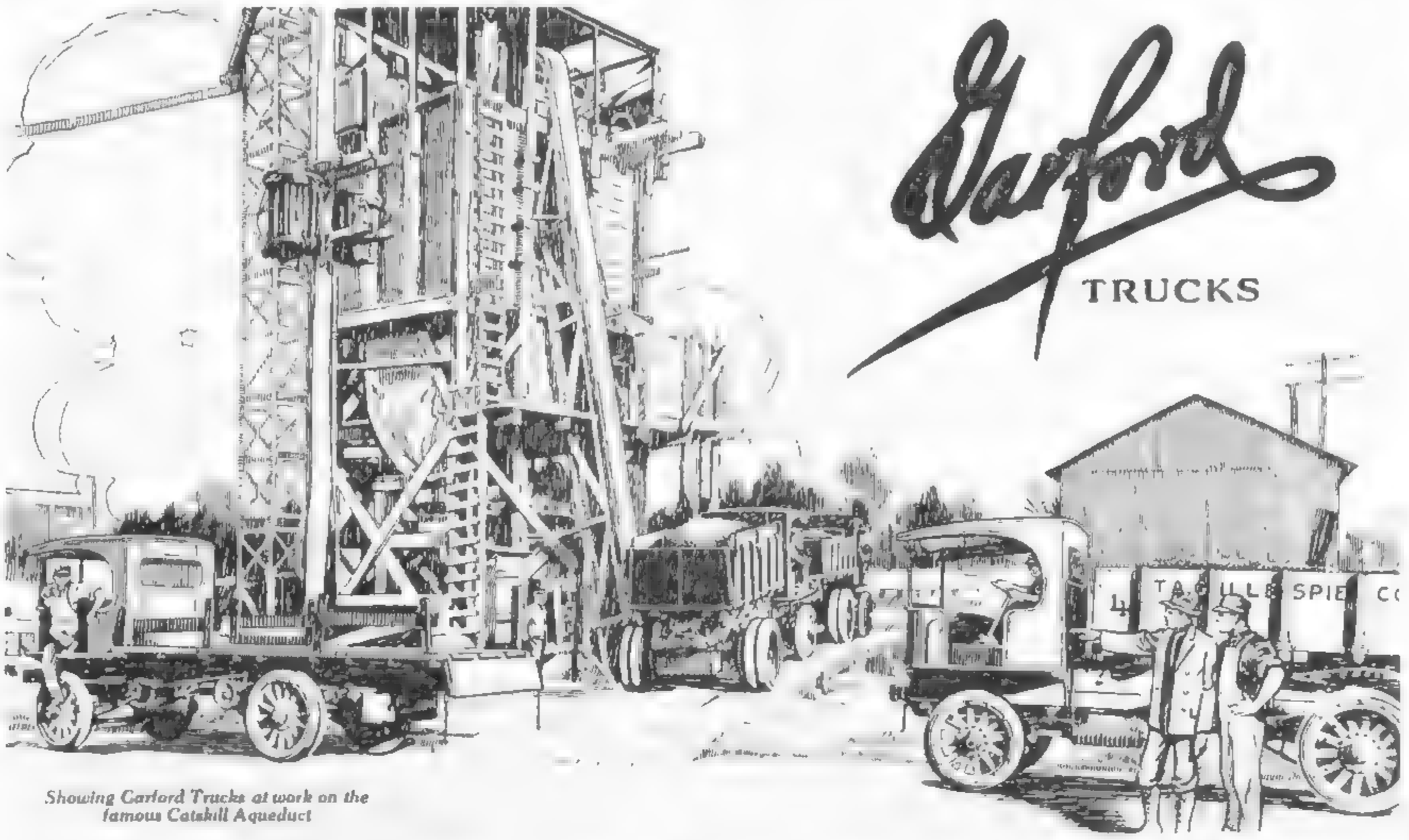
If you have to face a pair of burglars tonight, will you have a twentieth century protector, a black, fast-shooting, sure-aiming, ten-shot Savage Automatic? If not, you must get out of it the best way you can—with your life if you can—and Heaven help you.

The Savage is the only ten-shot automatic pistol. Without practice you can aim and shoot it like a crack shot. Shoots only one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all ten can be fired in less than 3 seconds. Reloads and recocks itself automatically.

Booklet about what to do if a burglar is in your home sent for 6 cents in stamps. This advice is gathered from detectives and police authorities.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 711 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, NEW YORK

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



Showing Garford Trucks at work on the famous Catskill Aqueduct

Chosen for the world's biggest contracting job

THE Catskill Aqueduct is the largest *undertaking of its kind in the world.* In a great many respects it is larger and more important than the Panama Canal. This aqueduct is to furnish New York City with water. It will supply Greater New York with *600,000,000 gallons* of water *every twenty-four hours*—which is 100 gallons a day for 6,000,000 people. It will cost over $200,000,000.00. It is over eighty-five miles long.

Practically every big contractor on the aqueduct is using Garford trucks. And each one of these contractors chose the Garford after testing and investigating all the best known products.

The time element has played a most important part on this big job. In fact all contracts carry a strong penalty clause covering and guaranteeing time of completion. The work must be done with the utmost rapidity and with the greatest accuracy. Time here is valued in the millions. Therefore every conceivable manner and means of quick construction became the most essential part of the chief engineer's work. Every practical modern time saving device was employed.

In trucks, the Garford was selected Prominent among the innumerable modern methods of rapid twentieth century construction you find scores of these big splendid *time and money savers* working night and day.

The use and the important part taken by Garford trucks in the greatest municipal water supply system in the world demonstrates how it can aid and help you to economically develop, strengthen and broaden your business—no matter what it might be. For if you haul things, you can use Garford trucks to a great advantage.

The general efficiency, advantages, economy and practical necessity of the Garford truck can be best explained by the experience of others. One big contractor writes:

"We made some very interesting experiments. For instance, over a given territory one Garford truck *made twenty-one trips a day carrying four tons per trip. A team* operating over the same haul made *but nine trips and carried but two tons per trip.* Had we put a larger body on the truck it could have made an even better showing. At the end of the day the horses were 'all in' but the truck was just shifted to the night gang and did the same performance over again."

Another large concern writes that *eight Garford trucks* are doing the work of *fifty horses.*

Another writes that *each truck can do two hundred per cent.* as much work in the same time *as a single team.*

And in contrast to these big operators are the smaller ones who only use one Garford truck. *In every instance it has been found that one Garford truck will replace five to six teams.* Can you beat that for actual economy? Can you obtain better efficiency than this? Who is there to-day that will say the horse is not a part of the inefficient past?

A line to us will bring you complete information regarding the installation of one or more Garford trucks. We have the facts and figures that will convince you. We can advise you as to style, number, size, costs and everything else that might occur to you.

All information gratis. Please address Dept. 5.

The following big New York contractors are using Garford Trucks on the Catskill Aqueduct, New York State Barge Canal, the New York Connecting Railways Bridge and many other huge projects.

T. A. Gillespie Company
Holbrook Cabot & Rollins
Smith Hauser Locker & Company
Pittsburgh Contracting Company (Booth & Flynn, Prop.)
Watson Contracting Company
Bradley Contracting Company
John J. O'Leary Contracting Co.
Union Building & Construction Co.
Burghart & Son, Contractors
Joseph Johnson's Sons, Contractors
McMullan Contracting & Trucking Co.

The Garford Company, Elyria, Ohio

THE LITTLE EOHIPPUS

Continued from Page 5

eye fell upon the ampleness of the feast—amazing, since it purported to have been put up for one alone; and her face lit up with mischievous delight. She curtsied. "If you please, I'm the Ultimate Consumer!"

He rose, bowing gravely.

"I am the Personal Devil. Glad to meet you."

"Oh, I've heard of you!" remarked the Ultimate Consumer sweetly. She sat down and extended her hand across the spotless line. "Mr. Lake says ——"

The Personal Devil flushed. It was not because of the proffered hand, which he took unhesitatingly and held rather firmly. It was unmistakably anger.

"There is no connection whatever," he stated, grimly enough, "between the truth and Mr. Lake's organs of speech."

"Oh!" cried the Ultimate Consumer triumphantly. "So you're Mr. Beebe?"

"Bransford—Jeff Bransford," corrected the Personal Devil crustily. He willfully relapsed to his former slip-shod speech. "Beebe, he's gone to Pecos work, him and Ballinger. Mr. John Wesley Also-Ran Pringle's gone to Old Mexico to bring back another bunch of black, long-horned Chihuahuas. You now behold before you the last remaining Rose of Rosebud. But, why Beebe?"

"Why does Mr. Lake hate all of you so, Mr. Bransford?"

"Because we are infamous scoundrels. Why Beebe?"

"I can't eat with one hand, Mr. Bransford," she said demurely. He looked at the prisoned hand with a start and released it grudgingly. "Help yourself," said his hostess cheerfully. "There's sandwiches, and roast beef and olives, for a mild beginning."

"Why Beebe?" he said doggedly.

"Help yourself to the salad and then please pass it over this way. Thank you."

"Why Beebe?"

"Oh, very well then! Because of the little eohippus, you know—and other things you said."

"I see!" said the aggrieved Bransford. "Because I'm not from Ohio, like Beebe, I'm not supposed ——"

"Oh, if you're going to be fussy! I'm from California myself, Mr. Bransford. Out in the country at that. Don't let's quarrel, please. We were having such a lovely time. And I'll tell you a secret. It's ungrateful of me, and I ought not to; but I don't care—I don't like Mr. Lake much since we came on this trip. And I don't believe——" She paused, pinkly conscious of the unconventional statement involved in this sudden unbelief.

"—— what Lake says about us?" A much-mollified Bransford finished the sentence for her.

She nodded. Then, to change the subject: "You do speak cowboy talk one minute—and all booky, polite and proper the next, you know. Why?"

"Bad associations," said Bransford ambiguously. "Also for 'tis my nature to, as little doga they do delight to bark and bite. That beef sure tastes like more."

. . . . . .

"And now you may smoke while I pack up," announced the girl when dessert was over, at long last. "And please, there is something I want to ask you about. Will you tell me truly?"

"Um—you sing?"

"Yes—a little."

"If you will sing for me afterward?"

"Certainly. With pleasure."

"All right, then. What's the story about?"

Ellinor gave him her eyes. "Did you rob the post-office at Escondido—really?"

Now it might well be embarrassing to be asked if you had committed a felony; but there was that behind the words of this naïve query—in look, in tone, in mental attitude—an unflinching and implicit faith that, since he had seen fit to do this thing, it must needs have been the right and wise thing to do, which stirred the felon's pulses to a pleasant flutter and caused a certain tough and powerful muscle to thump foolishly at his ribs. The delicious intimacy, the baseless faith, was sweet to him.

"Sure, I did!" he answered lightly. "Lake is one talkative little man, isn't he? Fie! Fie! But, shucks! What can you expect? 'The beast will do after his kind.'"

"And you'll tell me about it?"

"After I smoke. Got to study up some plausible excuses, you know."

She studied him as she packed. It was a good face—lined, strong, expressive, vivid; gay, resolute, confident, alert—reckless, perhaps. There were lines of it disused, fallen to abeyance. What was well with the man had prospered; what was ill with him had faded and dimmed. He was not a young man—thirty-seven, thirty-eight (she was twenty-four)—but there was an unquenchable boyishness about him, despite the few frosty hairs at his temples. He bore his hard years jauntily; youth danced in his eyes. The explorer nodded to herself, well pleased. He was interesting—different.

The tale, though it suffered from Bransford's telling, as any tale will suffer when marred by the inevitable, barbarous modesty of its hero, was hardly less creditable to his primitive ethics than to his ingenuous and illegal resources. For the Escondido post-office had been indubitably robbed, not for gain, but to obtain certain papers in transit, to destroy them in the interests of justice—the thing, you know, not the name. It was a long story, cozily confidential; and there were interruptions. The sun was low ere it was done.

"Now the song," said Jeff, "and then ——" He did not complete the sentence; his brow darkened.

"What shall I sing?"

"How can I tell? What you will. What can I know about good songs—or anything else?" responded Bransford in sudden moodiness and dejection—for, after the song, the end of everything! He flinched at the premonition of irrevocable loss.

The girl made no answer. This is what she sang. No; I will not tell you of her voice. I tried to describe her to you, recollect—with what result we know. Perhaps there is a voice that you remember, that echoes to you through the dusty years. How would you like to describe that?

Oh, Sandy has monie and Sandy has land,
And Sandy has housen, sae fine and sae grand—
But I'd rather hae Jamie, wi' nocht in his hand,
Than Sandy, wi' all of his housen and land.

My father looks sulky; my mither looks soor;
They gloom upon Jamie because he is poor.
I lo'e them baith dearly, as a dochter should do;
But I lo'e them not half sae weel, dear Jamie, as you!

I sit at my cribbie, I spin at my wheel;
I think o' the laddie that lo'es me sae weel.
Oh, he had but a saxpence, he brak it in twa,
And he gied me the half o't ere he gaed awa'!

He said: "Lo'e me lang, lassie, though I gang awa'!"
He said: "Lo'e me lang, lassie, though I gang awa'!"
Bland simmer is cooming; cauld winter's awa',
And I'll wed wi' Jamie in spite o' them a'!

Jeff's back was to a tree, his hat over his eyes. He pushed it up.

"Thank you," he said; and then, quite directly: "Are you rich?"

"Not—very," said Ellinor, a little breathless at the blunt query.

"I'm going to be rich," said Jeff steadily.

"'I'm going to be a horse,' quoth the little eohippus," the girl retorted saucily, though secretly alarmed at the import of this examination.

"Ex-actly. So that's settled. What is your name?"

"Hoffman."

"Where do you live, Hoffman?"

"Ellinor," supplemented the girl.

"Ellinor, then. Where do you live, Ellinor?"

"In New York—just now. Not in town. Upstate. On a farm. You see, grandfather's growing old—and he wanted father to come back."

"New York's not far," said Jeff.

A sudden panic seized the girl. What next? In swift, instinctive self-defense she rose and tripped to the tree where lay her neglected sketchbook, bent over—and started back with a little cry of alarm. With a spring and a rush, Jeff was at her side, caught her up and glared watchfully at bush and shrub and tufted grass.

"Mr. Bransford! Put me down!"

"What was it? A rattlesnake?"

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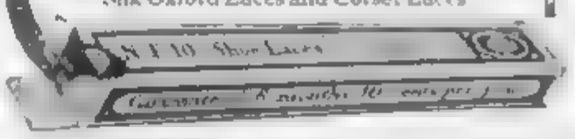

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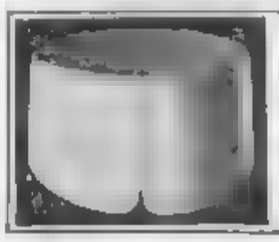

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"A snake? What an idea! I just noticed how late it was. I must go."

Crestfallen, sheepishly, Mr. Bransford put her down, thrust his hands into his pockets, tilted his chin and whistled an aggravating little trill from the Rye twostep.

"Mr. Bransford!" said Ellinor haughtily. Mr. Bransford's face expressed patient attention.

"Are you lame?"

Mr. Bransford's eye estimated the distance covered during the recent snake episode, and then gave to Miss Hoffman a look of profound respect. His shoulders humped up slightly; his head bowed to the stroke; he stood upon one foot and traced the Rainbow brand in the dust with the other.

"I told you all along I wasn't hurt," he said aggrieved. "Didn't I, now?"

"Are you lame?" she repeated severely, ignoring his truthful saying.

"'Not—very.'" The quotation marks were clearly audible.

"Are you lame at all?"

"No, ma'am—not what you might call really lame. Uh—no, ma'am."

"And you deceived me like that!" Indignation checked her. "Oh, I am so disappointed in you! That was a fine, manly thing for you to do!"

"It was such a lovely time," observed the culprit doggedly. "And such a chance might never happen again. And it isn't my fault I wasn't hurt, you know. I'm sure I wish I was."

She gave him an icy glare.

"Now see what you've done! Your men haven't come and you won't stay with Mr. Lake. How are you going to get home? Oh, I forgot—you can walk, as you should have done at first."

The guilty wretch wilted yet further. He shuffled his feet; he writhed; he positively squirmed. He ventured a timid upward glance. It seemed to give him courage. Prompted, doubtless, by the same feeling which drives one to dive headlong into dreaded cold water, he said in a burst of candor:

"Well, you see, ma'am, that little horse now—he really ain't got far. He got tangled up over there a ways ——"

The girl wheeled and shot a swift, startled glance at the little eohippus on the hillside, who had long since given over his futile struggles and was now nibbling grass with becoming resignation. She turned back to Bransford. Slowly, scathingly, she looked him over from head to foot and slowly back again. Her expression ran the gamut—wonder, anger, scorn, withering contempt.

"I think I hate you!" she flamed at him.

Amazement triumphed over the other emotions then—a real amazement: the detected impostor had resumed his former debonair bearing and met her scornful eye with a slow and provoking smile.

"Oh, no, you don't," he said reassuringly. "On the contrary, you don't hate me at all!"

"I'm going home, anyhow," she retorted bitterly. "You may draw your own conclusions."

Still, she did not go, which possibly had a confusing effect upon his inferences.

"Just one minute, ma'am, if you please. How did you know so pat where the little black horse was? I didn't tell you."

Little waves of scarlet followed each other to her burning face.

"I'm not going to stay another moment. You're just detestable. And it's nearly sundown."

"Oh, you needn't hurry. It's not far."

She followed his gesture. To her intense mortification she saw the blue smoke of her home campfire flaunting up from a gully not half a mile away. It was her turn to droop now. She drooped.

There was a painful silence. Then, in a far-off, hard, judicial tone:

"How long, ma'am, if I may ask, have you known that the little black horse was tangled up?"

Miss Ellinor's eyes shifted wildly. She broke a twig from a mahogany bush and examined the swelling buds with minutest care.

"Well?" said her ruthless inquisitor sternly.

"Since—since I went for your hat," she confessed in a half whisper.

"To deceive me so!" Pain, grief, surprise, reproach, were in his words. "Have you anything to say?" he added sadly.

A slender shoe peeped out beneath her denim skirt and tapped on a buried boulder. Ellinor regarded the toetip with interest and curiosity. Then, half audibly:

"We were having such a good time. . . . And it might never happen again!"

He captured both her hands. She drew back a little—ever so little; she trembled slightly, but her eyes met his frankly and bravely.

"No, no! . . . Not now. . . . Go, now, Mr. Bransford. Go at once. We will have a pleasant day to remember."

"Until the next pleasant day," said resolute Bransford, openly exultant. "But see here, now—I can't go to Lake's camp or to Lake's ball"—here Miss Ellinor pouted distinctly—"or anything that is Lake's. After your masked ball, then what?"

"New York; but it's only so far—on the map." She held her hands apart very slightly to indicate the distance. "On a little map, that is."

"I'll drop in Saturdays," said Jeff.

"Do! I want to hear you sing the rest about the little eohippus."

"If you'll sing about Sandy!" suggested Jeff.

"Why not? Goodby now—I must go."

"And you won't sing about Sandy to any one else?"

The girl considered doubtfully.

"Why—I don't know—I've known you for a very little while, if you please." She gathered up her belongings. "But we're friends?"

"No! No!" said Jeff vehemently. "You won't sing it to any one else—Ellinor?"

She drew a line in the dust.

"If you won't cross that line," she said, "I'll tell you."

Mr. Bransford grasped a sapling with a firm clutch and shook it to try its strength.

"A bird in the bush is the noblest work of God," he announced. "I'll take a chance."

Her eyes were shining.

"You've promised!" she said. Then a trifle unsteadily: "I won't sing about Sandy to—any one else—Jeff!"

Then she fled.

Like Lot's wife, she looked back from the hillside. Jeff clung desperately to the sapling with one hand; from the other a handkerchief—hers—fluttered a goodby message. She threw him a farewell, with an amoiguous gesture.

. . . . . .

It was late when Jeff reached Rosebud Camp. He unsaddled Nigger Baby, the little and not entirely gentle black horse, rather unobtrusively; but Johnny Dines sauntered out during the process, announcing supper.

"Huh!" sniffed Jeff. "S'pose I thought you'd wait until I come to get it?"

Nothing more alarming than tallies was broached during supper however. Afterward Johnny tilted his chair back and, through cigarette smoke, contemplated the ceiling with innocent eyes.

"Nigger Babe looks drawed," he idly suggested.

"Uh-huh. Had one of them poor spells of his."

(Puff, puff.)

"Your saddle's skinned up a heap."

"Run under a tree."

Johnny's look of innocence grew more pronounced.

"How'd you get your clothes so wet?"

"Rain," said Jeff.

(Puff, puff.)

"You look right muddy too."

"Dust in the air," said Jeff.

"Ah!—yes." Silence during the rolling of another cigarette. Then: "How'd you get that cut on your head?"

Jeff's hand went to his head and felt the bump there. He regarded his fingers in some perplexity.

"That? Oh, that's where I bit myself!" He stalked off to bed in gloomy dignity.

Half an hour later Johnny called softly: "Jeff!"

Jeff grunted sulkily.

"Camping party down near Mayhill. Lot o' girls. I saw one of 'em. Young person with eyes and hair."

Jeff grunted again. There was a long silence.

"Nice bear!" There was no answer.

"Good old bear!" said Johnny tearfully. No answer. "Mister Bear, if I give you one nice, good, juicy bite ——"

"U—ugg—rrh!" said Jeff.

"Then," said Johnny decidedly, "I think I'll sleep out in the yard."

II

A HYPOTENUSE, as has been well said, is the longest side of a right-angled triangle. There is no need for details. That we are all familiar with the use of

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this handy little article is shown by the existence of shortcuts at every available opportunity, and by keep-off-o'-the-grass signs in parks.

Now, had Jeff Bransford desired to go to Arcadia—to that masquerade, for instance—his direct route from Jackson's Ranch would have been cater-cornered across the desert, as has been amply demonstrated by Pythagoras and others.

That Jeff did not want to go to Arcadia—to the masked ball, for instance—is made apparent by the fact that the afternoon preceding said ball saw him jogging southward toward Baird's, along the lonely base of that inveterate triangle whereof Jackson's, Baird's and Arcadia are the respective corners, leaving the fifty-five-mile hypotenuse far to his left. It was also obvious from the tenor of his occasional self-communings.

"I don't want to make a bally fool of myself—do I, old Grasshopper? Anyhow, you'll be too tired when we get to Gene's."

Grasshopper made no response other than a plucky tossing of his bit and a quickening cadence in his rhythmical stride, by way of pardonable bravado.

"I never forced myself in where my company wasn't wanted yet, and I ain't going to begin now," asserted Jeff stoutly; adding, as a fervent afterthought: "Darn Lake!"

His way lay along the plain paralleling, the long westward range, just far enough out to dodge the jutting foothills; through bare white levels where Grasshopper's hoofs left but a faint trace on the hard-glazed earth. At intervals, tempting cross-roads branched away to mountain springs. The cottonwood at Independent Springs came into view round the granite shoulder of Strawberry, six miles to the right of him. He roused himself from prolonged pondering of the marvelous silhouette, where San Andres unflung in broken masses against the sky, to remark in a hushed whisper:

"I wonder if she'd be glad to see me?"

Several miles later he added musingly:

For Ellinor—her Christian name was Ellinor—
Had twenty-seven different kinds of hell in her!

After all, there are problems which Pythagoras never solved.

The longest road must have an end. Ritch's Ranch was passed far to the right, lying low in the long shadow of Kaylor; then the mouth of Hembrillo Cañon; far ahead, a shifting flicker of Baird's windmill topped the brush. It grew taller; the upper tower took shape. He dipped into the low, mirage-haunted basin, where the age-old Texas Trail crosses the narrow western corner of the White Sands. When he emerged the windmill was tall and silver-shining; the low iron roofs of the house gloomed sullen in the sun.

Dust rose from the corral. Now Jeff's ostensible errand to the West Side had been the search for strays; three days before he had prudently been three days' ride farther to the north. The reluctance with which he had turned back southward was justified by the fact that this critical afternoon found him within striking distance of Arcadia—striking distance, that is, should he care for a bit of hard riding. This was exactly what Jeff had fought against all along. So when he saw the dust he loped up.

It was as he had feared. A band of horses was in the waterpen; among them a red-roan head he knew—Copperhead, of Pringle's mount; confirmed runaway. Jeff shut the gate. For the first time that day he permitted himself a discreet glance eastward to Arcadia.

"Three days," he said bitterly, while Grasshopper thrust his eager muzzle into the watertrough—"Three days I have braced back my feet and slid, like a yearlin' at a brandin' bee—and look at me now! Oh, Copperhead, you darned old fool, see what you done now!"

In this morose mood he went to the house. There was no one at home. A note was tacked on the door:

Gone to Plomo. Back in two or three days. Beef hangs under platform on windmill tower. When you get it, oil the mill. Books and deck of cards in box under bed. Don't leave fire in stove when you go.

GENE BAIRD.

Jeff built a fire in the stove and unsaddled the weary Grasshopper. He found some corn, which he put into a woven-grass *morral* and hung on Grasshopper's nose.

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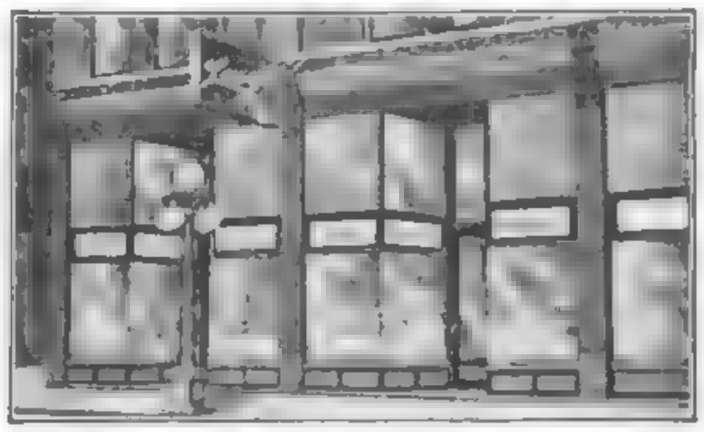

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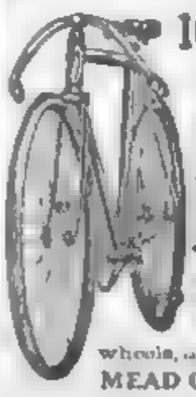

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A Fine Xmas Present for the Men

Genuine seal grain leather Combination Card-Case and Bill Fold, 5x3 folded, 5x8 open. Has many useful Pockets; calendar; stamp book, identification cards, etc. *The biggest bargain ever offered for only $1.00.* In genuine morocco $1.50. genuine seal or pigskin $2.00. Any name stamped in gold free (if desired). Write name to be stamped plainly. Sent registered mail, 10c extra, postpaid in America. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Remit by Bank Draft, Money Order only to Dept. S.

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For only $12 on time or $11.50 cash we will send you a genuine Imported Swiss Watch in 20 year gold case. Each Watch kept in repair two years FREE.

Sent on approval and fully guaranteed—Money refunded if not as represented. Perfect timekeeper. New open face, thin model. Ladies' and Men's sizes. Ideal Xmas gift. Order now.

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Box 524 Ref. American Nat. Bank. **Macon, Ga.**

Purchase a Southern Farm

Prices range from $10 an acre up. Nature favors with long growing season, rich soil, abundant rainfall. Best markets and shipping facilities. Best public schools, churches, good roads, healthful climate, beautiful scenery. Special inducements to home-seekers. Large profits in Alfalfa, truck, cereals, cotton, corn and apples. Great industrial openings in all parts of the South. "Southern Field," state booklets and all facts free.

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Room 83 Washington, D. C.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY — Mobile & Ohio Collection

Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"

Wins Every Race!

The only sled with grooved runners!

The ideal Christmas gift for boys and girls

Gives an added zest to coasting because it can be steered at *full speed* around all obstacles. Light enough to easily pull up hill—yet so strong it

outlasts 3 ordinary sleds

The grooved runners insure greater speed and absolutely prevent upsetting. The famous steering bar lets you turn instantly with leaning feet, wrist and rear—in fact to suit every condition of hills, ice and snow. No other steering sled has the exclusive features of the Flexible Flyer. Be sure to look for the grooved runners and this trade mark.

TRADE MARK

FREE Cardboard working model of the Flexible Flyer and handsome booklet

Just say "Send model and booklet" and we'll gladly send them FREE. Write today.

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WHO IS THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN?

IN England the "country gentleman" is a man who owns estates cultivated by tenants in his employ. In America the "country gentleman" is the *business farmer.* The farming population of the United States today is unlike that of any other nation in the world. Education, government aid and the advance of science have given us a relatively new type—the American country gentleman—scientifically trained, alert, systematic, a business man who deals with the soil as your manufacturer deals with steel billets.

Inevitably there arose among men like this, as they multiplied, a need for a certain kind of farm paper—a publication that viewed agriculture as a business to be prosecuted by business methods, that looked beyond the rail fences of local and sectional affairs and viewed the whole sweep of national progress from the point of view of the intelligent farmer.

The Country Gentleman was reconstructed to meet this obvious and growing need.

In fifteen months a 500 per cent. increase in its circulation has proved that our analysis was correct.

We also have abundant testimony to the worth of the publication as a means whereby manufacturers—whether of farm utilities or of articles in general use—can advertise most effectively to this vigorous and rapidly increasing type of country gentleman.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, circulation, 1,900,000
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, circulation, 1,750,000
THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN, *present* circulation, 140,000

He went to the waterpen, roped out Copperhead and shut him in a side corral. Then he let the bunch go. They strained through the gate in a mad run, despite a shrill and frantic remonstrance from Copperhead.

"Jeff," said Jeff soberly, "are you going to be a damned fool all your life? That girl doesn't care anything about you. She hasn't thought of you since. You stay right here and read the pretty books. That's the place for you."

This advice was sound and wise beyond cavil. So Jeff took it valiantly. After supper he hobbled Grasshopper and took off the nosebag. Then he went to the back room in pursuit of literature.

. . . . . .

Have I leave for a slight digression, to commit a long-delayed act of justice—to correct a grievous wrong? Thank you.

We hear much of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and His Libraries, the Hall of Fame, the Little Red Schoolhouse, the Five-Foot Shelf, and the World's Best Books. A singular thing is that the most effective bit of philanthropy along these lines has gone unrecorded of a thankless world. This shall no longer be.

Know, then, that once upon a time a certain soulless corporation in the tobacco trade placed in each package of tobacco a coupon, each coupon redeemable by one paper-bound book. Whether they were moved by remorse to this action or by sordid hidden purposes of their own, or, again, by pure, disinterested and far-seeing love of their kind, is not yet known; but the results remain. There were three hundred and three volumes on that list, mostly—but not altogether—fiction. And each one was a classic. Classics are cheap. They are not copyrighted. Could I but know the anonymous benefactor who enrolled that glorious company, how gladly would I drop a leaf on his bier or a cherry in his bitters!

Thus it was that in one brief decade the cowboys, with others, became comparatively literate. Cowboys all smoked. Doubtless that was a chief cause contributory to making them the wrecks they were. It destroyed their physique; it corroded and ate away their willpower—leaving them seldom able to work over nineteen hours a day, except in emergencies; prone to abandon duty in the face of difficulty or danger, when human effort, raised to the *n*th power, could do no more—all things considered, the most efficient men of their hands on record.

Cowboys all smoked: and the most deep-seated instinct of the human race is to get something for nothing. They got those books. In due course of time they read those books. Some were slow to take to it; but when you stay at lonely ranches, when you are left afoot until the waterholes dry up, so you may catch a horse in the waterpen—why, you must do something. The books were read. Then, having acquired the habit, they bought more books. Since the three hundred and three were all real books, and since the cowboys had been previously uncorrupted of predigested or sterilized fiction, or by "gift," "uplift" and "helpful" books, their composite taste had become surprisingly good, and they bought with discriminating care. Nay, more. A bookcase follows books; a bookcase demands a house; a house needs a keeper; a housekeeper needs everything. Hence alfalfa—houseplants spotless tables—bankbooks. The chain which began with yellow coupons ends with Christmas trees. In some proudest niche in the Hall of Fame a grateful nation will yet honor that hitherto unrecognized educator.

. . . . . .

Jeff pawed over the tattered yellow-backed volumes in profane discontent. He had read them all. Another box was under the bed, behind the first. Opening it, he saw a tangled mass of clothing, tumbled in the bachelor manner; with the rest, a much-used football outfit—canvas jacket, sweater, padded trousers, woolen stockings, rubber noseguard, shinguards, ribbed shoes—all complete; for 'Gene Baird was fullback of the El Paso eleven.

Jeff segregated the gridiron wardrobe with hasty hands. His eye brightened; he spoke in an awed and almost reverent voice.

"I ain't mostly superstitious, but this looks like a leading. First, I'm here; second, Copperhead's here; third, no one else is here; and, for the last and final miracle, here's a costume made to my hand. Thirty-five miles. Ten o'clock, if I hurry. H'm! 'When first I put this uniform on'—how did that go? I'm forgetting all my songs. Getting old, I guess."

Rejecting the heavy shoes, as unmeet for waxed floors, and the shinguards, he rolled the rest of the uniform in his slicker and tied it behind his saddle. Then he rubbed his chin.

"Huh! That's a true saying too. I am getting old. Youth turns to youth. Buck up, Jeff, you old fool! Have some pride about you and just a little old horse-sense."

Yet he unhobbled Grasshopper, who might then be trusted to find his way to Rainbow in about three days. He went to the corral and tossed a rope on snorting Copperhead. "No; I won't go!" he said as he slipped on the bridle. "Just to uncock old Copperhead, I'll make a little horse-ride to Hospital Springs and look through the stock." He threw on the saddle with some difficulty—Copperhead was fat and frisky. "She don't want to see you, Jeff—an old has-been like you! No, no; I'd better not go. I won't! There, if I didn't leave that football stuff on the saddle! I'll take it off. It might get lost. Whoa, Copperhead!"

Copperhead, however, declined to whoa on any terms. His eyes bugged out; he reared, he pawed, he snorted, he bucked, he squealed, he did anything but whoa. Exasperated, Jeff caught the bridle by the cheek piece and swung into the saddle. After a few preliminaries in the pitching line, Jeff started bravely for Hospital Springs.

It was destined that this act of renunciation should be thwarted. Copperhead stopped and dug his feet in the ground as if about to take root. Jeff dug the spurs home. With an agonized bawl, Copperhead made a creditable ascension, shook himself and swapped ends before he hit the ground again. "Wooh!" he said. His nose was headed now for Arcadia; he followed his nose, his roan flanks fanned vigorously with a doubled rope.

"Headstrong, stubborn, unmanageable brute! Oh, well, have it your own way then, you old fool! You'll be sorry!" Copperhead leaped out to the loosened rein. "This is just plain kidnaping!" said Jeff.

Kidnaped and kidnaper were far out on the plain as night came on. Arcadia road stretched dimly to the east; the far lights of La Luz flashed through the leftward dusk; straight before them was a glint and sparkle in the sky, faint, diffused, wavering; beyond, a warm and mellow glow broke the blackness of the mountain wall, where the lights of low-hidden Arcadia beat up against Rainbow Rim.

Jeff was past his first vexation; he sang as he rode:

"There was ink on her thumb when I kissed her hand,
And she whispered: 'If you should die
I'd write you an epitaph, gloomy and grand!'
'Time enough for that!' says I.

"Keep a-moving here, Copperhead! Time fugits right along. You will play hooky, will you? 'I'm going to be a horse!'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Tripe Market

A FRUGALLY INCLINED stock-trader from up the state made a mistake and dropped into one of the most expensive restaurants in New York. He didn't look at the prices on the bill-of-fare, which was perhaps just as well for his peace of mind. Instead he thought of the cheapest article of filling food that he knew anything about, which was tripe; and then he called the waiter and told him to bring him an order of tripe.

The waiter brought him a single portion of tripe, cockered up in a chafing dish with green peppers and mushrooms. He also brought a check for eighty cents. When the beeftrader saw the figures on the check he emitted a roar of rage and agony that brought the manager to him, demanding an explanation.

"Why, this here waiter of yours is trying to rob me!" sputtered the indignant guest. "He had the nerve to charge me eighty cents for a plate of tripe!"

"That is the correct price," said the manager soothingly.

The diner eyed him for a moment in astonishment. "Why, you big burglar," he yelled, "you couldn't tote eighty cents' worth of tripe!"

Watch the Yale Group Grow

Among Folk You Know

7-8 H. P. Twin, $275—F. O. B. Toledo—5-6 H. P. Single, $225—Tandem Attachment, Complete, $20.

29c
a year for
The Big Y

As soon as the new Yale strikes town—the Yale group begins to grow.

Yale riders are being recruited from folk who never thought or talked of motorcycles before.

The wave will strike your town, too (if it hasn't already), as soon as the first Yale is received.

150,000 new riders booked for 1913—so official figures show.

A $20,000,000 business where there was only a $200,000 business ten years ago.

And still perhaps—in spite of our recent illuminating announcement—you continue to wonder *if* you will buy a Yale or *why* you should buy one.

Here's another pertinent reason to add to all the rest we've given you:

In one year all the Yale owners in America—riding thousands and tens of thousands of miles—had an average upkeep cost of 29c.

Let that startling record sink in until you get its full significance. It means—29c—per machine.

All over America Yale owners, many of whom affectionately refer to their mount as "The Big Y," were riding—in all sorts of weather—on all sorts of roads. And at the end of twelve long months their average repair bill was just 29c.

Why The Yale Owner Is Content

We called your attention, in our recent announcement, to the fact that "The Big Y" can go wherever the motor car can—and a great many places where the latter cannot.

We called your attention to the fact that 200 or 250 miles is an average day's journey for the Yale rider.

We reminded you that the Yale rider can journey this distance without fatigue to himself or damage to his machine.

And we asked you if you thought you'd care to drive that far in your motor car; or if you thought your motor car would do it—day in and day out—without a good deal of strain and repair and weariness.

Now add to the fact that "The Big Y" rider can go farther and see more the extraordinary element of low cost of upkeep.

That's why many a rider who can afford a motor car is perfectly content with the Yale.

And it's a mighty good common-sense reason, too.

He can go farther; he can see more; *and he pays less.*

And He Can Have Companionship

Nor need the Yale rider travel alone.

Look again at the picture and see what it suggests.

Hundreds and hundreds of Yale owners are traveling tandem.

Thousands, as we told you in our last announcement, are touring in groups and clubs.

Thousands are making excursions to near-by or distant picnic grounds; or journeying to farm or city.

And they are getting the fresh air and the sunshine and the joy of living, mind you, at an average cost for upkeep so slight as to be left out of consideration.

In the year's average to which we referred above, many riders, of course, spent more than 29c on their machines. Others spent less.

But 29c per machine was the average for the year; and you may be sure the coming year's average will be correspondingly low—so low that the other advantages of "The Big Y" are made simply irresistible.

The Other Advantages of "The Big Y"

And these other advantages are really the foundation stone for the extraordinarily low upkeep cost of "The Big Y."

The caution exercised in the selection of materials and in the supervision and inspection of workmanship is as scrupulous and exacting as the practice of the finest motor car manufacturers.

We manufacture—not assemble—the Yale to an unheard-of degree; we make our own drop-forgings; we use them generously wherever they will add strength and sturdiness; and we insist that each smallest part be made as faultlessly as it can be made.

As a result the Yale frame is as strong as steel and drop-forgings can make it; the vibrationless cushion fork, with its solid drop-forged head, is practically break-proof (not one broke in all of 1912); the long-stroke motor; the steering mechanism; the grip control; the horizontal cooling flanges; the over-sized three-inch tires; the famous "Y-A" Shock-Absorber; the original hinged rear mud-guard—each and every part contributes its share to the Reliability that means Comfort, Safety and Economy for "The Big Y" rider. Because every single part of the Yale is made RIGHT it is Reliable—and Yale Reliability made possible an upkeep record of 29c per machine.

Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1702 Fernwood Ave.
Toledo, Ohio

Please send latest Yale booklet to

Name _____

Address _____

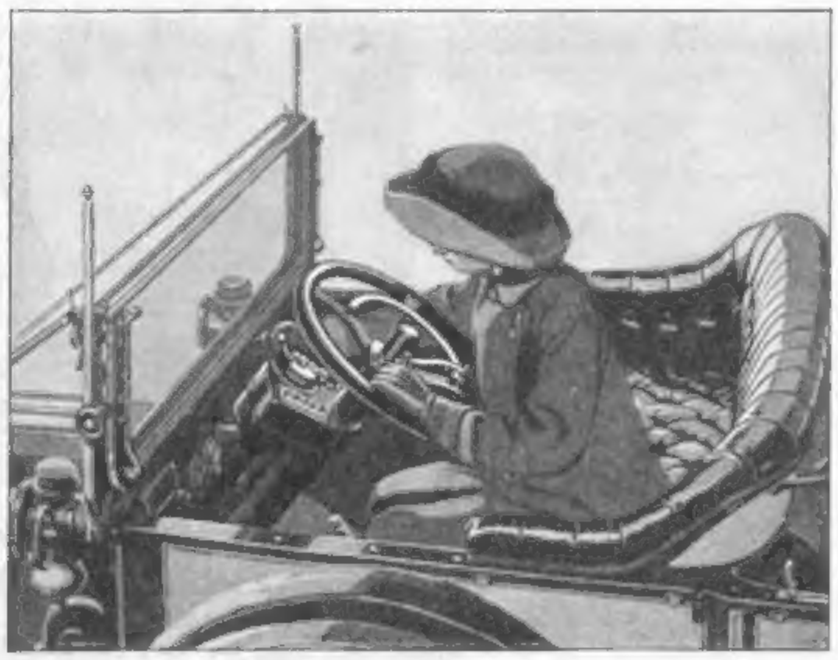
The Yale Record For Six Weeks

August 31—Sept. 1—WON Middletown Motorcycle Club's 3-day Tri-State Endurance Run
Sept. 15-16—WON New Jersey Motorcycle Club's 24-hour Endurance Run (325 mi.)
Oct. 11-13—WON Ohio State F. A. M's. Lake-to-River Endurance Run, Toledo to Cincinnati (600 mi.)

Other records of "The Big Y" are included in our latest booklet. Send a postal-card—with your name and address—today. We are breaking records, too, in the establishment of dealerships. Some choice spots still open—better hook up with the Yale.

The Consolidated Manufacturing Company, 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers also of Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handle Bars, Drop Forgings



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Easily and simply operated from a driving position.

Centralized Control
Complete mastery of the car from the driver's seat. A compact arrangement at the finger tips operated with the slightest effort.

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Controlling switches at the centralized control board.

Magneto Ignition
A high tension dual ignition system independent of the self-starting battery and motor generator. Insures Packard efficiency at all speeds.

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Flexible, efficient, silent, giving motion with no sense of exerted power.

Dry Plate Clutch
Proof against "burning leather" surfaces and certain of engagement without "grabbing."

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Especially desirable for "sixes." An auxiliary system feeds oil directly to the cylinder walls and is automatically regulated for different power requirements.

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Proof against sagging. Prevents possibility of body distortion, body squeaks and cramping of doors.

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The diameter of the crank shaft is 2⅛ inches. Ample size of bearings insures maximum period of service without refitting.

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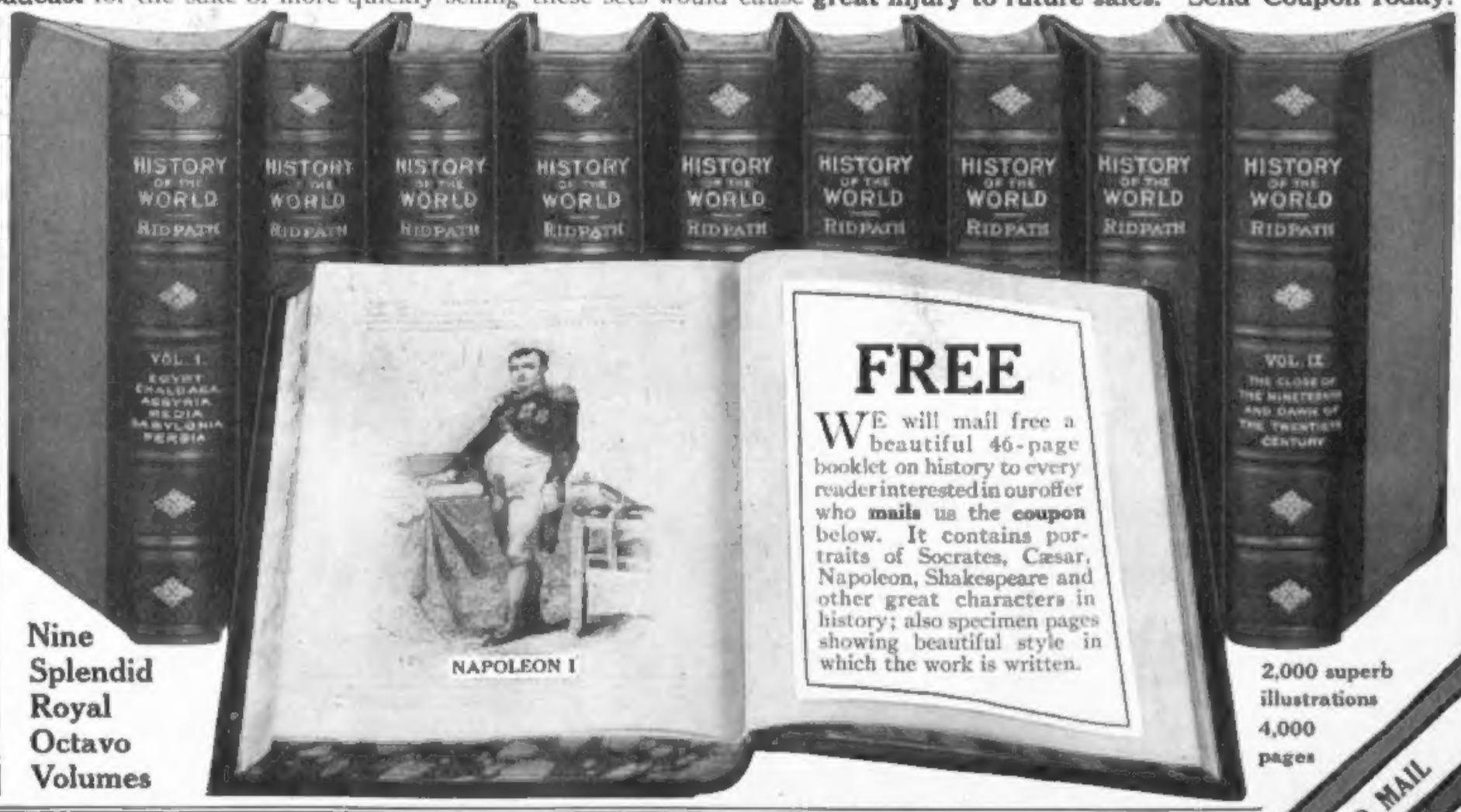
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